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TRUE

CLOCKMAKER;

AND

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

SAMUEL SLICK,

OF BRICKVILLE.

FROM HIS OWN MOUTH

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "WATCHMAN."

The successful story, which exhibits character first,
describes the most, and tells in a tale.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Sketches, as far as the twenty-first chapter, originally appeared in the "NOTA-SOONAS" Newspaper. The great popularity they acquired, induced the Editor of that paper to apply to the Author for the remaining part of the series, and permission to publish the whole entire. This request having been acceded to, the Editor has now the pleasure of laying them before the public in their present shape.

Malacca, December, 1826.

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SLICK'S LETTER.

[After these Sketches had gone through the press, and were ready for publication, we sent Mr. Slick a copy; and shortly afterwards received from him the following letter, which characteristic communication we give entire.—*Editor.*]

TO MR. HOWE.

Sir,—I received your letter, and note its contents. I ain't over half pleased, I tell you; I think I have been used scandalous, that's a fact. It wasn't the part of a gentleman for to go and pump me arter that fashion, and then go right off and blurt it out in print. It was a nasty, dirty, mean action, and I don't thank you nor the Squire a bit for it. It will be more nor a thousand dollars out of my pocket. There's an end to the Clock trade now, and a pretty kettle of fish I've made on it, ha'n't I? I shall never hear the last on it, and what am I to say when I go back to the States? I'll take my oath I never said one-half the stuff he has set down there; and as for that long lecture about Mr. Everett, and the Hon. Allen Gibbs, and Minister, there ain't a word of truth in it from beginnin' to end. If ever I come near land to him agin, I'll larn him—but never mind, I say nothin'. Now there's one thing I don't cleverly understand. If this here book is my *'Sayings and Doings,'* how comes it yours or the Squire's either? If my thoughts and notions are my own, how can they

be any other feller's? According to my idee you hain no more right to take them, than you have to take my clocks without payin for 'em. A man that would be guilty of such an action is no gentleman, that's flat, and if you don't like it, you may lump it—for I don't vally him, nor you neither, nor are a blue-nose that ever step in shoe-leather, the matter of a pin's head. I don't know as ever I felt so ugly afore since I was raised; why didn't he put his name to it, as well as mine? When an article hain't the maker's name and factory on it, it shows it's a cheat, and he's ashamed to own it. If I'm to have the name, I'll have the game, or I'll know the cause why, that's a fact. Now feller say you are a considerable of a candid man, and right up and down in your dealing, and do things above board, hand-um—at least so I've heard tell. That's what I like: I love to deal with such fells. Now 'spose you make me an offer? You'll find me not very difficult to trade with, and I don't know but I might put off more than half of the books myself to. I'll tell you how I'd work it. I'd say, 'Here's a book they've namesaked arter me, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, but it taste mine, and I can't altogether jist say rightly where it is. Some say it's the General's, and some say it's the Bishop's, and some says it's Howe himself, but I aint availed who it is. It's a wise chile that knows its own father. It wipes up the blue-noses considerable hard, and don't let off the Yankees so very easy neither, but it's generally allowed to be about the prettiest nook ever writ in this country; and although it ain altogether jist gospel what's in it, there's some pretty home truths in it, that's a fact. Whoever wrote it must be a funny feller, too, that's sartin; for there are

some queer stories in it that no soul could help laugh at, that's a fact. It's about the wittiest book I ever see'd. It's nearly all sold off, but jist a few copies I've kept for my old customers. The price is just 5s. 6d., but I'll let you have it for 5s., because you'll not get another chance to have one.' Always at a shilling more than the price, and then hate it, and when blue-nose hears that, he thinks he's got a bargain, and bites directly. I never see one on 'em yet that didn't fall right into the trap.

Yes, make me an offer, and you and I will trade, I think. But fair play's a jewel, and I must say I feel ryled and kinder sore. I han't been used land-bum between you two, and it don't seem to me that I had ought to be made a fool on in that book, after that fashion, for folks to laugh at, and then be sheered out of the spot. If I am, somebody had better look out for squalls, I tell you. I'm as easy as an old glove, but a glove nist an old shoe to be trod on, and I think a certain person will find that out afore he is six months older, or else I'm mistakened, that's all. Hopin to hear from you soon, I remain yours to command,

SAMUEL SLACK.

Pagan's Inn, River Philip, Dec. 25, 1836.

P. S. I see in the last page it is writ, that the Squire is to take another journey round the Shore, and back to Halifax with me next Spring. Well, I did agree with him, to drive him round the coast, but don't you mind—we'll understand each other, I guess, where we start. I can't be'll rise considerable early in the

mornin, afore he catches me asleep agin. I'll be wide awake for him next hitch, that's a fact. I'd a ginn a thousand dollars if he had only used Campbell's name instead of mine; for he was a most an almighty villain, and cheated a proper raft of folks, and then shipped himself off to Botany Bay, for fear folks would transport him there; you couldn't rub out Slirk, and put in Campbell, could you? that's a good feller; if you would I'd make it worth your while, you may depend.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TROTING HORSE.

I was always well mounted; I am fond of a horse, and always piqued myself on having the fastest trotter in the Province. I have made no great progress in the world; I feel doubly, therefore, the pleasure of not being surpassed on the road. I never feel so well as to cheerful as on horseback, for there is something exhilarating in quick motion; and, old as I am, I feel a pleasure in making any person whom I meet on the way put his horse to the full gallop, to keep pace with my trotter. Poor Elphinstone! you never lost him, how he was wont to lay back his ears on his arched neck, and push away from all competition. He is done, poor fellow! the spin spoiled his speed, and he now romps at large upon my farm at Truro. Nicholas never failed me till this summer.

I pride myself, (you may laugh at such childish weakness in a man of my age,) but still, I pride myself in taking the conceit out of conceits I meet on the road, and on the ease with which I can leave a fool behind, whose nonsense disturbs my solitary musings.

On my last journey to Fort Lawrence, as the beautiful view of Colchester had just opened upon me, and as I was contemplating its richness and exquisite scenery, a tall thin man, with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes, on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me; and drawing up, said, I guess you started early this morning, Sir? I did Sir, I replied. You did not come from Halifax, I presume, Sir, did you? in a dialect too rich to be mistaken as genuine Yankee. And which

way may you be travelling? asked my inquisitive companion. To Fort Lawrence. Ah! said he, so am I, it is in my circuit. The word *circuit* sounded so professional, I looked again at him, to ascertain whether I had ever seen him before, or whether I had met with one of those nameless, but innumerable limbs of the law, who now flourish in every district of the Province. There was a keenness about his eye, and an acuteness of expression, such is favour of the law; but the dress, and general bearing of the man, made against the supposition. His was not the coat of a man who can afford to wear an old coat, nor was it one of 'Tempesta and More's,' that distinguish country lawyers from country booties. His clothes were well made, and of good materials, but looked as if their owner had shrunk a little since they were made for him: they hung somewhat loose on him. A large brooch, and some superfluous seals and gold keys, which ornamented his outward man, looked 'New England' like. A visit to the States had, perhaps, I thought, turned this Colchester lion into a Yankee dog. Of what consequence was it to me who he was—in other case I had nothing to do with him, and I desired neither his acquaintance nor his company—still I could not but ask myself who can this man be? I am not aware, said I, that there is a court sitting at this time at Cumberland? Not am I, said my friend. What then could he have to do with the circuit? It occurred to me he must be a Methodist preacher. I looked again, but his appearance again puzzled me. His attire might do—the colour might be suitable—the broad-brim not out of place: but there was a want of that staidness of look, that seriousness of countenance, that expression, in short, so characteristic of the clergy.

I could not account for my idle curiosity—an curiosity which, in him, I had the moment before viewed both with suspicion and disgust; but as it now felt a desire to know who he could be who was neither lawyer nor preacher, and yet talked of his circuit with the gravity of both. How ridiculous, I thought to myself, is this; I will leave him. Turning towards him, I said, I feared I should be late for breakfast, and must therefore bid him good morning. He bowed, felt the pressure of my knees, and away we went a

a stopping pace. I congratulated myself on conquering my own curiosity, and on assisting that of my travelling companion. This, I said to myself, this is the value of a good horse; I patted his neck—I felt proud of him. Presently I heard the steps of the unknown's horse—the clatter increased. Ah, my friend, thought I, it won't do; you should be well mounted if you desire my company; I pushed Mohawk faster, faster, faster—to his best. He out-did himself; he had never trotted so handsomely—so manly—so well.

I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse, said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in to prevent his horse passing me; there is not, I reckon, an spy a one on my circuit.

Circuit, or no circuit, one thing was settled in my mind; he was a Yankee, and a very impertinent Yankee too. I felt humbled, my pride was hurt, and Mohawk was beaten. To continue this testing contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

Yes, continued he, a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty fair trotter, too, I guess. Pride must have a fall—I confess mine was prostrate in the dust. These words cut me to the heart. What! is it come to this, poor Mohawk, that you, the admiration of all but the envious, the great Mohawk, the standard by which all other horses are measured—next to Mohawk, only yields to Mohawk, looks like Mohawk—that you are, after all, only a counterfeit, and pronounced by a struggling Yankee to be merely 'a pretty fair trotter'?

If he was trained, I guess that he might be made do a little more. Excuse me, but if you divide your weight between the knee and the stirrup, rather most on the knee, and rise forward on the saddle as we to leave a little daylight between you and it, I hope I may never ride this circuit again, if you don't get a mile more an hour out of him.

What! not enough, I mentally groaned, to have my horse beaten, but I must be told that I don't know how to ride him; and that, too, by a Yankee—Ay, there's the rub—a Yankee what! Perhaps a half-bred poppy, half

Yankee, half blue-nose. As there is no escape, I'll try to make out my riding master. Your circuit, said I, my books expressing all the surprise they were capable of—your circuit, pray what may that be? Oh, said he, the eastern circuit—I am on the eastern circuit, sir. I have heard, said I, feeling that I now had a lawyer to deal with, that there is a great deal of business on this circuit—Pray, are there many cases of importance? There is a pretty fair business to be done, at least there has been, but the cases are of no great value—we do not make much out of them, we get them up very easy, but they don't bring much profit. What a beast, thought I, is this; and what a curse to a country, to have such an unfeeling, potti-fogging rascal practising in it—a horse-jockey, too—what a finished character! I'll try him on that branch of his business.

That is a superior animal you are mounted on, said I— I seldom meet one that can travel with mine. Yes, said he coolly, a considerable fair traveller, and most particular good bottom. I hesitated; this man who talk with such unblushing effrontery of getting up cases, and making people out of them, cannot be offended at the question—yes, I will put it to him. Do you feel an inclination to part with him? I never part with a horse, sir, that suits me, said he—I am fond of a horse—I don't like to risk in the dust after every one I meet, and I allow no man to pass me but when I choose. Is it possible, I thought, that he can know me; that he has heard of my fable, and is quizzing me, or have I this feeling in common with him? But, continued I, you might supply yourself again. Not on this circuit, I guess, said he, not yet in Campbell's circuit. Campbell's circuit—pray, sir, what is that? That, said he, is the western—and Langton rides the shore circuit; and as for the people on the shore, they know so little of horses, that Langton told me, a man from Aykeford once sold a horse on there, whose tail he had cut and nicked, for a horse of the Goddard breed. I should think, said I, that Mr. Langton must have no lack of cases among such enlightened clients. Certain, sir! said my friend, Mr. Langton is not a lawyer. I beg pardon, I thought you said he rode the circuit. We call it a circuit, said the stranger, who seemed by no means sat-

tered by the mistake—we divide the Pomaton, as in the Almanack, into circuits, in each of which we separately carry on our business of manufacturing and selling clocks. There are few, I guess, said the Clockmaker, who go upon *such* as much as we do, who have so little use for lawyers; if anyways could wind a man up again, after he has been fairly run down, I guess they 'd be a pretty harmless sort of folks.

This explanation restored my good humour, and as I could not quit my companion, and he did not feel disposed to leave me, I made up my mind to travel with him to Port Lawrence, the limit of his circuit.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOCKMAKER.

I had heard of Yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and bible pedlars, especially of him who sold *Polyglot Bibles* (told in *English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three valiant ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a *Polyglot Bible*. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a blue-nose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

What a pity it is, Mr. Stick, (for such was his name) what a pity it is, said I, that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time. I guess, said he, they have got that ring to goose on their horns yet, which every *fine* young old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes in dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about a "*House of Assembly*." If a man don't lose his corn, or he don't lose a crop, he says it is all owing to the Bark

and if he runs into debt and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.

But how is it, said I, that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking one in the face, said, in a confidential tone, Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of soft murder and human nature. But here is Deacon Flint's, said he, I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him.

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farm house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "sit" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said, he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, if I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in New Scotland, they wouldn't believe me—why there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke—Sewery, said the deacon, only seventy. Well, seventy; but then there is your five deep bottom, why I could run a railroad into it—Intervus, we call it, said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this euphemism, seemed to wish the experiment of the railroad to be tried in the right place—Well, irrelevant if you please, (though Professor Eleazar Charvat, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms,) is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth 2,000 or 4,000 dollars, twice as good as what Governor Chase paid 12,000 dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you didn't put up a sailing mill on it: the same wheels would carry a tanning lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind back, and more. Too old, said the Deacon, too old for all these specifications—Old, repeated the

Clockmaker, not you ; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we saw *nonchalantly* ; you are young enough to have—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear ; but whatever it was, the Doctor was pleased, he smiled and said he did not think of such things now.

But your horses, dear me, your horses must be put in and have a feed ; saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone, that is what I call "*aft murder*." An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passing a hog in a pasture, without looking at him ; or, said he, looking rather archly, if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, *if he could*. Now I find—Here his lecture on "*aft murder*" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. Just come to say good bye, Mrs. Flint. What have you sold all your clocks ? Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the concern ; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Soel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it ; I had but two of them, this one and the sister of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one—no compass wheels and patent axes, it is a beautiful one—no real first class—no mistake, genuine Argentine, but I guess I'll take it back ; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer. Dear me, said Mrs. Flint, I should like to see it, where is it ? It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Yape's store, I guess he can ship it on to Eastport. That's a good man, said Mrs. Flint, just let's look at it.

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock, a gaudy, highly varnished, tawperry looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Doctor praised the clock, he too thought it a handsome one ; but

the Deacon was a prudent man, he had a watch—he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it ain't for sale, said Mr. Stick; and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it. Mrs. Flint said, that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. It's no concern of mine, said Mr. Stick, as long as he pays me, what he has to do, but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under 40 dollars. Why it ain't possible, said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, why as I'm alive it is 4 o'clock, and if I has'nt been two hours here—here on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll set it a going and put it to the right time.

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

That, said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, that I call 'human nature.' Now that clock is sold for 40 dollars—it cost me just 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal—nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not 'in human nature' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were lost in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soften under' to get them into the house, and to 'human nature' that they never come out of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE SILENT GIRL.

Do you see them are swallows, said the Clockmaker now how they fly! Well, I presume, we shall have rain right away, and them noisy critters, them gulls, how close they keep to the water, down there in the Schockenadie, well that's a sure sign. If we study nature, we don't want no thermometer. But I guess we shall be in time to get under cover in a shingle-maker's shed, about three miles ahead on us.

We had just reached the deserted hotel when the rain fell in torrents.

I reckon, said the clockmaker, as he sat himself down on a bundle of shingles, I reckon they are bad off for inn in this country. When a feller is too lazy to work here, he paints his name over his door, and calls it a tavern, and as like as not he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself—it is about as easy to find a good inn in Halifax as it is to find wool on a goat's back. An inn, to be a good concern, must be with a purpose, you can no more make a good tavern out of a common dwelling-house, I expect, than a good coat out of an old pair of trousers. They are eternal lazy, you may depend—now there might be a grand spec made there in building a good inn and a good Church. What a sacrilegious and unatural union, said I, with most unaffected surprise. Not at all, said Mr. Sirk, we build both on speculation in the States, and make a good deal of profit out of 'em too, I tell you. We look out a good sightly place in a town like Halifax, that is pretty considerably well peopled, with folks that are good marks; and if there is no real right down good preacher among them, we build a handsome Church, touched off like a New York liner, a real taking looking thing—and then we look out for a preacher, a crack man, a regular ten horse power chap—well we hire him, and we have to give pretty high wages too, say twelve hundred or sixteen hundred dollars a year. We take him at first on trial for a Sabbath or

two, to try his pieces, and if he takes with the folks, if he goes down well, we clutch the bargain and let and sell the press; and, I tell you, it pays well and makes a real good investment. There were few better spec'ers among us than him and Churchew, until the Railroads came on the carpet: no soon as the novelty of the new preacher wore off, we hire another, and that keeps up the show. I trust it will be long, very long, my friend, said I, ere the rage for speculation introduces "the money changers into the temple," with us.

Mr. Sick looked at me with a most ineffable expression of pity and surprise. Depend on it, sir, said he, with a most philosophical air, this Province is much behind the intelligence of the age. But if it is behind us in that respect, it is a long chink ahead on us in others. I never see or heard tell of a country that had so many natural privileges as this. Why there are twice as many harbours and water powers here, as we have all the way from Eastport to New Orleans. They have all they can us, and more than they deserve. They have iron, coal, slate, griststone, lime, freestone, gypsum, freestone, and a list as long as an auctioneer's catalogue. But they are either asleep, or stone blind to them. Their shores are crowded with timber, and their lands covered with wood. A poemist about that lays us light on 'em as a downy counterpane, and so it goes. Then look at their dykes. The Lord seems to have made 'em on purpose for such busy folks. If you were to tell the citizens of our country that those dykes had been reaped for a hundred years without sowing, they'd say, they guessed you had seen Colonel Crockett, the grapple-hand of a flun in our nation. You have heard tell of a man, who couldn't see London for the houses, I tell you if we had this country, you couldn't see the harbours for the shipping. There'd be a rush of folks to it, as there is in ours, to the dinner table, when they sometimes get jammed together in the doorway, and a man has to take a running leap over their heads, else he can get in. A little nigger boy in New York found a diamond worth 2,000 dollars: well, he sold it to a watchmaker for 50 cents—the little critter didn't know no better. Your people are just

like the nigger boy, they don't know the value of their diamond.

Do you know the reason monkeys are no good? because they chatter all day long—so do the niggers—and so do the blue jays of Nova Scotia—it's all talk and *no* work; now with us it's all work and no talk; in our ship-yards, our factories, our mills, and even in our vessels, there's no talk—a man can't work and talk too. I guess if you were at the factories at Lowell we'd show you a wonder—five hundred galls at work together all in silence. I don't think our great country has such a real natural curiosity as that—I expect the world don't contain the heat of that; for a woman's tongue goes so slick of itself, without water power or steam, and moves so easy on its hinge, that it's no easy matter to put a spring stop on it, I tell you—it comes as natural as drinkin' wine julep.

I don't pretend to say the galls don't nullify the rule, at intermission and after hours, but when they do, if they don't let go, then it's a pity. You have heard a school come out, of little boys. Lord, it's no touch to it; as a flock of geese at it, they are no more a match for 'em than a pony is for a coach-horse. But when they are at work, it's as still as sleep and no snoring. I guess we have a right to brag of that inversion—we trained the dear centers, so they don't think of striking the minutes and seconds no longer.

Now the folks of Halifax take it all out in talking—they talk of steam-boats, whalers, and rail-roads—but they all end where they began—in talk. I don't think I'd be out in my attitude, if I was to say they beat the women kind at that. One fellow says, I talk of going to England—another says, I talk of going to the country—while a third says, I talk of going to sleep. If we happen to speak of such things, we say, 'I'm right off down East; or I'm away off South,' and away we go just like a streak of lightning.

When we want folks to talk, we pay 'em for it, such as our ministers, lawyers, and members of congress; but then we expect the use of their tongues, and not their hands; and when we pay folks to work, we expect the use of their hands, and not their tongues. I guess work don't come kind of natural to the people of this Province, no more than it

down to a full bred horse. I expect they think they have a little too much blood in 'em for work, for they are near about as proud as they are lazy.

Now the Jags know how to serve out such chaps, for they have their dresses too. Well, they reckon its no fun, a making honey all summer for these idle critters to eat all winter—so they give 'em Lynch Law. They have a regular built mob of citizens, and string up the dresses like the Vixenry gamblers. Their maxim is, and not a bad one neither, I guess, 'no work no honey.'

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE RIVER PHILIP.

It was late before we arrived at Pagnose's Inn—the evening was cool, and a fire was churring and comfortable. Mr. Slick declined any share in the bottle of wine, he said he was dyspeptic; and a glass or two soon convinced me, that it was likely to produce in me something worse than dyspepsy. It was speedily removed, and we drew up to the fire.

Taking a small penknife from his pocket, he began to whittle a thin piece of dry wood, which lay on the hearth; and, after ransing some time, said, I guess you've never been in the States. I replied that I had not, but that before I returned to England I proposed visiting that country. There, said he, you'll see the great Daniel Webster—he's a great man, I tell you; King William, number 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator—he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great fellows look pretty streaked—he's a true patriot and statesman, the first in our country, and a most particular onto Lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too onto for him once tho'. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a course down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him; so says he, Lawyer Webster,

what's your fee? Why, says Daniel, let me see, I have to go down South to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company—and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention, and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you may be more than you'd be willing to give.

Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard that, for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all—but he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? Why, says Daniel, I always liked the Quakers, they are a quiet peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heard tell of any harm in 'em except going the whole figure for General Jackson, and that overcastin' straight villain, Van Buren; yes, I love the Quakers, I hope they'll go the Webster ticket yet—and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford, say 1,000 dollars.

The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, Lawyer, that's a good deal of money, but I have more cases there, if I give you the 1,000 dollars will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you? Yes, says Daniel, I will to the best of my humble abilities. So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, what will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1,000 dollars for a fee, but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you—so he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars, yet one hundred dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this; what, said he, do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire? Friend Daniel, said the Quaker, didn't thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine. Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. Well, says he, I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle

on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence any how—so he went good humouredly to work and pleaded them all.

This lazy fellow, Pagnosa, continued the Clockmaker, that keeps this inn, is going to sell off and go to the States; he says he has to work too hard here; that the markets are dull, and the winters too long; and he guesses he can live easier there; I guess he'll find his mistake after he has been there long. Why our country ain't to be compared to this, on no account whatever; our country never made us to be the great nation we are, but we made the country. How on airth could we, if we were all like old Pagnosa, as lazy, as ugly, make that cold thin soil of New England produce what it does? Why, Sir, the land between Boston and Salem would starve a flock of geese; and yet look at Salem, it has more cash than would buy Nova Scotia from the King. We rise early, live frugally, and work later what we get we take care of. To all this we add enterprise and intelligence—a feller who finds work too hard here, had better not go to the States. I met an Irishman, one Pat Lannigan, last week, who had just returned from the States; why, says I, Pat, what on airth brought you back? Had luck to them, says Pat, if I wasn't properly let. What do you get a day in Nova Scotia? says Judge Riter to me. Four shillings, your Lordship, says I. There are no Lords here, says he, we are all free. Well, says he, I'll give you as much in one day as you can earn there in two; I'll give you eight shillings. Long life to your Lordship, says I. So next day to it I went with a party of men a-digging a piece of canal, and if it wasn't a hot day my name is not Pat Lannigan. Presently I looked up and straightened my back, says I to a comrade of mine, Mick, says I, I'm very dry; with that, says the overcraze, we don't allow gentlemen to talk at their work in this country. Faith, I soon found out for my two days' pay in one, I had to do two days' work in one, and pay two weeks' board in one, and at the end of a month, I found myself no better off in pocket than in Nova Scotia; while the devil a bone in my body that didn't ache with pain, and as for my nose, it took to bleeding, and bled day and night entirely. Upon my soul, Mr. Bick, said he, the poor labourer does not last long in your

country : what with new rain, hard labour, and hot weather, you'll see the graves of the Irish each side of the canals, like all the world like two rows of potatoes in a field that have forgot to come up.

It is a land, Sir, continued the Clockmaker, of hard work. We all have two kind of slaves, the niggers and the white slaves. All European labourers and blacks, who come out to us, do our hard bodily work, while we direct it to a profitable end; neither rich nor poor, high nor low, with us eat the bread of idleness. Our whole capital is in active operation, and our whole population is in active employment. An idle fellow, like Pagnone, who runs away to us, is clapt into harness when he knows where he is, and is made to work; like a horse that refuses to draw, he is put into the Team-boat; he finds some before him and others behind him, he must either draw, or be dragged to death.

CHAPTER V.

JUSTICE PETTIFOG.

In the morning the Clockmaker informed me that a Justice's Court was to be held that day at Pagnone's inn, and he guessed he could do a little business among the country folks that would be assembled there. Some of them, he said, owed him for clocks, and it would save him the world of travelling, to have the Justice and Constable to drive them up together. If you want a fat wallet, there's nothing like penning up the whole flock in a corner. I guess, said he, if General Campbell knew what sort of a man that are magistrate was, he'd disherd him pretty quick: he's a regular sack-egg—a disgrace to the country. I guess if he acted that way in Kentucky, he'd get a breakfast of cold lead were morning, out of the small wind of a rifle. he'd find pretty difficult to digest. They tell me he issues three hundred writs a year, the cost of which, including that Brunswick Cranstall's fee, can't amount to nothing less than 3,000 dollars per annum. If the Hon. Daniel Webster had

him afore a jury, I reckon he'd turn him inside out, and slip him back again, as quick as an old stocking. He'd paint him to the life, as plain to be known as the head of General Jackson. He's jist a fit feller for Lynch law, to be tried, hanged, and damned, all at once—there's more nor him in the country—there's some of the breed in every country in the Province, jist one or two to do the dirty work, as we keep rippers for jobs that would give a white man the cholera. They ought to pay his passage, as we do with such criminals, tell him his place is taken in the Mail Coach, and if he is found here after twenty-four hours, they'd make a carpenter's plumb-bob of him, and hang him outside the church steeple, to try if it was perpendicular. He almost always gives judgment for plaintiff, and if the poor defendant has an offset, he makes him use it, so that it grinds a grist both ways for him, like the upper and lower millstone.

People soon began to assemble, some on foot and others on horseback, and in wagons—Pagnose's tavern was all bustle and confusion—Plaintiffs, Defendants, and witnesses, all talking, quarrelling, explaining, and drinking. Here comes the Squire, said one; I'm thinking his horse carries more reguery than law, said another; they must have been in proper want of timber to make a justice of, said a third, when they took such a crooked stick as that; sup-headed enough too for refuse, said a stout looking farmer: may be so, said another, but as hard at the heart as a log of elm; however, said a third, I hope it won't be long afore he has the wainy edge sawed off of him, any how. Many more such remarks were made, all drawn from familiar objects, but all expressive of bitterness and contempt.

He carried one or two large books with him in his gig, with a considerable roll of papers. As soon as the obsequious Mr. Pagnose saw him at the door, he assisted him to alight, ushered him into the "best room," and desired the Constable to attend "the Squire." The crowd immediately entered, and the Constable opened the court in due form, and commanded silence.

Taking out a long list of cases, Mr. Pottifog commenced reading the names—James Sharp versus John Slug—call John Slug; John Slug being duly called and not answering, was defaulted. In this manner he proceeded to default some

20 or 30 persons; at last he came to a pause, William Hare versus Dennis O'Brien—call Dennis O'Brien; here I am, said a voice from the other room—here I am, who has anything to say to Dennis O'Brien? Make less noise, sir, said the Justice, or I'll commit you. Commit me, is it, said Dennis, take care then, Square, you don't commit yourself. You are sued by William Hare for three pounds for a month's board and lodging, what have you to say to it? Say to it, said Dennis, did you ever hear what Tim Doyle said when he was going to be hanged for stealing a pig? says, he, if the pig hadn't squeaked in the bag, I'd never have been found out, so I wouldn't—so I'll take warning by Tim Doyle's fate; I say nothing, let him prove it. Here Mr. Hare was called on for his proof, but taking it for granted that the board would be admitted, and the defence opened, he was not prepared with proof. I demand, said Dennis, I demand an assait. Here there was a consultation between the Justice and the Plaintiff, when the Justice said, I shall not commit him, I shall continue the cause. What, hang it up till next Court—you had better hang me up then as once—how can a poor man come here so often—this may be the entertainment Pagnone advertises for horses, but by Jacques, it is no entertainment for me—I admit then, sooner than come again, I admit it. You admit you owe him three pounds then for a month's board? I admit no such thing, I say I boarded with him a month, and was like Pat Moran's cow at the end of it, at the lifting, bad luck to him. A neighbour was here called, who proved that the three pounds might be the usual price. And do you know I taught his children to write at the school, said Dennis—you might, answered the witness—And what is that worth? I don't know—You don't know, faith, I believe you're right, said Dennis, for if the children are half as big rogues as the father, they might leave writing alone, or they'd be like to be hanged for forgers. Here Dennis produced his account for teaching five children, two quarters, at 9 shillings a quarter each, £4 10s. I am sorry, Mr. O'Brien, said the Justice, very sorry, but your defence will not avail you, your account is too large for one Justice, any sum over three pounds must be sued before two Justices—but I only want to offset as much as will pay the board—it can't be

done in this shape, said the magistrate: I will consult Justice Doolittle, my neighbour, and if Mr. Hare won't settle with you, I will sue it for you. Well, said Dennis, all I have to say is, that there is not so big a rogue as there is on the whole river, save and except one scoundrel who shall be nameless, making a significant and hostile bow to the Justice. Here there was a general laugh throughout the Court—Dennis retired to the next room to indemnify himself by another glass of grog, and venting his abuse against Hare and the Magistrate. Disgusted at the gross partiality of the Justice, I also quitted the Court, fully concurring in the opinion, though not in the language, that Dennis was giving utterance to in the bar room.

Pettibag owed his elevation to his interest at an election. It is to be hoped that his subsequent merits will be as promptly rewarded, by his dismissal from a bench which he disgraces and defiles by his presence.

CHAPTER VI.

ANECDOTES.

As we mounted our horses to proceed to Amherst, groups of country people were to be seen standing about Pymouss's inn, talking over the events of the morning, while others were dispersing to their several homes.

A pretty prime, superlative scoundrel, then Pettibag, said the Checkmate; he and his comrade are well mixed, and they've travelled in the same girth so long together, that they make about as nice a yoke of oxen, as you'll meet in a day's ride. They pull together like one rope reeved through two blocks. That are considerable was ven almost wrangled 'tinter day; and if he had'nt had a little grain more wit than his master, I guess he'd had his whip-pole stopped as tight as a block. There is an outlaw of a fellow here, the sill the world like one of our Kentucky Squatters, one Bill Smith—a critter that neither fears man nor

devil. Sheriff and constable can make no head of him—they can't catch him no how; and if they do come up with him, he slips through their fingers like an eel: and then, he goes around, and he can knock the eye out of a squirrel with a ball, at fifty yards hand running—a regular ugly customer.

Well, Nabb, the constable, had a writ agin him, and he was cyphering a good while how he should catch him; at last he hit on a plan that he thought was pretty clever, and he schemed for a chance to try it. So one day he heard that Bill was up at Pugsaw's Inn, a settling some business, and was likely to be there all night. Nabb waits till it was considerable late in the evening, and then he takes his horse and rides down to the inn, and hitches his horse behind the hay stack. Then he crawls up to the window and peeps in and watches there till Bill should go to bed, thinking the best way to catch them are sort of animals is to catch them asleep. Well, he kept Nabb a waiting outside so long, with his talking and singing, that he well nigh fell asleep first himself; at last Bill began to strip for bed. First he takes out a long pocket pistol, examines the priming, and lays it down on the table near the head of the bed.

When Nabb sees this, he begins to creep like all over, and feel kinder ugly, and rather sick of his job; but when he seed him jump into bed, and heard him snore out a noise like a man driving pigs to market, he plucked up courage, and thought he might do it easy arter all if he was to open the door softly, and make one spring on him when he could make. So round he goes, lifts up the latch of his door as soft as soap, and makes a jump right up on him, as he lay on the bed. I guess I got you this time, said Nabb. I guess so too, said Bill, but I wish you wouldn't lay so plaguy heavy on me—just turn over, that's a good fellow, will you? With that, Bill lays his arm on him to raise him up, for he said he was squeezed as flat as a pancake, and when Nabb knew where he was, Bill rolled him right over, and was atop of him. Then he seized him by the throat, and twisted his pipe, till his eyes were as big as saucers, and his tongue grew six inches longer, while he kept making faces, for all the world like the parrot that was

hanged on Monument Hill, at Boston. It was pretty near over with him, when Nabb thought of his spurs; so he just curled up both heels, and drove the spurs right into him; he let him have it jist below his truser; as Bill was naked, he had a fair chance, and he ragged him like the head of a hook cut open with your finger. At last, Bill could stand it no longer; he let go his hold, and roared like a bull, and clapping both hands abind him, he cut of the door like a shot. If it had'n been for them ore spurs, I guess Bill would have saved the hangman a job of Nabb that time.

The Clockmaker was an observing man, and equally communicative. Nothing escaped his notice; he knew every body's genealogy, history, and means, and like a driver of an English Stage Coach, was not unwilling to impart what he knew. Do you see that snug looking house there, said he, with a short sarce garden afore it? that belongs to Elder Thomson. The elder is pretty close-fisted, and holds special fast to all he gets. He is a jist man and very pious, but I have observed when a man becomes near about too good, he is apt, sometimes, to slip ahead into avarice, unless he looks sharper arter his girths. A friend of mine in Connecticut, an old sea captain, who was once let in for it pretty deep, by a man with a broader lovin than common, said to me "friend Sam," says he, "I don't like those folks who are too d—a good." There is, I expect, some truth in it, tho' he need'n't have sworn at all, but he was an awful hand so swear. Howsomever that may be, there is a story about the Elder that's not so coarse neither.

It appears an old Minister came there once, to hold a meetin' at his house—well, after meetin' was over, the Elder took the minister all over his farm, which is pretty tidy, I tell you; and he showed him a grand Ox he had, and a swingeing big Pig, that weighed some six or seven hundred weight, that he was plaguy proud of, but he never offered the old minister any thing to eat or drink. The preacher was pretty tired of all this, and seeing no prospect of being asked to partake with the family, and tolerably sharp set, he asked one of the boys to fetch him his horse out of the barn. When he was taking leave of the Elder (there were several folks by at the time), says he,

Elder Thomson, you have a fine farm here, a very fine farm, indeed; you have a large Ox too, a very large Ox; and I think, said he, I've seen to-day, (turning and looking him full in the face, for he intended to hit him pretty hard,) *I think I have seen to-day the greatest hog I ever saw in my life.* The neighbours chuckled a good deal, and the Elder felt pretty streaked. I guess he'd give his great Pig or his great Ox either, if that story had'n't got wind.

CHAPTER VII.

GO AHEAD.

When we resumed our conversation, the Clockmaker said "I guess we are the greatest nation on the face of the earth, and the most enlightened too."

This was rather too arrogant to pass unnoticed, and I was about replying, that whatever doubts there might be on that subject, there would be none whatever that they were the most modest; when he continued, we "go ahead," the Nova Scotians go "astern." Our ships go ahead of the ships of other folks, our steam-boats beat the British in speed, and so do our stage-coaches; and I reckon a real right down New York trotter might stamp the unitaries for going "ahead." But since we introduced the Rail-Roads, if we don't "go ahead" it's a pity. We never fairly knew what going the whole hog was till then; we actually went ahead of ourselves, and that's no easy matter, I tell you. If they only had education here, they might learn to do so too, but they don't know nothing! You undervalue them, said I, they have their College and Academies, their grammar schools and primary institutions, and I believe there are few among them who cannot read and write.

I guess all that's nothin', said he. As for Latin and Greek, we don't value it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead on 'em even in them ere things. As for reading, it's well enough for them that has nothing to do, and

writing is playey apt to bring a man to States-prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. Cyphering is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher he is sure to grow rich. We are a "calculating" people, we all cypher.

A horse that wont go ahead is apt to run back, and the more you whip him, the faster he goes astern. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been running back so fast lately, that they have tumbled over a Bank or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owing to the Banks. I guess if they wont look ahead for the future, they'll learn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand 'em.

A bear always goes down a tree stem foremost. He is a running critter, he knows taste well to carry a heavy load over his head, and his ramp is so heavy, he dont like to trust it over his'n, for fear it might take a lurch, and carry him, heels over head, to the ground; so he lets his stern down first, and his head after. I wish the blue-noses would find as good an excuse in their ramps for running backwards as he has. But the bear "cyphers," he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he "calculates" if he carried them up in the air, they might be too heavy for him.

If we had this Province we'd go to work and "cypher" right off. Halifax is nothing without a river or back country; add nothing to nothing, and I guess you have nothing still—add a Rail Road to the Bay of Fundy, and how much do you get? That requires cypharing—it will cost 300,000 dollars, or 75,000 pounds your money—add for notions omitted in the additional column, one third, and it makes even money—100,000 pounds. Interest at 5 per cent. 5,000 pounds a year, now turn over the state and count up freight—I make it upwards of 25,000 pounds a year. If I had you at the desk I'd show you a bill of items. Now comes "subtraction," deduct cost of engines, wear and tear, and expenses, and what not, and reduce it for shortness down to 5,000 pounds a year, the amount of interest. What figures have you got now? you have an investment that pays interest, I guess, and if it dont pay

more than I dont know chalk from cheese. But suppose it don't, and that it yields only 24 per cent. (and it requires good cyphering, I tell you, to say how it would act with folks that like going astern better than going ahead,) what would them are wise ones say then? Why the critics would say it wont pay; but I say the sum and half stated.

Can you count in your head? Not to any extent, said I. Well, that's an eternal pity, said the Clockmaker, for I should like to show you Yankee Cyphering. What is the entire real estate of Halifax worth, at a valuation? I really cannot say. Ah, said he, I see you dont cypher, and Latin and Greek wont do; them are people had no rail-roads. Well, find out, and then only add ten per cent. to it, for increased value, and if it dont give the cost of a rail-road, then my name is not Sam Slick. Well the land between Halifax and Ardoise is worth——nothing, add 5 per cent. to that, and send the sum to the College, and ask the students how much it comes to. But when you get into Hunts County, I guess you have land worth coming all the way down Boston to see. His Royal Highness the King, I guess, has'nt got the like in his dominions. Well, add 15 per cent. to all them are lands that border on Windsor Basin, add 5 per cent. to what bolls on he-in of Minas, and then what do you get? A pretty considerable sum, I tell you—but its no use to give you the shakles if you can't keep the raffles.

Now we will lay down the schoolmaster's assistant and take up another look every bit and grain no good as that, although these folks affect to sneer at it—I mean human nature. Ah! said I, a knowledge of that was of great service to you, certainly, in the case of your clock to the old Deacon; let us see how it will assist you now. What does a clock want that's run down? I said he. Undoubtedly to be wound up, I replied. I guess you've hit it this time. The folks of Halifax have run down, and they'll never go to all eternity, till they are wound up into motion; the works are all good, and it is plaguy well caused and set—it only wants a key. Put this railroad into operation, and the activity it will inspire into business, the new life it will give the place, will surprise you. Its like lifting a child off

its crawling, and putting him on his legs to run—see how the little critter goes ahead arter that. A kurnel, (I dont mean a Kurnel of militia, for we don't vely that beed of cattle tothing—they do nothing but strut about and awreck all day, like peacocks, but a kurnel of grain, when hoared, will stool into several sheets, and each sheet bear many kurnels, and will multiply itself thus—4 times 4 is 16, and 4 times 25 is 100, (you see all nater cyphers, except the blue-noses.) Jist so, this here railroad will not, perhaps, beget other railroads, but it will beget a spirit of enterprize, that will beget other useful improvements. It will enlarge the sphere and the means of trade, open new sources of traffic and supply—develop resources—and what is of more value perhaps than all—beget motion. It will teach the folks that go astarn or stand stock still, like the stage-house in Boston, (though they do say the foundation of that has moved a little this summer) not only to go “ahead,” but to *satisfy time and space.*

Here his horse (who, feeling the animation of his master, had been restive of late) set off at a most prodigious rate of trotting. It was sometime before he was reined up. When I overtook him, the Clockmaker said, this old Yankee horse, you see, understands our word “go ahead” better nor these blue-noses.

What is it, he continued, what is it that ‘fetter’ the heels of a young country, and hangs like ‘a poke’ around its neck? what retards the cultivation of its soil, and the improvement of its fisheries?—the high price of labour, I guess. Well, what’s a railroad? The substitution of mechanical for human and animal labour, on a scale as grand as our great country. Labour is dear in America, and cheap in Europe. A railroad, therefore, is comparatively no manner of use to them, to what it is to us—it does wonders there, but it works miracles here. There it makes the old man passenger, but here it makes the child a giant. To us it is river, bridge, road, and canal, all one. It saves what we don’t got to spare, men, horses, carts, teams, barges, and what’s all in all—time.

Since the creation of the Universe, I guess it’s the greatest invention, arter man. Now this is what I call

"cyphering" after human nature, while figures are cyphering after the "assistant." These two sorts of cyphering make idleness—and you may depend on't, Squire, there is nothing like folks cyphering, if they want to "go ahead."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PREACHER THAT WANDERED FROM HIS TEXT.

I guess, said the Clockmaker, we know more of Nova Scotia than the blue-veins themselves do. The Yankons see farther ahead than most folks; they can see a most see round t'other side of a thing; indeed some on them have hurt their eyes by it, and sometimes I think that's the reason such a sight of them wear spectacles. The first I ever heard tell of Cumberland was from Mr. Everett of Congress; he know'd as much about it as if he had lived here all his days, and may be a little grain more. He is a splendid man that—we class him No. 1, letter A. One night I chanced to go into General Papp's tavern at Boston, and who should I see there but the great Mr. Everett, a studying over a map of the province of Nova Scotia. Why it aint possible said I—if that aint Professor Everett, as I am alive! why how do you do, Professor! Pretty well, I give you thanks, said he; how be you? but I aint no longer Professor; I giv that up, and also the trade of Preaching, and took to politics. You don't say so, said I; why what on earth is the cause o' that? Why, says he, look here, Mr. Slick. What is the use of reading the *Proverbs of Solomon* to our free and enlightened citizens, that are every mile and mortal as wise as he was? That are men undertook to say there was nothing new under the sun. I guess he'd think he spoke a little too fast, if he was to see our steam-boats, railroads, and India rubber shoes—three inventions worth more nor all he knew put into a heap together. Well, I don't know, said I, but somehow or another I guess you'd have found preaching the best speculation in the long run; there are

Unitarians pay better than Uncle Sam (we call, said the Clockmaker, the American public Uncle Sam, as you call the British John Bull.)

That remark seemed to grieve him a little; he felt uneasy like, and walked twice across the room, fifty fathoms deep in thought: at last he said, which way are you from, Mr. Stick, this hitch? Why, says I, I've been away up north a speculating in nutmegs. I hope, says the Professor, they were a good article, the real right down genuine thing. No mistake, says I,—no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first class; but why did you ask that question? Why, says he, that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put a half a bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until he bit one with his teeth, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first bit himself. Well, it's been a standing joke with those southerners again us ever since.

It was only yester day at Washington, that everlastingly Virginia duellist General Cuffy, afore a number of senators, at the President's house, said to me, Well Everett, says he—you know I was always dead agin your Tariff bill, but I have changed my mind since your able speech on it; I shall vote for it now. Give me your hand, says I, General Cuffy; the Boston folks will be dreadful glad when they hear your splendid talents are on our side—I think it will go now—we'll carry it. Yes, says he, your factories down ast beat all natur; they go ahead on the English a long chalk. You may depend I was glad to hear the New Englanders spoken of in that way—I felt proud, I tell you—and, says he, there's one manufacture that might swamp all Europe to produce the like. What's that? says I, looking as pleased all the time as a gull that's tickled. Why, says he, the factory of wooden nutmegs; that's a cap shoe that hangs the bush—it's a real Yankee patent invention. With that all the gentlemen set up a laugh, you might have heard away down to Sandy Hook—and the General gig giggled like a great turkey cock, the half nigger, half all-

gator like looking villain as he is. I tell you what, Mr. Slick, said the Professor, I wish with all my heart there are damned matings were in the bottom of the sea. That was the first oath I ever heard him let slip: but he was dreadful ryled, and it made me feel ugly too, for its awful to hear a minister swear; and the only match I know for it, is to hear a regular sinner quote scripture. Says I, Mr. Everett, that's the fruit that politics bear: for my part I never seed a good graft on it yet, that bore any thing good to eat, or easy to digest.

Well, he stood awhile looking down on the carpet, with his hands behind him, quite taken up a cyphering in his head, and then he straightened himself up, and he put his hand upon his heart, just as he used to do in the pulpit, (he looked pretty I tell you) and slowly lifting his head off his breast, he said, Mr. Slick, our tree of liberty was a beautiful tree—a splendid tree—it was a sight to look at; it was well fenced and well protected, and it grew so stately and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the globe to see it. They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well, the mobs have broken in and tore down their fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallow's tree. I am afeared, says he, I tremble to think on it, but I am afeared our ways will no longer be ways of pleasantness, nor our paths, paths of peace; I am, indeed, I vow, Mr. Slick. He looked so streaked and so chop-fallen, that I felt kinder sorry for him; I actilly thought he'd a boo-head right out.

So, to turn the conversation, says I, Professor, what are great news is that I seed you a studyin' over when I came in? Says he, its a map of Nova Scotia. That, says he, is a valuable province, a real clever province; we han't got the like on it, but its most plagily in our way. Well, says I, send for Sam Patch (that ere man was a great dive, says the Clockmaker, and the last dive he took was off the falls of Niagara, and he was never heard of agin till tother day when Captain Enosh Wentworth, of the *Susy Ann Wheeler*, saw him in the South Sea. Why, says Captain Enosh to him, why Sam, says he, how an uth did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian fies. Why,

says he, I didn't get on airt here at all, but I came right slap through it. In that ere Niagara dive, I went so ever-lasting deep, I thought it was just as short to come up tober side, so out I came in those parts. If I don't take the shine off the Sea Serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch.) Well, says I, Professor, send for Sam Patch, the diver, and let him dive down and stick a torpedo in the bottom of the Province and blow it up; or if that won't do, send for some of our steam tow-boats from our great Eastern office, and tow it out to sea; you know there's nothing our folks can't do, when they once fairly take hold on a thing in earnest.

Well, that made him laugh; he seemed to forget about the savings, and says he, that's a bright scheme, but it won't do; we shall want the Province some day, and I guess we'll buy it of King William; they say he is over head and ears in debt, and owes nine hundred millions of pounds sterling—we'll buy it as we did Florida. In the meantime we must have a canal from Bay Pundy to Bay Varte, right through Cumberland neck, by Shitzyack, for our fishing vessels to go to Labrador. I guess you must ax leave first, said I. That's jist what I was cyphering at, says he, when you came in. I believe we won't ax them at all, but jist fall to and do it; it's a road of necessity. I once heard Chief Justice Marshall of Baltimore, say, If the people's highway is dangerous—a man may take down a fence—and pass through the fields as a way of necessity; and we shall do it on that principle, as the way round by lake Sebde is dangerous. I wonder the Novumscotians don't do it for their own convenience. Said I, it wouldnt make a bad speculation that. The critters don't know no better, said he. Well, says I, the St. John's folks, why don't they? for they are pretty cute chaps them.

They remind me, says the Professor, of Jim Billings. You know Jim Billings, didn't you, Mr. Sick? Oh yes, said I, I knew him. It was he that made such a talk by shipping blankets to the West Indies. The same, says he. Well, I went to see him the other day at Mrs. Locale's Boarding House, and says I, Billings, you have a nice lot-

tion here. A plagy night too nice, said he. Marn Loeain makes such an eternal toom about her carpets, that I have to go along that overlasting long entry, and down both staircases, to the street door to spit; and it keeps all the gentlemen a running with their mouths full all day. I had a real boat with a New Yorker this morning, I run down to the street door, and afore I seed any body a coming, I let go, and I vow if I didn't let a chap have it all over his white waistcoat. Well, he makes a grab at me, and I shake the door right to on his wrist, and hooks the door chain tight, and lures him there, and into Marn Loeain's bed-room like a shot, and hides behind the curtain. Well, he roared like a bull, till black Lucetta, one of the house helps, let him go, and they looked into all the gentlemen's rooms and found nobody—so I got out of that one scrape. So, what with Marn Loeain's carpets in the house, and other folks's waistcoats in the street, its too nice a location for me, I guess, so I shall up killock and off to-morrow to the Tree moor.

Now, says the Professor, the St. John's folks are jist like Billings, fifty cents woud have bought him a spit box, and saved him all them air journeys to the street door—and a canal at Day Yarte woud save the St. John's folks a voyage all round Nova Scotia. Why, they can't get at their own backside settlements, without a voyage most as long as one to Europe. *If we had that air neck of land in Cumberland, we'd have a ship canal there, and a town at each end of it as big as Portland.* You may talk of Solomon, said the Professor, but if Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, neither was he in all his wisdom equal in knowledge to a real free American citizen. Well, said I, Professor, we are a most enlightened people, that's certain, but somewhere I don't like to hear you run down King Solomon neither; perhaps he wasn't quite so wise as Uncle Sam, but then, said I, (drawing close to the Professor, and whispering in his ear, for fear any folks in the bar room might hear me,) but then, said I, may be he was every bit and grain as honest. Says he, Mr. Slick, there are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are

others agin, who Bart right out whatever comes uppomst, and I guess they are pretty considerable expertise corned fools.

And with that he turned right round, and sat down to his map, and never said another word, lookin' as mud as a hatter the whole blessed time.

CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE EATING AND HORSE FEEDING.

DID you ever heer tell of Abernathy, a British doctor? said the Clockmaker. Frequently, said I, he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice. Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter that, he replied, he treated the hon'ble Alden Gobbie, secretary to our legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way, I'd a stand his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that one again. I'd make him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potatoe field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plucky sight quicker than he came in, I reckon.

His manner, said I, was certainly rather uncomemious at times, but he was so honest and so straightforward, that no person was, I believe, ever seriously offended at him. B was his map. Then his way was so plucky rough, continued the Clockmaker, that he'd been the better, if it had been hammered and masted down smoother. I'd a brekked him as fat as a flounder. Pray what was his office? said I. Bad enough you may depend.

The hon'ble Alden Gobbie was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness arter eatin, so he goes to Abernathy for advice. What's the matter with you, said the Doctor? for that way, without even passing the time a'day with him—what's the matter with you? said he. Why, says Alden, I presume I have the dyspepsy. Ah! said he, I

see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest. I am an American citizen, says Alden, with great dignity; I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James. The devil you are, said Abernethy; then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy. I don't see that are inference, said Alden; it don't follow from what you predicate at all—it aint a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office. (The truth is, you could no more trip Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself: he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) But I tell you it does follow, said the Doctor; for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.

It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one urrin distracted mad. I'll be d——d, said he, if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't look his food whole like a Box Constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. Its disgusting, its heastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, oh! infernal grinding you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat, that you do to draw out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.

I don't understand such language, said Alden, (for he was fairly ryled and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks wicked ugly, I tell you,) I don't understand such language, Sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be——. Don't understand! said the Doctor, why in plain English; but here, read my book

—and he shoved a look into his hands and left him in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room.

If the hon'ble Alden Goble had gone right away and demanded his passports, and returned home with the Legation, in one of our first class frigates, (I guess the English would as soon see pyran as one o' them an' Serpents) to Washington, the President and the people would have examined him in it, I guess, until an apology was offered for the insult to the nation. I guess if it had been me, said Mr. Hick, I'd a headed him afore he slipped out o' the door, and pined him up agin the wall, and made him belt his words agin, as quick as he thro'd 'em up, for I never see'd an Englishman that did'nt out his words as short as he does his horse's tail, close up to the stump.

It certainly was very coarse and vulgar language, and I think, said I, that your Secretary had just cause to be offended at such an ungentlemanlike attack, although he showed his good sense in treating it with the contempt it deserved. It was plucky lucky for the doctor, I tell you, that he cut his stick as he did, and made himself scarce, for Alden was an ugly customer, he'd a gin him a proper scolding—he'd a taken the bristles off his hide, as clean as the skin of a spring shoe of a pig killed at Christmas.

The Clockmaker was evidently excited by his own story, and to indemnify himself for these remarks on his countrymen, he indulged for some time in ridiculing the Nova Scotians.

Do you see that an' flock o' colts, said he, (as we passed one of those beautiful pastures that render the valleys of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile,) well, I guess they keep too much of that an' stock. I heerd an Indian one day ax a tavern keeper for some run; why, Joe Spawdick, said he, I reckon you have got too much already. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much run is jist enough. I guess these blue-noses think so least their horses, they are fairly eat up by them, out of bones and bone, and they are no good neither. They beart good saddle horses, and they beart good draft beasts—they are jist neither one thing nor t'other. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks. At mowing time they use

molasses and water, nasty stuff, only fit to catch flies—it spoils good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them ore grant dykes; well, they all go to feed horses; and look at their grain fields on the upland; well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us; so we feed the asses, and they feed the horses. If I had them critters on that ore marsh, on a location of mine, I'd just take my rifle and shoot every one on them; the nasty yo necked, cat hammed, heavy headed, flat eared, crooked shanked, long legged, narrow chested, good for nothing brutes; they ain't worth their keep one winter. I vow, I wish one of these blue-noses, with his go-to-meetin clothes on, coat tails pinned up behind like a leather blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and pipe stuck through his hat band, mounted on one of those limber timbered critters, that moves its hind legs like a hen scratchin gravel, was set down in Broadway, in New York, for a sight. Lord! I think I hear the West Point cadets a laffin at him. Who brought that ore scarecrow out of standin corn and stuck him here? I guess that ore critter rang from away down east out of the Notch of the White Mountains. How comes the Chalkin doctor, from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, neither, for he don't look as if he had ever been among the rapids. If they wouldnt poke fun at him its a pity.

If they'd keep less horses, and more sheep, they'd have food and clothing, too, instead of buying both. I vow I've laffed afore now till I have fairly wet myself a cavin', to see one of these folks catch a horse; may be he has to go two or three miles of an arrend. Well, down he goes on the dyke, with a bridle in one hand, and an old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his beast. First he goes to one flock of horses, and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter. At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, shakin of his oats, and a croazin him, and just as he goes to put his hand on him, away he starts all head and tail, and the rest with him; that starts another flock, and they set a third off, and at last every troop on 'em goes, as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he chases them

clear across the Tauntoner marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, mire holes, and flag ponds, and then they turn and take a fair chase for it back again seven miles more. By this time, I presume they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men folks in the neighbourhood, and catches his horse, as they do a moose arter he is fairly run down; so he rides fourteen miles, to ride two, because he is in a tremendous hurry. It's e'en a most equal to eating soup without fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails; its only one better a man can ride out of half a dozen, arter all. One has no shoes, tother has a colt, one went broke, another has a sore back, while a fifth is so eternal crossin', all Cumberland could'n't catch him, till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them are dyke marches have what they call 'honey pots' in 'em; that is a deep hole all full of squash, where you can't find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a feller goes to look for his horse, he sees his tail stickin' right out an end, from one of these honey pots, and wadin' like a head of broom corn; and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, e'en a most smashed, overhastin' feed, half wadimin, half wadin, like rats in a molasses cask. When they find 'em in that awf' pickles, they go and get ropes, and tie 'em tight round their necks, and half hang 'em to make 'em float, and then haul 'em out. Awful looking critters they be, you may depend, when they do come out; for all the world like half-drowned kittens—all slinkin' slinky—with their great long tails glued up like a wash of cakeum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish its a pity! Well, they have to nurse these critters all winter, with hot matches, warm covering, and what not, and when spring comes, they mostly die, and if they don't they are never no good arter. I wish with all my heart half the horses in the country were barrelled up in these here "honey pots," and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Just look at one of these barn yards in the spring—half a dozen half-starved colts, with their hair looking a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats

hangin in tatters, and half a dozen good for nothin old horses, a crowdin out the cows and sheep.

Can you wonder that people who keep such an unsatisfactory stock, come out of the small end of the horn in the long run?

CHAPTER X.

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART—THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. Its pretty well on in the evening, I guess, said he, and Maria Pagwash is as consortin in her temper as a mornin in April; its all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and him, like a goose with a flock of geese. I wonder what on earth Pagwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that ore woman; she's not a bad lookin piece of furniture neither, and its a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple tree.

The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graffin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hang over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hang in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost them from the bays, his'n always hang there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on earth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can do it nowhere. Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, are they? I guess, said I, there are the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let

on to no one about it. That are now next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I went down up to Roacherry and away down to Squaw-neck Creek, (I was assured he was a goin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories,) so says I, I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them? Why, I was a goin to tell you, said he, when you stopped me. That are outward now I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal soon, no human soul can out them. Well, the boys think the old minister's grafts has all succeeded about as well as that now, and they stop no farther. They snicker at my grafts, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugnash is like the Minister's apples, very tempting fruit to look at, but desperate soon. If Pugnash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess his pretty packery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontpiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. Its a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—nest pasters—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good ——. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.

When we entered the house, the travellers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugnash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clock-maker's comments.

Good evening, Marm, said Mr. Stick, how do you do and how's Mr. Pugnash? He, said she, why he's been about this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night I hope. Oh no, said Mr. Stick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer

than we expected; I am sorry that ——. So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pagwash will keep an inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, Well, if that ain't a beautiful child—come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that ain't little feller ain't the finest child I ever seed—what, not about yet? ah you ragges, where did yo' get them nice pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country—come to me, my man. Here the 'soft sander' began to operate. Mrs. Pagwash said in a colder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go my dear to the gentlemen—go dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month o' Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pagwash—Sally, make a fire in the next room. She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clock, and our folks will buy the clock for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother? I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pagwash to me; you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said L. Not the least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary a pleasure.

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Stick said, its a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with these critters is to git them to start, arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Oh! Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugsnak, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I are a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*

You seem, said I, to understand the female heart as well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex. Any man, he replied, that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

People talk an everlastin sight of conscience about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've tracked in all of them, and I tell you, there's not one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; just as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new India Rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in rather sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneaker. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect picture of a man; you couldn't tell him in no particular; he was no just a crude critter; folks used to run to the window when he passed, and any there goes Washington Banks, how'd he lovely! I do believe there was'nt a gall in the Lowell

factories, that wurst in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amazing hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young galls) Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whopper, you may depend, and every rite and morsel of it at your service.' Well, how do you act, Mr. Banks, half a thousand little clipper clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone; like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so pecked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all bony; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, of a broken heart. What, says I, have the galls been jiltin you? No, no, says he, I heint such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad speculation? No, says he, shakin his head, I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What under the sun, is it, then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Lieutenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bowler of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, but the Anchor was so eternal heavy it broke my heart. Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XI.

CUMBERLAND OYSTERS PRODUCE MELANCHOLY FORE-
BODINGS.

THE 'soft sunder' of the Clockmaker had operated effectually on the beauty of Amherst, our lovely hostess of Pugnash's Inn: indeed, I am inclined to think with Mr. Slick, that 'the road to a woman's heart lies through her child,' from the effect produced upon her by the praise bestowed on her infant boy.

I was musing on this feminine susceptibility to flattery, when the door opened, and Mrs. Pugnash entered dressed in her sweetest smiles and her best cap, an auxiliary by no means required by her charms, which, like an Italian sky, when unclouded, are unrivalled in splendour. Approaching me, she said, with an irresistible smile, Would you like Mr.——, (here there was a pause, a hiatus, evidently intended for me to fill up with my name; but that no person knows, nor do I intend they shall; at Metley's Hotel, in Halifax, I was known as the stranger in No. 1. The situation that incognito procured for me, the importance it gave me in the eyes of the master of the house, its lodgers and servants, is indescribable. It is only great people who travel incog. State travelling is inconvenient and slow; the constant weight of form and etiquette oppresses at once the strength and the spirits. It is pleasant to travel unobserved, to stand at ease, or exchange the full suit for the undress coat and fringed jacket. Wherever, too, there is mystery there is importance; there is no knowing for whom I may be mistaken—but let me once give my humble cognomen and occupation, and I sink immediately to my own level, to plebeian station and a vulgar name: not even my beautiful hostess, nor my inquisitive friend, the Clockmaker, who calls me 'Squire,' shall extract that secret!) Would you like, Mr.——, indeed I would, says I, Mrs. Pugnash; pray be seated, and tell me what it is. Would you like a

dish of superior Shitzyacks for supper? Indeed I would, said I, again laughing; but pray tell me what it is? Laws no! said she with a stare, where have you been all your days, that you never heard of our Shitzyack Oysters? I thought every body had heard of them. I beg pardon, said I, but I understood at Halifax, that the only Oysters in this part of the world were found on the shores of Prince Edward Island. Oh! dear no, said our hostess, they are found all along the coast from Shitzyack, through Bay of Ventes, away to Ramthag. The latter we seldom get, though the best; there is no regular conveyance, and when they do come, they are generally shelled and in bags, and never in good order. I have not had a real good Ramthag in my house these two years, since Governor Maitland was here; he was amazing fond of them, and Lawyer Talkmandeaf sent his carriages there on purpose to procure them fresh for him. Now we can't get them, but we have the Shitzyacks in perfection; say the word and they shall be served up immediately.

A good dish and an unexpected dish is most acceptable, and certainly my American friend and myself did ample justice to the oysters, which, if they had not so classical a name, have quite as good a flavour as their far-famed brethren of Milton. Mr. Slick cut so heartily, that when he resumed his conversation, he indulged in the most melancholy forebodings.

Did you see that one rigger, said he, that removed the oyster shells? well he's one of our Chronopickerns, one of General Cuffy's slaves. I wish Admiral Cockburn had a taken them all off our hands at the same rate. We made a pretty good sale of them our black cattle, I guess, to the British; I wish we were well rid of 'em all. The Blacks and the Whites in the States show their teeth and snarl, they are fit ready to fall to. The Protestants and Catholics begin to lay back their ears, and turn tail for Kirkin. The Abolitionists and Planters are at it like two bulls in a pasture. Mob-Law and Lynch-Law are working like yeast in a barrel, and frothing at the bung-hole. Nullification and Tariff are like a charcoal pit, all covered up, but burning inside, and sending out smoke at every crack,

enough to slide a horse. General Government and State Government every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genuine set-to. *Scandal Reserve* is another bone of contention; like a skin of beef, thrown among a pack of dogs, it will set the whole on 'em by the ears.

You have heard tell of cotton rags dipt in turpentine, haven't you, how they produce combustion? Well, I guess we have the elements of spontaneous combustion among us in abundance; when it does break out, if you don't see an eruption of human gore worse than *Etna lava*, then I'm mistaken. There'll be the very devil to pay, that's a fact. I expect the blacks will butcher the Southern whites, and the Northerners will have to turn out and butcher them again; and all this shoot, hang, cut, stab, and burn business will sweepen our folks' temper, as raw meat does that of a dog—it fairly makes me sick to think on it. The explosion may clear the air again, and all be tranquill once more, but its an even chance if it don't leave us the three steam-boat options, to be blown sky high, to be scalded to death, or drowned.

If this sad picture you have drawn be indeed true to nature, how does your country, said I, appear so attractive as to draw to it so large a portion of our population? In taste its attraction, said the Clockmaker; its nothing but its power of suction; it is a great whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all the straw and chips, and floating sticks, drift wood and trash into it. The small crafts are sucked in, and whirl round and round like a squirrel in the cage—they'll never come out. Bigger ones pass through at certain times of tide, and can come in and out with good pil-lage, as they do at *Hell Gate* up the Sound.

You astonish me, said I, beyond measure; both your previous conversations with me, and the concurrent testimony of all my friends who have visited the States, give a different view of it. Your friends! said the Clockmaker with such a tone of ineffable contempt, that I felt a strong inclination to knock him down for his insolence—your friends! *Ensigns and Infanteria*, I guess, from the British marching regiments in the Colonies, that run over five

thousand miles of country in five weeks, on leave of absence, and then return, looking as wise as the monkey that had seen the world. When they get back they are so chock full of knowledge of the Yankees, that it runs over of itself, like a hoghead of molasses, rolled about in hot weather—a white froth and some bubbles out of the bung; windy-rashy trash they call tours, sketches, travels, letters, and what not; vapid stuff, just sweet enough to catch flies, cockroaches, and half-fledged gulls. It puts me in mind of my French. I learnt French at night school one winter of our minister Joshua Hopewell (he was the most learned man of the age, for he taught himself not almost every language in Europe; well, next spring, when I went to Boston I met a Frenchman, and I began to jabber away French to him: ‘Polly woun a french shay,’ says I. ‘I don’t understand Yankee yet,’ says he. ‘You don’t understand!’ says I, why its French. ‘I guess you didn’t expect to hear such good French, did you, away down east here?’ but we speak it real well, and its generally allowed we speak English, too, better than the British. Oh, says he, you one very droll Yankee, dat very good joke, Sare; you talk Indian and call it French. But, says I, Mister Mount-sherr, it is French, I vow; real merchantable, without wainy edge or shakes—oil clear stuff; it will pass survey in any market—its ready stuck and seasoned. Oh, very like, says he, howin as polite as a black waiter of New Orleans, very like, only I never heard it afore; oh, very good French dat—clear stuff, no doubt, but I no understand—its all my fault, I dare say, Sare.

Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, I see how the cat jumps—Minister knows so many languages he has been particular enough to keep ‘em in separate parcels, and rack ‘em on the back, and they’ve got raised, and sure enough I found my French was no overruin with other sets, that it was better to lose the whole crop than to go to weedin, for as fast as I pulled up any strange seedlin, it would grow right up agin as quick as wink, if there was the least bit of root in the warts left in the ground, so I left it all to rot on the field.

There is no way so good to learn French as to live among 'em, and if you want to understand 'em, you must live among 'em, too ; your Hallis, Hamiltons, and De Rousses, and such critters, what can they know of us ! Can a chap catch a Hennes flying along the railroad ! can he even see the features ! Old Admiral Anson once asked one of our folks afore our glorious Revolution, (if the British had a know'n us a little grain better at that time, they wouldn't have got whipped like a sack as they did then) where he come from ! From the Chesapeake, said he. Aye, aye, said the Admiral, from the West Indies. I guess, said the Southerner, you may have been clean round the world, Admiral, but you have been plaguy little in it, not to know better nor that.

I shot a wild goose at River Philip last year, with the rice of Varginey fresh in his crop ; he must have cracked on near about as fast as them other geese, the British travellers. Which know'd the most of the country they passed over, do you suppose ! I guess it was much of a muchness — near about six of one, and half a dozen of tother ; two eyes aint much better than one, if they are both blind.

No, if you want to know all about us and the blue noses (a pretty considerable share of Yankee blood in them too, I tell you ; the old stock comes from New England, and the breed is tolerable pure yet, near about one half apple same, and tother half molasses, all except to the Eastern, where there is a cross of the Scotch,) jist ax me and I'll tell you candidly. I'm not one of them that can't see no good points in my neighbor's critter, and no bad ones in my own ; I've seen too much of the world for that I guess. Indeed, in a general way, I praise other folks' humata, and keep dark about my own. Says I, when I meet Blue Noses mounted, that's a real smart horse of yours, put him out, I guess he'll trot like mad. Well, he lets him have the spur, and the critter does his best, and then I pass him like a streak of lightning with mine. The feller looks all taken aback at that. Why, says he, that's a real clipper of yours, I see. Middlin, says I, (quite cool, as if I had heard that are same thing a thousand times,) he's good enough for me, jist a fair trotter, and nothing to brag of

That goes near about as far agin in a general way, as a crackin and a bouatin does. Never tell folks you can go ahead on 'em, but do it; it spurs a great deal of talk, and helps them to save their breath to cool their broth.

No, if you want to know the ins and the outs of the Yankens—I've wintered them and summered them; I know all their points, shape, make, and breed; I've tried 'em alongside of other folks, and I know where they fall short, where they mate 'em, and where they have the advantage, about as well as some who think they know a plagy sight more. It tains them that stars the most, that are the best always, I guess. Our folks have their faults, and I know them, (I warn't born blind I reckon,) but your friends, the your writers, are a little grain too hard on us. Our old nigger wench had several dirty, ugly lookin children, and was proper cross to 'em. Mother used to say, *Juno, its better never to wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to wring it off.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Just look out of the door, said the Clockmaker, and see what a beautiful sight it is, how calm, how still, how clear it is, how lovely!—I like to look up at them are stars, when I am away from home, they put me in mind of our national flag, and it is generally allowed to be the first flag in the universe now. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. Its near about the prettiest sight I know of, is one of our first class frigates, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, all ready for sea; it is like the great American Eagle, on its perch, balancing itself for a start on the broad expanse of blue sky, adorned of nothin of its kind, and president of all it surveys. It was a good emblem that we chose, warn't it?

There was no grading so direct, and at the same time, so concisely an appeal as this. Certainly said I, the

emblem was well chosen. I was particularly struck with it on observing the device on your nasal buttons during the last war—an eagle with an anchor in its claws. That was a natural idea, taken from an ordinary occurrence: a bird perching the anchor of a frigate—an article so useful and necessary for the food of its young. It was well chosen, and exhibited great taste and judgment in the artist. The emblem is more appropriate than you are aware of—boasting of what you cannot perform—grasping at what you cannot attain—an emblem of arrogance and weakness—of ill-directed ambition and vulgar pretension.

It's a common phrase, said he, (with great composure) among seamen, to say 'damn your buttons,' and I guess its natural for you to say so of the buttons of our navals; I guess you have a right to that one oath. It's a sore subject, that, I reckon, and I believe I had'nt ought to have spoken of it to you at all. Ring is a good dog, but hold fast is a better one.

He was evidently annoyed, and with his usual decency gave vent to his feelings, by a sally upon the blue-noses, who, he says, are a cross of English and Yankee, and therefore first cousins to us both. Perhaps, said he, that our Eagle might with more propriety have been taken off as perched on an anchor, instead of holding it in his claws, and I think it would have been more natural; but I suppose it was some stupid foreign artist that made that one blunder—I never need one yet that was equal to *me*. If that Eagle is represented as trying what *he can do*, its an honorable ambition after all, but these blue-noses wont try what *they can do*. They put me in mind of a great big bulk of a horse in a cart, that wont put his shoulder to the collar at all for all the lumbastin in the world, but turns his head round and looks at you, as much as to say, 'what an everlasting heavy thing an empty cart is, but *it*!' An Owl should be their emblem, and the motto, '*He stops all the days of his life.*' The whole country is like this night: beautiful to look at, but silent as the grave—still as death, asleep, benumbed.

If the sea was always calm, said he, it would poison the air; no soul could breathe the air, it would be so

uncommon bad. Stagnant water is always unpleasant, but salt water when it gets tainted beats all water; motion keeps it sweet and wholesome, and that our minister used to say is one of the 'wonders of the great deep.' This province is stagnant; it tastes deep like still water neither, for its shaller enough, gracious knows, but it is motionless, soulless, lifeless. If you have ever been to sea in a calms, you'd know what a plagy tiresome thing it is for a man that's in a hurry. An everlastin dappin' of the sails, and a creakin of the boards, and an ansteady pitchin of the ship, and folks lyin about deakin away their time, and the sea a heavin a long heavy swell, like the breathin of the chest of some great monster asleep. A passenger wonders the sailors are so plagy easy about it, and he goes a lookin out east, and a spyin out west, to see if there's any chance of a breeze, and says to himself, 'Well, if this ain't dull music in a pity.' Then how streaked he feels when he sees a steam-boat a clippin it by him like mad, and the folks on board pekin fun at him, and askin him if he has any word to send home. - Well! he says, if any soul ever catches me on board a sail vessel again, when I can go by steam, I'll give him leave to tell me of it, that's a fact.

That's partly the case here. They are localised, and they see us going ahead on them, till we are ten miles out of sight; yet they hant got a steamboat, and they hant got a railroad; indeed, I doubt if one half on 'em ever seed or heard tell of one or uther of them. I never seed any folks like 'em except the Indians, and they woot even so much as look—they hant't the least morsel of curiosity in the world; from which one of our Unitarian preachers (they are dreadful hands at doubtin them. I dont doubt but some day or another, they will doubt whether every thing aint a doubt) is a very learned wack, doubts whether they were ever descended from Eve at all. Old man Eze's children, he says, are all lost, it is said, in consequence of too much curiosity, while these copper coloured folks are lost from havin too little. How can they be the same! Think I, that may be bogle, old Tuberosus, but it aint sence, dont extremes meet! Now, these blue-noses have no motion in 'em, no enterprise, no spirit, and if any

celier shows any symptoms of activity, they say he's a man of no judgment, he's speculative, he's a schemer, in short, he's mad. They vegetate like a lettuce plant in sarco garden, they grow tall and spindlin, run to seed right off, grow as bitter as gail, and die.

A gall once came to our minister to hire as a house help: says she, Minister, I suppose you don't want a young lady to do chamber business and boxed worms, do you? For I've half a mind to take a spell as livin out (she meant, said the clockmaker, house work and rearing silk worms.) My pretty maiden, says he, a pattin her on the cheek. (for I've often observed old men always talk kinder pleasant to women,) my pretty maiden, where was you brought up? Why, says she, I guess I warn't brought at all, I growed up. Under what platform, says he, (for he was very particular that all his house helps should go to his minister,) under what Church platform? Church platform, says she, with a toss of her head, like a young colt that got a chuck of the curb, I guess I warn't raised under a platform at all, but in as good a house as yours, grand as you be.— You said well, said the old minister, quite shocked, when you said you growed up, dear, for you have grown up in great ignorance. Then I guess you had better get a lady that knows more than me, says she, that's flat. I reckon I am every bit and grain as good as you be—If I don't understand a turn-tryx (silk worms) both feedin, breedin, and rearin, then I want to know who does, that's all; church platform, indeed, says she, I guess you were raised under a glass frame in March, and transplanted on Independence day, warn't you? And off she set, lookin as scornful as a London lady, and leavin the poor minister standin starin like a smuck pig. Well, well, says he, a fillin up both hands, and turnin up the whites of his eyes like a duck in thunder, if that don't bang the bush!! It hardly beats sheep shearin, after the blackberry bushes have got the wind. It does, I vow; them are the turns them Unitarians sow in our grain fields at night; I guess they'll ruin the crops yet, and make the grounds so over-lowing foul, we'll have to pare the sod and burn it, to kill the roots. Our fathers sowed the right seed here in the wilderness, and

watered it with their tears, and watched over it with fasting and prayer, and now it's fairly run out, that's a fact, I swear. Its got choked up with all sorts of trash in nature, I declare. Dear, dear, I vow I never seed the best o' that in all my born days.

Now the blue-noses are like that are gull; they have grown up, and grown up in ignorance of many things they hadn't ought not to know; and its as hard to teach grown up folks as it is to break a six-year old horse; and they do ryle one's temper so—they act so ugly that it tempts one sometimes to break their confounded necks—it's near about as much trouble as it's worth. What remedy is there for all this supineness, said I; how can these people be awakened out of their ignorant stolidness, into active exertion? The remedy, said Mr. Sick, is at hand—it is already workin its own cure. They must recede before our free and enlightened citizens, like the Indians; our folks will buy them out, and they must give place to a more intelligent and active people. They must go to the lands of Labrador, or be located back of Canada; they can hold on there a few years, until the wave of civilization reaches them, and then they must move again as the strangers do. It is decreed; I hear the bugle of destiny a sounding of their retreat, as plain as anything. Congress will give them a concession of land, if they petition, away to Allegheny's backside territory, and grant them relief for a few years; for we are out of debt, and don't know what to do with our surplus revenue. The only way to shame them, that I know, would be to serve them as Uncle Roach served a neighbour of his in Yarginy.

There was a lady that had a plantation near hand to him, and there was only a small river 'twixt the two houses, so that folks could hear each other talk across it. Well, she was a dreadful cross grained woman, a real cantanment, as savage as a she bear that has cubs, an old farrar critter, as ugly as sin, and one that both hooked and kicked too—a most particular ornamental she devil, that's a fact. She used to have some of her niggers tied up every day, and flogged enormous severe, and their screams and screeches were horrid—no soul could stand it; nothin was heard all

day but ah *Lord Massa!* ah *Lord Massa!* Enoch was fairly sick of the sound, for he was a tender hearted man, and says he to her one day, Now do, massa, find out some other place to give your cattle the crackin, for it worries me to hear 'em take on so dreadful bad—I can't stand it, I vow; they are flesh and blood as well as we be, though the meat is a different colour; but it was no good—she jist up and told him to mind his own business, and she guessed she'd mind hers. He was determined to shame her out of it; so one mornin after breakfast he goes into the cane field and says he to Lavender, one of the black overseers, Muster up the whole gang of slaves, every soul, and bring 'em down to the whippin post, the whole stock of them, bolls, crows, and calves. Well, away goes Lavender, and drives up all the niggers. Now you catch it, says he, you lazy villains; I told you so many a time—I told you Massa he low all patience wid you, you good for nothin rascals. I grad, upon my soul, I worry grad; you mind now what old Lavender say another time. (The black overseers are always the most cruel, said the Clockmaker; they have no sort of feeling for their own people.)

Well, when they were gathered there according to orders, they looked streaked enough you may depend, thinkin they were going to get it all round, and the wretches they fell to a cryin, wringin their hands, and howling like mad. Lavender was there with his cowskin, grinnin like a cheery cat, and crackin it about, ready for business. Pick me out, says Enoch, four that have the loudest voices; hard matter dat, says Lavender, hard matter dat, Massa, dey all talk loud, dey all jab talk more hence not work—de idle villains; better gib 'em all a little ticked, jist to teach em luff on t'other side of de mouth; dat side bray now, they never use it yet. Do as I order you, Sir, said Uncle, or I'll have you triced up, you cruel old rascal you. When they were picked out and set by themselves, they banged their heads, and looked like sheep going to the shambles. Now, says Uncle Enoch, my Pickinarian, do you sing out as loud as Niagara, at the very tip end of your voice—

Don't kill a nigger, pray,
Let him live another day.

Oh Lord Mianan—Oh Lord Mianan.

My back be very sore,
No stand it any more.

Oh Lord Mianan—Oh Lord Mianan.

And all the rest of you join chorus, as loud as you can hawl, *Oh Lord Mianan*. The black rascals understood the joke real well. They harked ready to split their sides: they fairly lay down on the ground, and rolled over and over with laughter. Well, when they came to the chorus, *Oh Lord Mianan*, if they didn't let go, it's a pity. They made the river ring agin—they were heard clean out to sea. All the folks ran out of the Lady's house, to see what on airth was the matter on Uncle Knock's plantation—they thought there was actilly a rebellion there; but when they listened awhile, and heard it over and over again, they took the hint and returned a huffin in their sleeves. Says they, Master Knock Slick, he upsides with Mianan this black any how. Uncle never heard any thing more of *oh Lord Mianan*, after that. Yea, they ought to be shamed out of it, those blue-noses. When reason fails to convince, there is nothin left but ridicule. If they have no ambition, apply to their feelings, clap a blister on their pride, and it will do the business. It's like a puttin ginger under a horse's tail; it makes him carry up real handsem, I tell you. When I was a boy, I was always late to school; well, father's preachin I didn't mind much, but I never could bear to hear my mother say, Why Barn, are you actilly up for all day? Well, I hope your airly rain won't hurt you, I declare. What on airth is agoin to happen now? Well, wonders will never cease. It ruined my dander; as hat says I, Now, mother, don't say that any more for gracious sake, for it makes me feel ugly, and I'll get up as airly as any on you; and so I did, and I soon found what's worth knowin in this life, An airly start makes easy stops.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S OPINION OF HALIFAX.

THE next morning was warmer than several that had preceded it. It was one of those uncommonly fine days that distinguish an American autumn. I guess, said Mr. Slick, the heat to-day is like a glass of Mint Julip, with a lump of ice in it, it tastes cool and feels warm—its real good, I tell you; I love such a day as this dearly. Its generally allowed the finest weather in the world is in America—there 'snt the beat of it to be found any where. He then lighted a cigar, and throwing himself back on his chair, put both feet out of the window, and sat with his arms folded, a perfect picture of happiness.

You appear, said L, to have travelled over the whole of this Province, and to have observed the country and the people with much attention, pray what is your opinion of the present state and future prospects of Halifax? If you will tell me, said he, when the folks there will wake up, then I can answer you, but they are fast asleep; as to the Province, 's a splendid province, and calculated to go ahead, it will grow so fast as a Virginia gail, and they grow so amazing fast, if you put your arms round one of their necks to kin them, by the time you're done, they'oe grown up into women. It's a pretty Province I tell you, good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods, and a nation right of water privileges, and under the ground full of mines—it puts me in mind of the soup at the Free-meet house.

One day I was a walkin in the Mall, and who should I meet but Major Bradford, a gentleman from Connecticut, that traded in calves and pumpkins for the Boston market. Says he, Slick, where do you get your grub to-day? At General Peep's tavern, says L. Only fit for niggers, says he; why don't you come to the Free-meet house, that's the most splendid thing its generally allowed in all the

world. Why, says I, that's a notch above my mark, I guess it's too plucky dear for me, I can't afford it no how. Well, says he, its dear in one sense, but its dog cheap in another—its a grand place for a speculation—there's so many rich southerners and strangers there that have more money than wit, that you might do a pretty good business there without going out of the street door. I made two hundred dollars this mornin in little less than half no time. There's a Carolina lawyer there, as rich as a bank, and says he to me arter breakfast, Major, says he, I wish I know where to get a real shipping trotter of a horse, one that could trot with a flash of lightning for a mile, and beat it by a whole neck or so. Says I, my Lord, (for you must know, he says he's the nearest male heir to a Scotch baronet peerage,) my Lord, says I, I have one, a proper swayer, a chump that can go ahead of a rail-road steamer, a real natural traveller, one that can trot with the ball out of the wall end of a rifle, and never break into a gallop. Says he, Major, I wish you wouldn't give me that are kinkinarian, I don't like it, (though he looked as tickled all the time as possible,) I never knew, says he, a lord that wasn't a fool, that's a fact, and that's the reason I don't go ahead and claim the title. Well, says I, my Lord, I don't know, but somehow I can't help a thinkin, if you have a good claim, you'd be more like a fool not to go ahead with it. Well, says he, Lord or no Lord, let's look at your horse. So away I went to Joe Brown's livery stable, at tatter end of the city, and picked out the best trotter he had, and no great stick to brag on either; says I, Joe Brown, what do you as for that are horse? Two hundred dollars, says he. Well, says I, I will take him out and try him, and if I like him I will keep him. So I shows our Carolina Lord the horse, and when he gets on him, says I, Don't let him test as fast as he can, reserve that for a heat; if folks find out how overhustlin fast he is, they'd be afeared to stump you for a start. When he returned, he said he liked the horse amazingly, and asked the price; four hundred dollars, says I, you can get nethin special without a good price, jester cains never hold good watches; I know it, says he, the horse is mine. 'Thanks

I to myself, that's more than ever I could say of him then any more.

Well, I was going to tell you about the soup—says the Major, its near about dinner time, jist come and see how you like the location. There was a sight of folks there, gentlemen and ladies in the public room (I never seed so many afore except at commencement day,) all ready for a start, and when the gong sounded, off we sett like a flock of sheep. Well, if there wast a jam you may depend—some givs me a pull, and I near abouts went heels up over head, so I reached out both hands, and caught hold of the first thing I could, and what should it be but a lady's dress—well, as I'm alive, rip went the dress, and tear goes the petticoat, and when I righted myself from my bottom ends, away they all came home to me, and there she was, the pretty critter, with all her upper riggin standing so far as her waist, and nothin left below but a short linen under garment. If she didnt scream, its a pity, and the more she screamed, the more folks lafied, for no soul could help laffin, till one of the waiters falded her up in a table cloth.

What an awkward devil you be, Slick, says the Major, now that comes of not falling in first, they should have formed four deep, rear rank in open order, and marched in to our splendid national air, and filed off to their seats, right and left shoulders forward. I feel kinder sorry, too, says he for that one young heifer, but she shoudnt a proper pretty leg tho' Slick, didnt she—I guess you dont often get such a chance as that one. Well, I gets near the Major at table, and afore me stood a chain stened with two handles, full of soup, about the size of a foot tub, with a large silver spoon in it, near about as big as a ladle of a maple sugar kettle. I was jist about holding out some soup into my dish, when the Major said, look it up from the bottom, Slick,—well, sure enough, I gives it a dig from the bottom, and up come the fat pieces of turtle, and the thick rich soup, and a sight of little flowered meat balls, of the size of sheep's dung. No soul could tell how good it was—it was near about as hardworn as father's old groutie particular cider, and that you could feel tingles clean away

down to the tip ends of your toes. Now, says the Major, I'll give you, Bick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks aint thought nothing of, unless they live at Treemont: its all the go. Do you dine at Peep's tavern every day, and then off hot foot to Treemont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it aunes two dollars a day. Then he put his finger on his nose, and says he, '*Muss be the word.*'

Now this Province is jist like that are soap, good enough at top, but dip down and you have the riches, the coal, the iron ore, the gypsum, and what not. As for Halifax, its well enough in itself, though no great shakes neither, a few sizeable houses, with a proper sight of small ones, like half a dozen old hens with their broods of young chickens; but the people, the strange critters, they are all asleep. They walk in their sleep, and talk in their sleep, and what they say one day they forget the next, they say they were dreaming. You know where Governor Campbell lives, dont you, in a large stone house, with a great wall round it, that looks like a state prison; well, near hand there is a nasty dirty horrid lookin buryin ground there—its filled with large grave rats as big as kittens, and the springs of black water there, go through the chinks of the rocks, and flow into all the wells, and fairly poison the folks—in a distast place, I tell you—I wonder the air does it dont turn all the silver in the Gliscoal's house, of a brass colour, (and folks say he has five cart loads of it) its as evenkin in bad—its near about as nosey as a slave ship of niggers. Well, you may go there and shake the folks to all civility and you wont wake 'em, I guess, and yet there aint much difference between their sleep and the folks at Halifax, only they lie still there and are quiet, and dont walk and talk in their sleep like them above ground.

Halifax reminds me of a Russian officer I once seed at Warsaw; he had lost both arms in battle; but I guess I must tell you first why I went there, cause that will show you how we speculate. One Sabbath day, after ball ringin, when most of the women had gone to meetin (for they

were great hands for pretty sermons, and our Unitarian ministers all preach poetry, only they leave the rhyme out—it sparkles like perry.) I goes down to East India wharf to see Captain Zook Hancock, of Nantucket, to enquire how oil was, and if it would bear doing anything in; when who should come along but Jewish Green. Slick, says he, how do you do: isn't this as pretty a day as you'll see between this and Norfolk; it whips English weather by a long chalk; and then he looked down at my watch seals, and looked and looked as if he thought I'd stole 'em. At last he looks up, and says he, Slick, I suppose you wouldn't go to Warsaw, would you, if it was made worth your while? Which Warsaw? says I, for I believe in my heart we have a hundred of them. None of 'em at all, says he; Warsaw in Poland. Well, I don't know, says I; what do you call worth while? Six dollars a day, expenses paid, and a bonus of one thousand dollars, if speculation turns out well. I am off, says I, whenever you are go. Tuesday, says he, in the Hamburg packet. Now, says he, I'm in a terrible hurry; I'm given a pleasure to day in the Eastern House Room, along with Jewish Bradford's galls down to Nahant. But I'll tell you what I am at: the Emperor of Russia has ordered the Poles to cut off their queues on the 1st of January; you must buy them all up, and ship them off to London for the wig makers. Human hair is scarce and risen. Load a maww! says I, how queer they will look, worn they. Well, I vow, that's what the sea-folks call smiling under bare poles, come true, ain't it? I guess it will turn out a good spec, says he; and a good one it did turn out—he cleared ten thousand dollars by it.

When I was at Warsaw, as I was a sayin, there was a Russian officer there who had lost both his arms in battle, a good natured contented critter, as I can assure ever so'd, and he was fed with spoons by his neighbours, but after a while they grew tired of it, and I guess he next about starved to death at last. Now Halibut is like that one Spooner, as I used to call him; it is fed by the outports, and they begin to have enough to do to feed themselves—it must learn to live without 'em. They have no rice, and

no country about them; let them make a railroad to Minas Basin, and they will have arms of their own to feed themselves with. If they don't do it, and do it soon, I guess they'll get into a decline that no human skill will cure. They are proper this now; you can count their ribs on a mast as far as you can see them. *The only thing that will either make or save Halifax, is a railroad across the country to Bay of Fundy.*

It will do to talk of, says one; You'll see it some day, says another; Yes, says a third, it will come, but we are too young yet.

Our old minister had a darter, a real clever looking gull as you'd see in a day's ride, and she had two or three offers of marriage from sensible men—most particular good specs—but minister always said 'Pamela, you are too young—the day will come—but you are too young yet, dear.' Well, Pamela didn't think so at all; she said, She guessed she knew better now that; so the next offer she had, she said she had no notion to lose another chance—off she shot to Rhode Island and got married; says she, Father's too old, he don't know. That's jist the case at Halifax. The old folks say the country is too young—the time will come, and so on; and in the mean time the young folks won't wait, and run off to the States, where the maxim is, *'youth is the time for improvement; a new country is never too young for exertion—push on—keep moving—go ahead.'*

Down it all, said the Clockmaker, rising with great animation, clenching his fist, and extending his arm—damn it all, it fairly makes my darter rise, to see the nasty idle lazing good for nothing do little critters—they ain't fit to tend a bear trap, I vow. They ought to be quilted round and round a post, like a lady's lap dog the matter of two hours a day, to keep them from dyin of apoplexy. Hush, hush, said I, Mr. Slick, you forget. Well, said he, screaming his usual response—well, it's enough to make one vexed though, I declare—is't it?

Mr. Slick has often alluded to this subject, and always in a most decided manner; I am inclined to think he is right. Mr. How's papers on the railroad I read, till I

came to his calculations, but I never could read figures, 'I can't cypher,' and there I passed; it was a barrier: I retreated a few paces, took a running leap, and cleared the whole of them. Mr. Slick says he has under and not over rated its advantages. He appears to be such a shrewd, observing, intelligent man, and so perfectly at home on these subjects, that I confess I have more faith in this humble but eccentric Clockmaker, than in any other man I have met with in this Province. I therefore pronounce 'there will be a railroad.'

CHAPTER XIV.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS IN CUMBERLAND.

I am now, said the Clockmaker, as we strolled through Amherst, you have read Jack's story of the boy that one day asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbour was, and when he heard his name, asked him if he wore a hat. No, my little fellow, said he, he bent a hat, he is a most particular sensible man; but why did you ask that are question? Why, said the little boy, mother said tother day you were next door to a hat, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you. His mother felt pretty ugly, I guess, when she heard him run right slap on that are breaker.

Now these Cumberland folks have curious next door neighbours, too; they are placed by their location right atwixt fire and water; they have New Brunswick politics on one side, and Nova Scotia politics on tother side of them, and Bay Fundy and Bay Verte on tother two sides; they are really in hot water; they are up to their croppers in politics, and good hands for talking of House of Assembly, political Unions, and what not. Like all folks who wade so deep, they can't always tell the natur of the ford. Sometimes they strike their shins agin a snag of a rock; at other times, they go whap into a quicksand, and if they

don't take special care they are apt to go nose over head and ears into deep water. I guess if they'd talk more of *Rotarians*, and less of *elections*, more of them are *Dykes*, and less of *Banks*, and attend more to *top dressing*, and less to *re-dressing*, it wd. be better for 'em.

Now you mention the subject, I think I have observed, said I, that there is a great change in your countrymen in that respect. Formerly, whenever you met an American, you had a dish of politics set before you, whether you had an appetite for it or not; but lately I have remarked they seldom allude to it. Pray to what is this attributable? I guess, said he, they have enough of it to home, and are sick of the subject. They are cured the way our pastry cooks cure their pretences of stealing sweet notions out of their shops. When they get a new pretence they tell him he must never so much as look at all them are nice things; and if he dares to lay the weight of his finger upon one of them, they'll have him up for it before a justice; they tell him its every bit and grain as bad as stealing from a till. Well, that's sure to set him at it, just as a high fence does a breechy ox, first to look over it, and then to push it down with itsump; its human nature. Well, the boy eats and eats till he can't eat no longer, and then he gets sick at his stomach, and hates the very sight of sweetmeats afterwards.

We've had politics with us till we're dog-sick of 'em, I tell you. Besides, I guess we are as far from perfection as when we set out a ruin for it. You may get *purity of Election*, but how are you to get *purity of Members*? It would take a great deal of cyphering to tell that. I never heard tell of one who had used it.

The best member I ever almost ever used was John Adams. Well, John Adams could no more plough a straight furrow in politics than he could haul the plough himself. He might set out straight at begin'nin for a little way, but he was sure to get crooked when he got to the end of the ridge—and sometimes he would have two or three crooks in it. I used to say to him, how on airth is it, Mr. Adams (for he was no way proud like, though he was president of our great nation, and it is allowed to be the greatest nation in the world, too; for you might see him sometimes of an

afternoon a *calumnia* along with the boys in the Potomac; I do believe that's the way he learned to give the folks the dodge so sly;) well, I used to say to him, how on earth is it, Mr. Adams, you can't make straight work on it? He was a grand hand at an excuse (though minister used to say that folks that were good at an excuse, were seldom good for nothin else); sometimes, he said, the ground was so tarnation stony, it throwed the plough out; at other times, he said, the off ox was such an ugly wilful tempered critter, there was no doin nothin with him; or that there was so much machinery about the plough, it made it pluggin hard to steer, or may be it was the fault of them that went afore him, that they laid it down so bad; unless he was hired for another term of four years, the work wouldn't look well; and if all them are excuses wouldn't do, why he would take to scolding the nigger that drove the team, throw all the blame on him, and order him to have an everlasting lacin with the cowskin. You might as well catch a weazel asleep as catch him. He had somethin the matter with one eye—well, he knew I know'd that when he was a boy; so one day, a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it was very affectin. Says he, it fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to lettin off its water like statin; so as soon as the chap went, he winks to me with t'other one, quite knowin, as much as to say, you see its all in my eye, slick, but don't let on to any one about it, that I said so. That eye was a regular cheat, a complete New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said that Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye didn't pump its water out o' that place.

Members in general ain't to be depended on, I tell you. Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack does a pedlar; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it teaches a man to stoop in the long run. After all, there's not that difference in 'em (at least there ain't in Congress) one would think; for if one of them is clear of one vice, why, as like as not, he has another fault jist as bad. An honest farmer-like one of these Cambridge folks, when he goes to choose against two that offers for votes, is jist like the flying fish. That are little crittur is not content to stay to home

in the water, and mind its business, but he must try his hand at flyin,—and he is no great dab at flyin, neither. Well, the moment he's out of water, and takes to flyin, the sea fowl are after him, and let him have it; and if he has the good luck to escape them, and dive into the sea, the dolphin, no like as not, has a dig at him, that knocks more wind out of him than he got while aping the birds, a plaguy sight. I guess the blue-noses know just about as much about politics as this foolish fish knows about flyin. All creatures is wiser ere better in their own element.


It beats cock-fights, I tell you, to hear the blue-noses, when they get together, talk politics. They have got three or four evil spirits, like the Irish Banisters, that they say cause all the mischief in the Province—the Council, the Banks, the House of Assembly, and the Lawyers. If a man places a higher valuation on himself than his neighbors do, and wants to be a magistrate before he is fit to carry the ink horn for one, and finds himself awfully deluded of a mistake, he says it is all owing to the Council. The members are boasting critics, too, they know this feeling, and when they come home from Assembly, and people as 'em, 'where are all them fine things you promised us?' Why, they say, we'd a had 'em all for you, but for that eternal Council, they nullified all we did. The country will come to no good til them chaps show their respect for it, by covering their bottoms with homespun. If a man is so turnation lazy he wont work, and in course has no money, why he says it all owing to the banks, they wont discount, there's no money, they've ruined the Province. If there beant a road made up to every citizen's door, away back to the woods (who no like as not has squatted there) why he says the House of Assembly have voted all the money to pay great men's salaries, and there's nothing left for poor settlers, and errow roads. Well, the lawyers come in for their share of cake and ale, too, if they don't catch it, it's a pity.

There was one Jim Munroe of Onion County, Connecticut, a desperate idle fellow, a great hand at single songs, a skater, drivin about with the gals, and so on. Well, if any body's windows were broke, it was Jim Munroe—and

if there were any youngsters in want of a father, they were sure to be poor Jim's. Just so it is with the lawyers here; they stand Godfathers for every misfortune that happens in the country. When there is a mad dog a-goin' about, every dog that barks is said to be bit by the mad one, so he gets credit for all the mischief that every dog does for three months to come. So every feller that goes yelpin' home from a court house, straight from the law, swears he is bit by a lawyer. Now there may be something wrong in all these things, (and it can't be otherwise in nature) in Council, Banks, House of Assembly, and Lawyers: but change them all, and its an even chance if you don't get worse ones in their room. It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's not almost sure to get one not so good as his own. *My rule is, I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANCING MARTEN ABROAD

I wish that our black beifer in the kitchen would  over singing that ore overhastin' dismal tune, said the Clock-maker, it makes my head ache. You've heard a song afore now, said he, hasn't you, till you was fairly sick of it? for I have, I vow. The last time I was in Rhode Island, (all the gulls sing there, and it's generally allowed there's no such singers *anywhere*; they beat the Egyptians a long chalk—they sing so high some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearin' sometimes, like a lark,) well, you heard nothing but 'Oh no, we never mention her!' well, I grew 'so plagy tired of it, I used to say to myself, I'd sooner see it than hear tell of it, I vow; I wish to gracious you 'would never mention her,' for it makes me feel ugly to

hear that same thing for ever and ever and across that way. Well, they've got a cant phrase here, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' and every feller tells you that fifty times a-day.

There was a chap said to me not long ago at Truro, Mr. Slick, this country is rapidly improving, 'the schoolmaster is abroad now,' and he looked as knowin as though he had found a mare's nest. So I should think, said I, and it would jist be about as well, I guess, if he'd stay to home and mind his business, for your folks are so unconsciously ignorant, I reckon he's abroad ever most all his time. I hope, when he returns, he'll be the better of his travels, and that's more nor many of our young folks are who go 'abroad,' for they import more airs and nonsense than they dispose of ere while, I tell you—some of the stock remains on hand all the rest of their lives. There's nothin I hate so much as cant, of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition. If you see a feller rant in religion, clap your head into your pocket, and lay right hold of your pen, or he'll steal it, as sure as you're a-liv; and if a man cant in politics, he'll sell you if he gets a chance, you may depend. Law and physic are jist the same, and every mile and mazel as bad. If 'n lawyer takes to cantin, it's like the fox preachin to the goose, he'll eat up his whole congregation; and if a doctor takes to it, he's a quack as sure as nuts. The Lord have mercy on you, for he wost. I'd sooner trust my chance with a naked hook any time, than one that's half-covered with bad bait. The fish will sometimes swallow the oar, without thinkin, but they get frightened at bother, turn tail, and off like a shot.

Now, to change the tune, I'll give the blue-noses a new phrase. They'll have an election most likely next year, and then 'the Dancing Master will be abroad.' A candidate is a most particular politic man, and a maddin here, and a bowin there, and a shakin hands all round. Nothin improves a man's manners like an election. 'The Dancing Master's abroad then,' nothin gives the pares equal to that, it makes them as squirrely as an eel; they coga hands and back agin, set to their partners and right and left in great style, and slick it off at the end, with a real complete bow, and a smile for all the world as sweet as a cat makes at a

pan of new milk. Then they get as full of compliments as a dog is full of fleas—enquire how the old lady is to home, and the little boy that made such a wonderful smart answer, they never can forget it till next time; a praise a man's farms to the skies, and a tellin of him how scandalous the road that leads to his location has been neglected, and how much he wants to find a real complete hand that can build a bridge over his brook, and axin him if he ever built one. When he gets the hook baited with the right fly, and the simple critter begins to jump out of water arter it, all mouth and gills, he winds up the reel, and takes leave, attackin to himself, 'now you see what's to the good of my line, I guess I'll know where to find you when I want you.'

There's no sort of fishin requires so much practice as this. When bait is scarce, one worm must answer for several fish. A handful of oats in a pan, arter it brings one horse up in a pasture for the bridle, serves for another; a shakin of it, is better than a givin of it—it moves the grain for another time. Its a poor business arter all, is electioneering, and when 'the *Dominion Master* is abroad,' he's as apt to teach a man to cut corners and get larked at as anything else. It turns every one that's soople enough to dance real complete. Politics takes a great deal of time, and grinds away a man's honesty rear about as fast as cleaning a knife with brick dust, 'it takes its steel out.' What does a critter get arter all for it in this country, why nothin but expense and disappointment. As King Solomon says, (and that ere man was up to a thing or two, you may depend, tho' our professor did say he warn't as knowin as Uncle Sam,) its all vanity and vexation of spirit.

I raised a four year old colt once, half blood, a perfect pictur of a horse, and a genuine clipper, could gallop like the wind; a real daisy, a perfect doll, had an eye like a wessel, and nostril like Commodore Rogers's speaking trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races at New York, and father he went along with me; for says he, Sam, you don't know every thing, I guess, you hant cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are givin among them ther's had 'em through their gums this while past. Well, when we gets to the race, father he gets codd and puts him in an old

waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness, and breast band, he looked like Old Nick that's a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths across his fore legs. Says I, father, what on earth are you at. I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like old Bayou himself—no soul would know him. I guess I wasn't born yesterday, says he, let me be, I now what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a millstone as the best on 'em.

Well, father never entered the house at all, but stood by and seed the race, and the winner home was followed about by the master of two or three thousand people a parish of him and admires him. They seemed as if they never had seed a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on read a boastin' of him, and a stampin the course to produce a horse to run agin him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, lookin as soft as dough, and as maschin as you please, and says he, friend, it hants every one that has four hundred dollars—it's a plaguy sight of money, I tell you; would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? if you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon agin you, I vow. Let's look at your horse, says he; so away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them to look at colt, and when they seed him they set up such a lurf, I felt cos a most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, what cos possess the old man to act arter that fashion, I do believe he has taken leave of his senses. You need'n't lurf, says father, he's smarter than he looks; our Minister's old horse, Caprin Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that are colt cos beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy—I seed it myself. Well, they lurfed agin leader than before, and says father, if you dispute my word, try me; what odds will you give? Two to one, says the owner—500 to 400 dollars. Well, that's a great deal of money, aint it, says father; if I was to live it I'd look pretty foolish would'n't I. How folks would pass their jobs at me when I went home agin. You would'n't take that are waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you? says he. Well, says the other, sooner than disap-

point you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.

As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, crotch full of springs like the wire ends of a brand new pair of trowser gaiters—one said that's a plaguy nice lookin' colt that old feller has arter all; that horse will show play for it yet, says a third; and I heerd one feller say, I guess that's a regular yankee trick, a complete take in. They had a fair start for it, and off they set, father took the lead and kept it, and won the race, tho' it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt, he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin' crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him; but says father, how am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that ore waggon and harness so far as I be from Slickville. So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulse pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for 200 dollars, and we returned, having made a considerable good spec of colt. Says father to me, Sam, says he, you seed the crowd a followin' the winnin' horse, when we came there, didn't you? Yes, sir, said I, I did. Well, when colt beat him, no one followed him at all, but come a crowded about him. That's popularity, said he, soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and deserted the next, or run down; colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, and then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Buonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to lye and grease agin.

I was served the same way, I liked to have missed my portion—the Committee said I wasn't at Barker's bill, at all, the villains. That was a glo—, (thinks I, old boy, if you once get into that ore field, you'll race longer than colt, a plaguy sight; you'll run clear away to the fence,

to the far end afore you stop, so I jist cut in and took a hand myself.) You, says I, you did 'em father, properly, that old waggon was a bright scheme, it led 'em on till you got 'em on the right spot, defot it! Says father, *There's a moral, Sam, in every thing in nature.* Never have nothin to do with elections, you see the vuly of popularity in the case of that are horse—sawed the public 200 times, and the 1000th, if they don't agree with you, they desert and abuse you—see how they served old John Adams, see how they let Jefferson starve in his old age, see how good old Monroe like to have got right into jail, after his term of President was up. They may talk of independence, says father, but Sam, I'll tell you what independence is—mad he gave his hands a slap agin his trowsers pocket, and made the gold eagles he won at the race all jingle agin—(that, says he, giving them another wipe with his fist, (and winkin as much as to say do you hear that, my boy) *that I call independence.* He was in great spirits, the old man, he was so proud of winnin the race, and puttin the leaks into the New Yorkers—he looked all dander. Let them great hungry, ill favoured, long legged bitterns, says he, (only he called them by another name that don't sound quite pretty) from the outlandish states to Congress, talk about independence; but Sam, said he, (hitting the shiners agin till he made them dance right up an road in his pocket) *I like to feel it.*

No, Sam, said he, linc the pocket well first, make that independent, and then the spirit will be like a horse turned out to grass in the spring, for the first time; he's all head and tail, o scortin and kickin and reelin and carryin on like mad—it soon gets independent too. While it's in the stall it may hold up, and paw, and whiner, and feel as sory as any thing, but the leather strap keeps it to the manger, and the lead weight to the end of it makes it hold down its head at last. No, says he, here's independence, and he gave the eagles such a drive with his fist, he lost his pocket, and sent a whole rail of there scapinals down his leg to the ground. Says I, Father, (and I swear I could hardly keep from laffin, he looked so jastkily veered) Father, says I, I guess there's a moral ip that are too—*Extremes may may are none o' the best.* Well, well, says

he, (kinder unappetingly) I suppose you've half right, Sam, but we've said enough about it, lets drop the subject and see if I have picked em all up, for my eyes are none of the best now, I'm near hard to seventy.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SLACK'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH.

WHAT success had you, said I, in the sale of your clocks among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? do you find them as glibble as the blue-roses? Well, said he, you have heard tell that a Yankee never answers one question, without axing another, haven't you? Did you ever see an English Stage Driver make a howl because if you hante observed it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jut across his face, and passes on, with a knowin nod of his head, as much as to say, how do you do: but keep clear o' my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth as sure as you're born; jut as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose. Well, that's the way I pass them aw bare breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these here Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, would'nt they? They'd not 'em scratchin thersabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in arch of a lie. There are fellows cut their eye teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a lawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact; they open their pouch and drop it in, and its got a spring like a fox-trap—it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skin flints, you may depend. Outsped is no great shakes at best; it taste even as good for squire as real yaller Varginy corn, but I guess I want long in finding out that the grist hardly pay for the riddin. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England: the sooner he clears out the better

You can no more put a spoke into them, than you can send a chisel into Tenake-wood—it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the blue-roses knew the value of money as well as they do, they'd have more cash, and fewer clocks and tin reflectors, I reckon.

Now, its different with the Irish; they never carry a punt, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest shavers I ever used. Judge Butler, I dare say you have heard tell of him—he's a lassy fellow—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'no diggers or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, the one will set a flame again among my cottons, and t'other among my galls. I won't have no such infernal and dangerous things about me on no account. When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to chuck the wheels of the slave trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say, we had ought to humour them; for, says he, they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shipping out the Irish. Says he, they work better, and they work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expence they be; but hot weather and new turn rub out the poor rascals for t'other ones.

The English are the boys for trade with; they shell out their cash like a shov' of wheat in frosty weather—it flies all over the threshold floor; but then they are a cross grained, ungaily, kicken breed of cattle, as I own a most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull, knew what he was about, I tell you; for they are all bull-necked, bul-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly tempered, vicious critters, a pawin and a roarin the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as head-strong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks.

The satisfaction with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen, absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths, that need neither proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

There's no richer sight that I know of, said he, than to

THE CLOCKMAKER.

see one on 'em when he first lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon, his skin is ready to burst with wind—a regular walking bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron—a great awkward bulk of a feller, (for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners) a swickin' at you, as much as to say, 'look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blent of both kinds, a pocket full of ones, and a mouthful of tother: haunt he lovely?' and then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'say hoo to a goose, if you dare.'

No, I believe we may stamp the universe; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. He generally allowed there aint the best of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are wittily equal to cash.

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that any thing additional would only weaken its effect; he therefore changed the conversation immediately, by pointing to a tree at some little distance from the house, and remarking that it was the rock maple or sugar tree. Its a pretty tree, said he, and a profitable one too to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, tho' it gets exhausted at last.

This Province is like that see tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they dont drive in a spile and stop the exuberant flow of the sap, it will perish all together. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid on it, and a pretty considerable portion of rent too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to us to buy bread. It's drained like a bog, it has opened and covered trenches all through it, and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs.

Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take

the moisture out to that degree, that the very sidewalk becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it. That very bridge we heard of at Windsor, is owned in New Brunswick, and will pay toll to that province. The capitalists of Nova Scotia treat it like a hired house, they won't keep it in repair; they neither paint it to preserve the boards, nor stop a leak to keep the frame from rotting; but let it go to wrack sooner than drive a nail or put in a pane of glass. It will surely our turn out, they say.

There's neither spirit, enterprise, nor patriotism here; but the whole country is as inactive as a bear in winter, that does nothing but scratch up in his den, a thimble to himself, "Well, if I am an unfortunate devil, it's a pity; I have a most splendid warm coat on me a gentleman in these here woods, let him be, who he will; but I got no socks to my feet, and have to sit for everlastingly a reckon of my paws to keep 'em warm; if it wasn't for that, I guess I'd make some of them chaps that have heads to their feet and horns to their heads, look about them pretty sharp, I know. It's dismal, now ain't it?" If I had the favour of the Governor's message, if I wouldn't show 'em how to put their together you may depend; I'd make them scratch their heads and stare, I know.

I went down to Matanzas in the Falcon Steam Boat once—well it was the first of the kind they ever used, and proper scared they were to see a vessel without sails or oars, goin' right straight ahead, nine knots an hour, in the very wind's eye, and a great streak of smoke after her as long as the tail of a comet. I believe they thought it was Old Nick alive, a treatin' himself in a swim. You could see the niggers a clippin' it away from the shore, for dear life, and the soldiers a movin' about as if they thought that we were again to take the whole country. Presently a little, half-starved, orange coloured looking Spanish officer, all dressed off in his livery, as fine as a fiddle, crept off with two men in a boat to board us. Well, we yawed once or twice, and motioned to him to keep off for 'eater he should get hurt; but he came right on afore the wheel, and I hope I may be shot if the paddle didn't strike the bow of the boat

with that force, it knocked up the stars like a plank sh, when one of the boys playing on it is heavier than Father, and chucked him right atop of the wheel house—you never see'd a fellow in such a danderment in your life. He had picked up a little English from some our folks there so much, and when he got up, the first thing he said was, 'Jaran all shoemery, I say, where's my boat?' and he look'd round as if he thought it had jumped on board too. Your boat, said the Captain, why I expect it's gone to the bottom, and your men have gone down to look arter it, for we never see'd or heerd tell of one or t'other of them arter the boat was struck. Yes, I'd make 'em stars like that ere Spanish officer, as if they had see'd out of their eyes for the first time. Governor Campbell didn't expect to see such a country as this when he came here, I reckon, I know he didn't.

When I was a little boy, about knee high or so, and lived down Connecticut river, mother used to say, Sam, if you don't give over aying so like old Scotch, I'll send you off to Nova Scotia, as sure as you are born, I will, I vow. Well, Lord, how that are used to frighten me; it made my hair stand right up on end, like a cat's back when she's wrathy; it made me drop it as quick as wink—like a tin night cap put on a dip candle again to bed, it put the fun right out. Neighbour Dearborn's darter married a gentleman in Yarmouth, that speculates in the struggling line; well when she went on board to sail down to Nova Scotia, all her folks took on as if it was a funeral; they said she was goin to be buried alive, like the nuns in Portugal that get a frolickin, break out of the paster, and race off, and get catched and brought back again. Says the old Colonel, her father, Deliverance, my dear, I would sooner fider you to your grave, for that would be an end to your troubles, than to see you go off to that durned country, that's nothin but an iceberg aground; and he howled as loud as an Isherman that tries to wake his wife when she is dead. Awful accounts we have of the country, that's a fact; but if the Province is not so bad as they make it out, the folks are a thousand times worse.

You've seen a flock of partridges of a frosty mornin in the fall, a crowdin out of the shade to a sunny spot, and

haddin' up there in the woods—well, the blue-coats have nothin' else to do half the time but sun themselves." Whose fault is that? Why is the fault of the legislature? they don't encourage internal improvement, nor the investment of capital in the country; and the result is apathy, inaction, and poverty. They spend three months in Halifax, and what do they do? Father gave me a dollar once, to go to the fair at Hartford, and when I came back, says he, Sam, what have you got to show for it? Now I ax what have they to show for their three months' settin'! They mislead folks; they make 'em believe all the use of the Assembly is to bark at Councillors, Judges, Bankers, and such cattle, to keep 'em from eatin' up the crops, and it actilly costs more to feed them when they are watchin', than all the others could eat if they did break a fence, and get in. Indeed, some folks say they are the most breachy of the two, and ought to go to pound themselves. If their fences are good, them hungry cattle couldn't break through; and if they ain't, they ought to make 'em up, and with them well; but it's no use to make fences unless the land is cultivated. If I see a farm all gone to wreck, I say here's bad husbandry and bad management; and if I see a Province like this, of great capacity, and great natural resources, poverty-stricken, I say, there's bad legislation.

No, said he, [with an air of more seriousness than I had yet observed,] how much it is to be regretted, that, leavin' aside personal attacks and petty jealousies, they would unite as one man, and with one mind and one heart apply themselves ardently to the internal improvement and development of this beautiful Province. Its value is utterly unknown, either to the general or local Government, and the only persons who duly appreciate it, are the Farmers.

CHAPTER XVII.

A YANKEE HANDLE FOR A HALIFAX BLADE.

I met a man this mornin', said the Clockmaker, from Halifax, a real conceited lookin' critter as you can a meet ever seed, all shins and dikes. He looked as if he had picked up his nirs arter some officer of the regulars had worn 'em out and cast 'em off. They sat on him like second-hand clothes, as if they had'n't been made for him and didn't exactly fit. He looked fine, but awkward, like a captain of militia, when he gets his uniform on, to play soder; a thinkin' himself mighty handsome, and that all the world is a lookin' at him. He marched up and down afore the street door like a peacock, as large as life and twice as natural; he had a riding whip in his hand, and every now and then struck it agin his thigh, as much as to say, Ain't that a splendid leg for a boot, now? Won't I astonish the Amherst folks, that's all! Thinks I you are a pretty blade, nint you? I'd like to fit a Yankee handle on to you, that's a fact. When I came up, he held up his head near about as high as a shot factory, and stood with his fists on his hips, and eyed me from head to foot, as a shakin' quaker does a town lady: as much as to say, what a queer critter you be, that's toggery I never seed afore, you're some curiol minded unken, that's certain.

Well, says he to me, with the air of a man that cracks a cone into a beggar's hat, a fine day this, sir. Do you acitally think so? said I, and I gave it the real Connecticut drawl. Why, said he, quite short, if I didn't think so, I wouldn't say so. Well, says I, I don't know, but if I did think so, I guess I wouldn't say so. Why not? says he—Because, I expect, says I, any fool could see that as well as me; and then I stared at him, as much as to say, now if you like that are swags, I am ready to trade with you agin as soon as you like. Well, he turned right round on his heel and walked off, a whistlin' Yankee Doodle to him-

self. He looked just like a man that finds whist in a playgoer sight easier than thinkin'.

Presently, I heard him ask the groom who that are Yankee lookin' feller was. That, said the groom; why, I guess on Mr. Stick. Who!! said he, how you talk. What, Stick the Clockmaker, why it ain't possible; I wish I had a knowin' that was afore, I declare, for I have a great curiosity to see him, folks say he is amazin' clever feller that—and he turned and stared, as if it was old Hickory himself. Then he walked round and about like a pig round the fence of a potatoe field, a watchin' for a chance to cut in; so, thinks I, I'll just give him something to talk about, when he gets back to the city, I'll fix a Yankee handle on to him in no time.

How's times to Halifax, sir, said I.—better, says he, much better, business is done on a surer bottom than it was, and things look bright agin. So does a candle, says I, just afore it goes out; it burns up ever so high, and then sticks right down, and leaves nothin' behind but grease, and an everlastin' bad smell. I guess they don't know how to feed their lamp, and it can't burn long on rockin'. No, sir, the jig is up with Halifax, and it's all their own fault. If a man sits at his door, and sees stray cattle in his field, a cotter up of his crop, and his neighbours a cartin off his grain, and won't no much as go and drive 'em out, why I should say it serves him right.

I don't exactly understand, sir, said he—thinks I, it would be strange if you did, for I never see one of your folks yet that could understand a hawk from a handaw. Well, says I, I will tell you what I mean—draw a line from Cape Sable to Cape Cansoe, right thro' the Province, and it will split it into two, this way, and I cut an apple into two halves; now, says I, the worst half, like the rotten half of the apple, belongs to Halifax, and the other and sound half belongs to St. John. Your side of the province on the sea-coast is all stone—I never seed such a proper sight of rocks in my life, its enough to starve a rabbit. Well, t'other side on the Bay of Fundy is a superfine country, there ain't the best of it to be found any where. Now, wouldn't the folks living away up to the Bay be pretty bold to go to Halifax, when they can go to St. John

with half the trouble. St. John is the natural capital of the Bay of Fundy, it will be the largest city in America, next to New York. It has an immense back country as big as Great Britain, a fast chop river, and amazing sharp falls, most as 'cute as the Yankees—in a splendid location for business. Well, they draw all the produce of the Bay shores, and where the produce goes the supplies return—it will take the whole trade of the Province; I guess your rich folks will find they've burnt their fingers, they've put their feet in it, that's a fact. Houses without tenants—wharves without shipping, a town without people—what a grand investment!! If you have any loose dollars, let 'em out on a mortgage in Halifax, that's the security—keep clear of the country for your life—the people may run, but the town can't. No, take away the troops, and you're done—you'll sing the dead march folks did at Louisburg and Shelburne. Why you hasn't got a single thing worth havin', but a good harbour, and as for that the coast is full on 'em. You hav'nt a pine log, a spruce board, or a refuse shingle; you neither raise wheat, oats, or hay, nor never can; you have no staples on earth, unless it be them iron ores for the puddles in Bridgewater—you've sowed pride, and reaped poverty, take care of your crop, for it's worth harvestin'—you have no river and no country, what in the name of furia have you to trade on?

But, said he, (and he showed the whites of his eyes like a wall-eyed horse) but, said he, Mr. Slick, how is it, then, Halifax ever grew at all, bec'at it got what it always had; it's no worse than it was. I guess, said I, that pole ain't strong enough to bear you, neither; if you trust to that you'll be into the brook, as sure as you are born; you once had the trade of the whole Province, but St. John has run off with that now—you've lost all but your trade in blue berries and rabbits with the riggers at Hammond Plains. You've lost your customers, your rivals have a better stand for business—they've got the corner store—four great streets meet there, and its near the market slip.

Well, he stared; says he, I believe you're right, but I never thought of that afore; (thinks I, not only ever suspect you of the trick of thinkin', that ever I heard tell of;) some of our great men, said he, laid it all to your folks, selling

so many Clocks and Polyglot Bibles, they say you have taken off a horrid sight of money. Did they, indeed, said I; well, I guess it takes pins and needles that's the expense of house-keeping, it is something more costly than that. Well some folks say its the Banks, says he. Better still, says I, perhaps you've heard tell too, that greasing the axle makes a gig harder to draw, for there's jist about as much sense in that. Well then, says he, others say it's smuggling has made us so poor. That guess, said I, is mud as good as tother one, whoever found out that secret ought to get a patent for it, for its worth knowin. Then the country has grown poorer, has'nt it, because it has bought cheaper this year than it did the year before? Why, your folks are cute chaps, I vow; they'd puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer, they are so smartly knowin. Ah, said he, and he rubb'd his hands and smiled like a young doctor, when he gets his first patient; ah, said he, if the timber duties are altered, down comes St. John, body and brooches, it's built on a poor foundation—in all show—they are speculation like mud—they'll ruin themselves. Says I, if you wait till they go down, for your kettin, it will be one while I tell you, afore you pocket the shiners. Its no joke waitin for a dead man's shoes. Suppose an old feller of eighty was to say when that are young feller dies, I'm to inherit his property, what would you think? Why, I guess you'd think he was an old fool. No, sir, if the English don't want their timber we do want it all, we have used ours up, we have got a stick even to scratch. If the British dont offer we will, and St. John, like a dear little weeping widow, will dry up her tears, and take to frolickin agin and accept it right off.

There is'nt at this moment, such a location hardly in America, as St. John; for beside all its other advantages, it has this great one, its only rival, Halifax, has got a dose of spleen that will send it sneezing out of the world, like a feller who falls asleep on the ice of a winter's night. It has been asleep so long, I artilly think it never will wake. Its an easy death too, you may rouse them up if you like, but I vow I want. I once bought a feller too that was drowned, and one night he got drunk and quited me, I could'nt walk for a week; says I, Youre the best chap I'll

ever save from drowning in all my born days, if that's all the thanks I get for it. No, sir, Halifax has lost the run of its custom. Who does Yarmouth trade with? St. John. Who does Annapolis County trade with? St. John. Who do all the folks on the Basin of Minas, and Bay Shore, trade with? St. John. Who does Cumberland trade with? St. John. Well, Picton, Lunenburg, and Liverpool supply themselves, and the rest that won't woot havin', trade with Halifax. They take down a few half-starved pigs, old vicious geese, and long-legged fowls, some run mutton and ruf beef, and swap them for tea, sugar, and such little notions for their old women to home; while the railroads and canals of St. John are goin' to cut off your Gulf Shore trade to Miramichi, and along there. Pile 'em in the summer and die in winter, you're jist as noisy in war as those little critters, but you sing small in peace.

No, your dose for, you are up a tree, you may depend, pride must fall. Your town is like a ball room after a dance. The folks have out, drank, and frolicked, and left an empty house; the lamps and hangings are left, but the people are gone.

Is there no remedy for this? said he, and he looked as wild as a Cherokee Indian. Thinks I, the handle is fitten on proper tight now. Well, says I, when a man has a cold, he had ought to look out pretty sharp, afore it gets seated on his lungs; if he don't, he gets into a gileopin consumption, and it's gone goose with him. There is a remedy, if applied in time: make a railroad to Minas Basin, and you have a way for your customers to get to you, and a conveyance for your goods to them. When I was in New York last, a cousin of mine, Hockishah Stick, said to me, I do believe, Sam, I shall be ruined; I've lost all my custom, they are widening and impaving the streets, and there's so many carts and people to work in 'em, folks can't come to my shop to trade, what on earth shall I do, and I'm payin a dreadful high rent, too? Strq Ki, says I, when the street is all finished off and stoked up, they'll all come back agin, and a whole raft more on 'em too, you'll sell twice as much as ever you did, you'll put off a proper swad of goods next year, you may depend; and so as did, he made money, hand over hand. A railroad will

being back your customers, if done right off; but wahn all trade has made new channels, and fairly gets settled in them, and you'll never divert it agin to all eternity. When a feller waits till a gull gets married, I guess it will be too late to pop the question then.

St. John must go ahead, at any rate; you may, if you choose, but you must exert yourselves, I tell you. If a man has only one leg, and wants to walk, he must get an artificial one. If you have no river, make a railroad, and that will supply its place. But, says he, Mr. Slick, people said it never will pay in the world, they say it's as mad a scheme as the canal. Do they, indeed, says I; send them to me then, and I'll fit the heads on to them in to n's. I say it will pay, and the best proof is, our folks will take to thirds of the stock. Did you ever hear any one else but your folks, as whether a dose of medicine would pay when it was given to save life? If that *evortastia lang Erie* canal can secure to New York the supply of that far off country, most tother side of creation, surely a railroad of forty-five miles can give you the trade of the Bay of Fundy. A railroad will go from Halifax to Windsor and make them one town, easier to send goods from one to tother, than from Governor Campbell's House to Admiral Cockburn's. A bridge makes a town, a river makes a town, a canal makes a town, but a railroad is bridge, river, thoroughfare, canal, all in one: what a whoppin' large place that would make, wouldn't it? It would be the dandy, that's a fact. No, when you go back, take a piece of chalk, and the first dark night, write on every door in Halifax, in large letters—a railroad—and if they don't know the meaning of it, says you it's a Yankee word; if you'll go to Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, the chap that fixed a Yankee handle on to a Halifax blade, (and I made him a scrape of my leg, as much as to say that's you,) every man that buys a Clock shall hear all about a Railroad.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAMMITE AND THE IRISH PILOT.

I THINK, said I, this is a happy country, Mr. Sick. The people are fortunately all of one origin, there are no national jealousies to divide, and no very violent politics to agitate them. They appear to be cheerful and contented, and are a civil, good-natured, hospitable race. Considering the unsettled state of almost every part of the world, I think I would as soon cast my lot in Nova Scotia as in any part I know of.

It's a clever country, you may depend, said he, a very clever country; full of mineral wealth, abundant in superior water privileges and noble harbours, a large part of it prime land, and it is in the very heart of the fisheries. But the folks put me in mind of a sect in our country they call the Grammities—they eat no meat and no exciting food, and drink nothing stronger than water. They call it Philosophy (and that is such a pretty word it has made folks of more folks than them afore now;) but I call itarnation nonsense. I once travelled all through the State of Maine with one of them air chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and ruffled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of oil. He put me in mind of a pile of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no brily; a real gander gutted bakin criver, as hotter as a hundred walkin cuses, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, halfstarved bakin criver, you, you'll eat 'em up alive as soon as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, hawk, shark, and flunk, all at a gulp.

Well, when we came to an inn, and a beef-steak was set afore us for dinner, he'd say: Oh, that is too good for me,

it's too exciting; all the meat is diseased meat—give me some bread and cheese. Well, I'd say, I don't know what you call too good, but it tastes good enough for me, for I call it as hot as bushong, and that will bear chawing all day. When I liquidate for my dinner, I like to get about the best that's goin', and I ain't a bit too well pleased if I don't. Exciting indeed!! thinks L. Lord, I should like to see you excited, if it was only for the fun of the thing. What aumptin lookin' critter you'd be among the gulls, wouldn't you? Why, you look like a subject the doctor boys had dropped on the road after they had dug you up, and had cut stick and ran for it.

Well, when tea comes, he said the same thing, it's too exciting, give me some water, do; that's fallerin' the law of nature. Well, says L, if that's the case you ought to eat leaf; why, says he, how do you make out that are proposition? Why, says L, if drinking water, instead of tea, is natur, so is eatin' grass according to natur; now all flesh is grass, we are told, so you had better eat that and call it vegetable; like a man I once seed, who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had done, whipped a leg o' mutton into the oven and took it out fish; says he it's 'changed plover,' that's all, and 'plover' aint a bad fish. The Catholics fast enough, gracious knows, but then they fast on a great roasin' big salmon at two dollars and fifty cents a pound, and lots of old Madeira to make it float light on the stomach; there is some sense in mortifying the appetite arter that fashion, but pluggs little in your way. No, says L, friend, you may talk about natur as you please, I've studied natur all my life, and I vow if your natur could speak out, it would tell you, it don't over half like to be starved arter that plan. If you know'd as much about the marks of the mouth as I do, you'd know that you have carnivorous as well as granivorous teeth, and that natur weant by that, you should eat most anything that see door-keeper, your nose, would give a ticket to, to pass into your mouth. Father rode a race at New York course, when he was near hand to seventy, and that's more near you'll do, I guess, and he ate as hearty as a turkey cock, and he never confined himself to water neither, when he could get any thing conversed him better. Says he, Sam, grandfather Slick

used to say there was an old proverb in Yorkshire, 'a full belly makes a strong back,' and I guess if you try it, nature will tell you so too. If ever you go to Connecticut, just call into father's, and he'll give you a real right down genuine New-England breakfast, and if that don't happily your heart, then my name's not Sam Slick. It will make you feel about among the stiffest, I tell you. It will blow your jacket out like a pig at sea. You'd have to shake a reef or two out of your waistbands and make good stowage. I guess, to carry it all under hatches. There's nothin like a good porter to cover the ribs, and make the hide shine, depend on't.

Now this Province is like that are Girahamite lawyer's bee; it's too good for the folks that's in it; they either don't smell its value or won't use it, because work aint after their "law of nature." As you say, they are quiet enough (there's worse folks than the blue-noses, too, if you come to that,) and so they had ought to be quiet, for they have nothin to fight about. As for politics, they have nothin to deserve the name; but they talk about it, and a plaguy sight of nonsense they do talk too.

Now with us the country is divided into two parties, of the mammoth breed, the *ins* and the *outs*, the administration and the opposition. But where's the administration here? Where's the War Office, the Foreign Office, and the Home Office? where's the Secretary of the Navy? where's the State Bank? where's the Ambassadors and Diplomats (there too the boys to wind off a snarl of revolutions as slick as if it were on a reel) and where's that Ship of State, fitted up all the way from the fore-castle clean up to the stern post, check full of good strong berths, handsomely found and furnished, tier over tier, one above another, as thick as it can hold? That's a helm worth handling I tell you; I don't wonder that folks resting below, and fight on the decks above for it—it makes a plaguy uproar the whole time, and keeps the passengers for everlastingly in a state of alarm for fear they'd do mischief by bustin the boiler, a runnin aground, or gettin foul of some other craft.

This Province is better as it is, quieter and happier far; they have berths enough and big enough, they should be

careful not to increase 'em; and if they were to do it over again, perhaps they'd be as well with fewer. They have two parties here, the Tory party and the Opposition party, and both on 'em run to extremes. These radicals, says one, are for levellin all down to their own level, tho' not a peg lower; that's their gage, jist down to their own neck and no farther; and they'd agitate the whole country to obtain that object, for if a man can't grow to be as tall as his neighbour, if he cuts a few inches off him why then they are both of one height. They are a most dangerous, disaffected people—they are eternally appealing to the worst passions of the mob. Well, says t'other, these aristocrats, they'll ruin the country, they spend the whole revenue on themselves. What with Bankers, Councillors, Judges, Bishops, and Public Officers, and a whole tribe of Lawyers, as hungry as hawks, and jist about as marcid, the country is devoured, as if there was a flock of locusts a feedin on it. There's nothin left for roads and bridges. When a chap sets out to outtrass, he's got to antagonise one side or t'other. If he hangs on to the powers that be, then he's a Council-Man, he's for votin large salaries, for dahn as the great people at Halifax tell him. *He is a fool.* If he is on t'other side, a railin at Banks, Judges, Lawyers, and such cattle, and baylin for what he knows he can't get, then he is a rogue. So that, if you were to listen to the weak and noisy critics on both sides, you'd believe the House of Assembly was *one-half* rogues and *t'other half* fools. All this arises from ignorance. *If they knew more of each other, I guess they'd lay aside one-half their fears and all their abuse.* The upper classes don't know *one-half* the virtue that's in the middlin and lower classes, and they don't know *one-half* the integrity and good feelin that's in the others, and both are fooled and gulled by their own noisy and designin champions. Take any two men that are by the same, they opineate all they hear of each other ingate all sorts of unworthy motives, and misconstrue every act; let them see more of each other, and they'll find out to their surprise, that they have not only been lookin through a magnifying glass that wasn't very true, but a coloured one also, that changed the complexion, and distorted the features, and each one will think t'other a very

good kind of chap, and like as not a plaguy pleasant one too.

If I was asked which side was furthest from the mark in this Province, I now I should be puzzled to say. As I don't belong to the country, and don't care a snap of my finger for either of 'em, I suppose I can judge better than any man in it, but I sware I don't think there's much difference. The popular side (I won't say patriotic, for we find in our steam-boats a man who has a plaguy sight of property in his portmanteau is quite as anxious for its safety as him that's only one pair of yarn stockings and a clean shirt, is for him) the popular side may not so well informed as t'other, and they have the misfortune of havin' their passions addressed more than their reason, therefore they are often out of the way, or rather led out of it, and put astray by bad guides; well, t'other side have the prejudices of birth and education to dim their vision, and are alarmed to undertake a thing, from the dread of ambush, or open foe, that their guides are eternally deservin' in the most—and beside power has a natural tendency to cowardice. As for them guides, I'd make short work of 'em if it was me.

In the last war with Britain, the Constitution frigate was close in once on the shores of Ireland, a lookin' arter some merchant ships, and also took on board a pilot; well, he was a deep, sly, twisted lookin' chap, as you can almost ever seed. He had a sort of dark down look about him, and a leer out of the corner of one eye, like a horse that's goin' to kick. The captain guessed he read in his face, 'well now, if I was to run this here Yankee right ship on a rock and bidge her, the King would make a man of me for ever.' So says he to the first lieutenant, 'seize a rope thro' that are block at the tip end of the fore yard, and clap a runnin' rose in it.' The lieutenant did it as quick as wink, and came back, and says he, I guess it's done. Now, says the Captain, look here, pilot, here's a rope you han't seed yet; I'll jist explain the use of it to you in case you want the loan of it. If this here frigate, manned with our free and enlightened citizens, gets aground, I'll give you a ride on the slack of that are rope, right up to that yard by the neck, by Gorn. Well, it rub'd all the writin' out of his face, as quick as spinin' on a distle takes a man out, you

may depend. Now, they should rig up a crane over the street door of the State House at Halifax, and when any of the pilots at either end of the building, run 'em on the bowkers on purpose, sting 'em up like an ornate dog. A sign of that use kind, with 'a house of public entertainment,' painted under it, would do the business in less than no time. If it wouldn't keep the hawks out of the poultry yard, it's a pity—it would scare them out of a year's growth, that's a fact—if they used it once, I guess they wouldn't have occasion for it agin in a hurry—it would be like the Aloe tree, and that bears fruit only once in a hundred years.

If you want to know how to act any time, squire, never go to books, leave them to galls and school boys; but go right off and cypher it out of your head, that's a sure guide, it will never deceive you, you may depend. For instance, 'what's that to me,' is a phrase so common that it shows it's a natural one, when people have no particular interest in a thing. Well, when a fellow gets so warm on either side he never to use that phrase at all, watch him, that's all I keep your eye on him, or he'll walk right into you afore you know where you be. If a man runs to me and says, 'your fence is down,' thank you, says I, that's kind—if he comes agin and says, 'I guess some stray cattle have broke into your short sassa garden,' I thank him agin; says I, come now, this is neighborly; but when he keeps eternally tellin me this thing of one servant, and that thing of another servant, hints that my friend a't be true, that my neighbours are inclined to take advantage of me, and that suspicious folks are nosed about my place, I say to myself, what on earth makes this critter take such a wonderful interest in my affairs? I don't like to hear such take—he's niter something as sure as the world, if he want he'd say, 'what's that to me.' I never believe much what I hear said by a man's violent friend, or violent enemy, I want to hear what a disinterested man has to say—now, as a disinterested man, I say if the members of the House of Assembly, instead of raising up ghosts and hobgoblins to frighten folks with, and to show what swordsmen they be, a cuttin and a thrustin at phantoms that only exist in their own brains, would turn to, heart and hand, and do

utilize the resources of this fine country, facilitate the means of transport—promote its internal improvement, and encourage its foreign trade, they would make it the richest and greatest, as it now is one of the happiest, sections of old America—I hope I may be abridged if they wouldn't—they would, I mean.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOCKMAKER QUITS A BLUE-NOSE.

THE descendants of Eve have profited little by her example. The curiosity of the fair sex is still insatiable, and, as it is often ill directed, it frequently terminates in error. In the country this feminine propensity is troublesome to a traveller, and he who would avoid importunities, would do well to announce at once, on his arrival at a Cumberland Inn, his name and his business, the place of his abode, and the length of his visit.

Our beautiful hostess, Mrs. Pugsneh, as she took her seat at the breakfast table this morning, exhibited the example that suggested these reflections. She was struck with horror at our conversation, the latter part only of which she heard, and of course misapprehended and misunderstood.

She was run down by the President, said I, and has been laid up for some time. Galsard's people have stripped her, in consequence of her making water so fast. Stripped whom? said Mrs. Pugsneh, as she suddenly dropped the teapot from her hand: stripped whom,—for heaven's sake tell me who it is! The Lady Oglo, said I. Lady Oglo, said she, how horrid! Two of her ribs were so broken as to require to be replaced with new ones. Two new ribs, said she, well I never heard the beat of that in all my born days; poor critter, how she must have suffered. On examining her below the waist they found—Examining her still lower, said she (all the pride of her sex revolting at the idea of such an indecent exhibition,) you don't pretend

to say they stripped her below the waist; what did the Admiral say? Did he stand by and see her handled in that way? The Admiral, readers, said I, did not touch his head about it. They found her extremely unsound there, and much worm eaten. Worm eaten, she continued, how awful it must have been those nasty figures, that got in there; they tell me they are dreadful thick in the West Indies; Joe Crow had them in his feet, and lost two of his toes. Worm eaten, dear, dear!! but still that ain't so bad as having them great he fellows strip one. I promise you if those Galsards had undertaken to strip me, I'd taught them different game manners; I'd died first before I'd submitted to it. I always heard tell the English quality ladies were awful bold, but I never heard the like o' that.

What on earth are you drivin at? said Mr. Slick. I never seed you so much out in your latitude afore, marm, I vow. We were talkin of repairin a vessel, not strippin a woman; what under the sun could have put that one cracked into your head? She looked mortified and humbled at the result of her own absurd curiosity, and soon quitted the room. I thought I should have started right out two or three times, said the Clockmaker; I had to pucker up my mouth like the upper end of a silk gusset, to keep from yachawanin in her face, to hear the celtter let her chatter run that fashion. She is not the first hand that has caught a lobster, by puttin in her oar afore her turn, I guess. She'll mind her steps next time, I reckon. This was our last breakfast at Arkona.

An early frost that smote the potatoe fields, and changed the beautiful green colour of the Indian corn into shades of light yellow and dark brown, reminded me of the presence of autumn—of the season of short days and bad roads. I determined to proceed at once to Parrsboro, and thence by the Windsor and Kentville route to Annapolis, Yarmouth, and Shelburne, and to return by the shore road, through Liverpool and Lunenburg to Halifax. I therefore took leave (though not without much reluctance) of the Clockmaker, whose intention had been to go to Fort Lawrence. Well, said he, I vow I am sorry to part company along with you; a considerable long journey like ours, is like sitting up late with the gulls, a body knows its getting on pretty well

toward moonrise, and yet feels loth to go to bed, for 'tis just the time folks grow sociable.

I got a scheme in my head, said he, that I think will answer both on us; I got debts due to me in all them new places for Clocks sold by the concern; now suppose you leave your horse on these marshes this fall, he'll get so fat as a fool, he wont be able to see out of his eyes in a month, and I'll put 'Old Clay,' (I call him Clay arter our senator, who is a prime bit of stuff) into a Yankee waggon I have here, and drive you all round the coast.

This was too good an offer to be declined. A run at grass for my horse, an easy and comfortable waggon, and a guide so original and amusing as Mr. Flick, were either of them enough to induce my acquiescence.

As soon as we had taken our seats in the waggon, he observed, We shall progress real handsom now; that are horse goes eternal fast, he near about set my axle on fire twice. He's a sparkier, you may depend. I had him when he was a two-year old, all legs and tail, like a devil's damian needle, and had him broke on purpose by father's old nigger, January Snow. He knows English real well, and can do near about any thing but speak it. He helped me once to give a blue-bone a proper handsom quillin. He must have stood a pair charies indeed, said I, a horse kickin, and a man strikin him at the same time. Oh! not arter that pattern at all, said he: Lord, if Old Clay had kicked him, he'd a smushed him like that are sweater you broke at Pagnose's inn, into ten hundred thousand million flinders. Oh! no, if I didn't fix his fist for him in his pley it's a pity. I'll tell you how it was. I was up to Truro, at Ezra Whittier's Inn. There was an arbitration there between Deacon Test and Deacon Faithful. Well, there was a nation sight of folks there, for they said it was a bitter bit, and they came to witness the sport, and to see which critter would get the ear mark.

Well, I'd been doin a little business there among the folks and had jist set off for the river, mounted on Old Clay, arter takin a glass of Ezra's most particular handsom Jamaica, and was trottin off pretty slick, when who should I run agin but Tim Bradley. He is a dreadful ugly, cross-grained critter, as you can arrest ever need, when he is

about half-shaved. Well, I stopped short, and says I, Mr. Bradley, I hope you heant hurt; I'm proper sorry I ran agin you, you can't feel uglier than I do about it, I do notice you. He called me a Yankee pedlar, a cheatin vagabond, a wooden nutmeg, and threw a good deal of assorted hardware off that kind at me; and the crowd of folks cried out, Down with the Yankee, let him have it, Tim, teach him better manners; and they carried on pretty high, I tell you. Well, I got my dander up too, I felt all up on end like; and, thinks I to myself, my lad, if I get a clever chance, I'll give you such a quiffin as you never had since you were raised from a seedlin, I wot. So, says I, Mr. Bradley, I guess you had better let me be; you know I can't fight no more than a cow—I never was brought up to wranglin, and I don't like it. Haul off the cowardly rascal, they all bawled out, haul him off, and lay it into him. So he lays right hold of me by the collar, and gives me a pull, and I lets on as if I'd lost my balance and falls right down. Then I jumps up on end, and says I 'go ahead, Clay,' and the old horse he sets off ahead, so I know I had him when I wanted him. Then says I, I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Bradley, with that are ungentled tell you gian me. Well, he makes a blow at me, and I dodged it: now says I, you'll be sorry for this, I tell you; I wot be treated this way for nothin, I'll go right off and swear my life agin you, I'm most afraid you'll murder me. Well, he strikes at me agin, (I think he had a genuine soft horn to deal with,) and hits me in the shoulder. Now, says I, I wot stand here to be lathered like a dog all day long this fashion, it taste pretty at all, I guess I'll give you a chase for it. Off I sets afore my horse like mad, and he after me (I did that to get clear of the crowd, so that I might have fair play at him.) Well, I soon found I had the heels of him, and could play him as I liked. Then I slackened up a little, and when he came close up to me, so as nearly to lay his head upon me, I squatted right whop down, all short, and he pitched over me near about a rod or so, I guess, on his head, and ploved up the ground with his nose, the manner of a foot or two. If he didn't polish up the collar, and both mould boards of his face, it's a pity. Now, says I, you had better lay where you be and let me go, for I am proper tired; I blow

like a horse that's got the heaves; and heiden, says I, I guess you had better wash your face, for I am most a-leared you hurt yourself. That cycled him properly; I meant that it should; so he ups and at me awful spiteful, like a bull; then I let's him have it, right, left, right, jist three corners, beginning with the right hand, shittin to the left, and then with the right hand agin. This way I did it, said the Clockmaker, (and he showed me the manner in which it was done); its a beautiful way of hittin, and always does the business—a blow for each eye, and one for the mouth. It sounds like ten pounds ten on a blacksmith's anvil; I banged up both eyes for him, and put in the dead lights in two m's, and drew three of his teeth, quicker a playin right than the Truro doctor could, to save his soul alive. Now, says I, my friend, when you recouer your eye-sight, I guess you'll see your mistake—I want born in the woods to be seized by an oak. The next time you feel in a mood particular elegant good humour, come to me, and I'll play you the second part of that identical same tune, that's a fact.

With that I whistled for Old Clay, and back he comes, and I mounted and off, jist as the crowd came up. The folks looked staggered, and wondered a little grain how it was done so cleverly in short metre. If I didn't quit him in no time, you may depend; I went right slap into him, like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush. He found his suit ready made and fitted afore he thought he was half measured. Thinks I, friend Bostley, I hope you know yourself now, for I was no lyin god would; you swallowed your soap without singin out scoldins, and you're near about a pint and a half weaker crying than huffin.

Yes, as I was sayin, this 'Old Clay' is a well known one, he's as sly as a cat yet, clear gin, plinger to the back bone; I can't help a thinkin sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentucky, half horse half alligator, with a cross of the rithers.

I hope I may be wostabily reinstated, if I'd take right hundred dollars for him. Go ahead, you old clockin built villain, said he, and show the gentlemen how wrochful ten-hum you can travel. Gave him the real Connecticut

quick step. That's it—that's the way to carry the President's message to Congress, from Washington to New York, in no time—that's the go to carry a gill from Boston to Rhode Island, and trim her up to a Justice to be married, when her father's out of bed of a summer's mornin'. And he a beauty! a real doll! none of your Cambridge critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they wont go; but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothin', all out of his own head volunterrilly. Yes, a horse like 'Old Clay,' is worth the whole seed, breed, and generation of them Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, in Old Clay.

CHAPTER XX.

SISTER SALL'S COURTSHIP.

THAT given one of them are everlastin rotten poles in that bridge; they are no better than a trap for a critter's leg, said the Clockmaker. They remind me of a trap Jim Munroe put his foot in one night, that near about made one leg half a yard longer than tother. I believe I told you of him, what a desperate idle feller he was—he came from Onion County in Connecticut. Well, he was courtin Sister Sall—she was a real handsome looking gill; you scarce ever seed a more out and out complete critter than she was—a fine figur head, and a beautiful model of a craft as any in the state, a real clipper, and as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Well, he fairly turned Sall's head; the more we wanted her to give him up, the more she would'n, and we got plaguy cummy about it, for his character was none of the best. He was a universal favorite with the gals, and tho' he didn't behave very pretty neither, forgetting to marry where he promised, and where he had'n't ought to have forgot, too, yet so it was, he had such an uncommon wimin way with

him, he could talk them over in no time—Sally was fairly bewitched.

At last, father said to him one evening when he came a courting, Jim, says he, you'll never come to no good, if you act like old Scratch as you do; you ain't fit to come into no decent man's house, at all, and your absence would be ten times more agreeable than your company, I tell you. I won't consent to Sally's goin in there are huskin parties and gittin frolics along with you no more, on no account, for you know how Polly Brown and Nancy White ———. Now don't, says he, now don't, Uncle Sam; say no more about that; if you know'd all you wouldn't say it was my fault; not besides, I have turned right about, I am on t'other tack now, and the long leg, too; I am as steady as a pump bolt, now. I intend to settle myself and take a farm. Yes, yes, and you could stick it, too, by all accounts, pretty well, unless you are much misreported, says father, but it won't do. I know your father, he was our sergeant, a proper clever and brave man he was, too; he was one of the heroes of our glorious revolution. I had a great respect for him, and I am sorry, for his sake, you will act as you do; but I tell you once for all, you must give up all thoughts of Sally, now and for everlastin. When Sally heard this, she began to sit weny like mud in a desperate hurry—she looked foolish enough, that's a fact. First she tried to bite in her breath, and look as if there was nothin particular in the wind, then she blushed all over like scarlet fever, but she recovered that pretty soon, and then her colour went and came, and came and went, till at last she grew as white as chalk, and down she fell slap off her seat on the floor, in a faint fit. I see, says father, I see it now, you ornamental villain, and he made a pull at the old fashioned sword, that always hung over the fire place, (we used to call it old Bunker, for his stories always began, 'when I was at Bunker's hill,') and drawing it out he made a clip at him as wicked as if he was stabbing a rat with a bayonet; but Jim, he cuts off the door like a shot, and draws it too after him, and father sends old Bunker right through the panel. I'll chop you up as fine as mince meat, you villain, said he, if ever I catch you inside my door agin!

mind what I tell you, 'you'll bring for it yet?' Well, he made himself considerable scarce after that, he never set foot inside the door again, and I thought he had given up all hopes of Sail, and she of him; when one night, a most particular uncommon dark night, as I was a comin' home from neighbour Ibarborne's, I heard some one a talkin' under Sail's window. Well, I stops and listens, and who should be near the ash saphin but Jim Munroe, a tryin to persuade Sail to run off with him to Rhode Island to be married. It was all settled, he should come with a horse and shay to the gate, and then help her out of the window, jist at nine o'clock, about the time she commonly went to bed. Then he asks her to reach down her hand for him to kiss, (for he was proper clever at soft sander) and she stretches it down and he kisses it; and says he, I believe I must have the whole of you out arter all, and gives her a jink that kinder startled her; it came so sudden like it made her scream; so off he set hot foot, and over the gate in no time.

Well, I cyphered over this all night, a calculatin how I should reciprocate that trick with him, and at last I hit on a scheme. I recollected father's words at partin, 'mind what I tell you, you'll bring for it yet?' and thinks I, friend Jim, I'll make that prophesy come true, yet, I guess. So the next night, jist at dark, I gives January Snow, the old nigger, a ridge with my elbow, and as soon as he looks up, I winks and walks out and he after me—says I, January, can you keep your tongue within your teeth, you old nigger, you? Why massa, why you ax that are question? my Gor Owdity, you tink old Snow he don't know that are yet? my tongue he got plenty more now, dehl! a tooth left, he can stretch out over so far; like a little leg in a big bed, he lay quiet enough, massa, never stir. Well, then, says I, bend down that ash saphin seditly, you old Snowball, and make no noise. The saphin was no sooner bent than secured to the ground by a notched peg and a rope, and a slip knot was suspended from the tree, jist over the track that led from the pathway to the house. Why my Gor, massa, that's a——. Hold your tongue, you old nigger, says I, or I'll send your tongue a stretch arter your teeth; keep quiet, and follow me in presently.

Well, jist as it struck nine o'clock, says I, Sally, hold this here hank off twine for a minute, till I wind a trifle on it off; that's a fear critter. She set down her candle, and I put the twine on her hands, and then I begins to wind and wind away ever so slow, and drops the ball every now and then, so as to keep her down stairs. Sam, says she, I do believe you won't wind that are twine off all night, do give it to January, I won't stay no longer, I'm on a most dead asleep. The old fellow's arm is so plaguy contandy, says I, it won't do; but hark, what's that, I'm sure I heard something in the ash saplin, didn't you, Sally? I heard the geese there, that's all, says she, they always come under the windows at night; but she looked scared enough, and says she, I vow I'm tired a holdin out of my arms this way, and I won't do it no longer; and down she throw'd the hank on the floor. Well, says I, stop one minute, dear, till I send old January out to see if any body is there; perhaps some o' neighbour Dearborne's cattle have broke into the scare garden. January went out, tho' Sally say'd it was no use, for she knew the noise of the geese, they always kept close to the house at night, for fear of the varmin. Presently in runs old Sam, with his hair standin up an evrel, and the whites of his eyes lookin as big as the rims of a soup plate; Oh! Gor Urnity, said he, oh mason, oh Miss Sally, oh!! What on earth is the matter with you, said Sally, how you do frighten me, I vow I believe you're mad—oh my Gor, said he, oh! mason Jim Munroe he hang himself on the ash saplin under Miss Sally's window—oh my Gor!!! That shot was a settler, it struck poor Sal right stwixt wind and water; she gave a lurch ahead, and then heeled over and sunk right down in another faintin fit; and June, old Bess's wife, carried her off and laid her down on the bed—poor thing, she felt ugly enough, I do suppose.

Well, father, I thought he'd a fainted too, he was as struck up all of a heap, he was completely hung fagged; dear, dear, said he, I didn't think it would come to pass so soon, but I knew it would come; I forgot it, says I, the last time I seed him; Jim, says I, mind what I say, you'll swing for it yet. Give me the sword I wore when I was at Funker's till, may be there's life yet, I'll cut him down. The lantern was soon made ready, and out we went to the

ask again. Cut me down, Sam, that's a good fellow, said Jim, all the blood in my body has washed into my head, and's a runnin out o' my nose, I've seen a man smothered—he quick, dar heaven's sake. The Lord be praised, said father, the poor sinner is not quite dead yet. Why, as I'm a-sit—well if that don't beat all nature, why he has hanged himself by one leg, and's a swingin like a rabbit upside down, that's a fact. Why, if he aint scared, Sam; he is properly wined I declare—I wote this is some o' your doins, Sam—well it was a clever scheme too, but a little grain too dangerous, I guess. Don't stand a-stir and jawin there all night, said Jim, cut me down, I tell you—or cut my throat, and be damned to you, for I'm cheakin with blood. Roll over that are hopeless, old Sam, said I, till I got a top on it and cut him down; so I soon released him, but he couldn't walk a bit. His ankle was swelled and sprained like vengeance, and he swore one leg was near about six inches longer than tother. Mrs Monroe, says father, little did I think I should ever see you inside my door agin, but I bid you enter now, we owe you that kindness, any how.

Well, to make a long story short, Jim was so chapsfallen and so down in the mouth, he begged for heaven's sake it might be kept a secret; he said he would run the way, if ever it got wind, he was sure he couldn't stand it. It will be one while, I guess, said father, where you are able to run or stand either; but if you will give me your hand, Jim, and promise to give over your evil ways, I will not only keep it secret, but you shall be a welcome guest, at old Sam Stick's once more, for the sake of your father—he was a brave man, one of the heroes of Bunker's hill, he was our sergeant and——. He promises, says I, father (for the old man had stuck his right foot out, the way he always stood when he told about the old war; and as Jim couldn't stife a peep, it was a grand chance, and he was again to give him the whole revolution, from General Gage up to Independence,) he promises, says I, father. Well it was all settled, and things were soon as calm as a pan of milk two days old; and after a year was over, Jim was as steady again man as Minister Joshua Hopewell, and was married to our Poll. Nathan was over said about the severe till after the weddin. When the minister had

finished with a kiss, father goes up to Jim, and says he, Jim Munroe, my boy; gives him a rousing slap on the shoulder that set him a coughin for the matter of five minutes, (for he was a mortal powerful man, was father,) Jim Munroe, my boy, says he, you've got the snare round your neck, I guess now, instead of your leg; the snare has been a father to you, you may be the father of many another.

We had a most special time of it, you may depend, all except the minister; father got him into a corner, and gave him chapter and verse for the whole war. Every now and then as I come near them, I heard Bunker's Hill, Brandy-wine, Clinton, Glens, and so on. It was broad day when we parted, and the last that went was poor minister. Father followed him clean down to the gate, and says he, Minister, we had't time this morn, or I'd a told you all about the *Evangelization of New York*, but I'll tell you that the next time we meet.

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTING UP FOR GOVERNOR.

I NEVER see one of them queer little old-fashioned town-people, like that are in the cupboard of Maria Pughwash, said the Clockmaker, that I don't think of Lawyer Croomingshield and his wife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an evening with them. After I had been there awhile, the black house-help brought in a little brass-rod; dip candle, stuck in a tannap sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and set it down on the table. Why, says the Lawyer to his wife, increase, my dear, what on earth is the meanin' o' that? What does little Vinny mean by bringin in such a light as this, that ain't fit for even a big box of one of our free and enlightened citizens away down east; where's the lamp? My dear, says she, I ordered it—you know they are a gait to set you up for Governor next year, and I allot we must economise or we will be

ruined—the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you know, and you'll have to give up your practice—we can't afford nothin' now.

Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee china teapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups and saucers about the bigness of children's toys. When he used that, he grew most poskily ryled, his under lip curled down like a punch bowl that's got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth and showed his grinders, like a bull dog. What foolery is this, said he? My dear, said she, it's the foolery of being Governor; if you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to being the first ring in the ladder, don't blame me for it. I didn't nominate you—I had not art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that ere Convention, at Town Hall. Well, he sat for some time without sayin a word, lookin as black as a thunder cloud, just ready to make all near crack agin. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife's chair, and takin her face between his two hands, he turns it up and gives her a kiss that went off like a pistol—it fairly made my mouth water to see him; thinks I, them lips ain't a bad look to deposit one's spare kisses in, neither. In-course, my dear, said he, I believe you are half right, I'll decline to-morrow, I'll have nothin to do with it—I want be a Governor, on no account.

Well, she had to have and give like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands; and then she said, Zachariah, says she, how you do act, what you ashamed! Do for goodness sake behave yourself; and she colored up all over like a crimson plany; if you has'nt fouled all my hair too, that's a fact, says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as sin, though poskin all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well dressed house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a real London touch, and another with a tea tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and tea-pot, and a cream jug, and sugar bowl, of the same genuine metal, and a most an elegant set of real gilt china. Then in come Marm Crowningshield, herself, lookin as proud as if she would not call the President her cousin; and she gave the Lawyer a look, as much as to say, I guess when

Mr. Slick is gone, I'll pay you off that are kiss with interest, you dear you—I'll answer a bill at night for it, I will, you may depend.

I believe, said he again, you are right, Incessant, my dear, its no expensive kind of honor that bein Governor, and no great thanks neither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider—its enough I guess for a man to govern his own family, wint it, done! Martin, my love, said she, martin, a man is never so much in his own proper sphere as there; and beside, said she, his will is supreme at home, there is no danger of any one non-concurring him there, and she gave me a sly look, as much as to say, I let him think he is master in his own house, *for when ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them;* but I albet, Mr. Slick, you can see with half an eye that the 'grey mare is the better horse here.'

What a pity it is, continued the Clockmaker, that the blue-mosses would not take a leaf out of Harm Crooning-shield's book—talk more of their own affairs and less of politics. I'm sick of the overhastin sound of 'House of Assembly,' and 'Council,' and 'great folks.' They never alleviate talking about them from July to eternity.

I had a curious conversation about politics once, away up to the right here. Do you see that are house, said he, in the field, that's got a lurch to leeward, like a north river sloop, struck with a squall, off West Point, lapped like I! It looks like Seth Pine, a tailor down to Hartford, that had one leg shorter than t'other, when he stood at ease or militia trainin, a restin on the lifted one. Well, I had a special frolic there the last time I passed this way. I lost the lurch pin out of my forced axle, and I turned up there to get it set to rights. Just as I drove through the gate, I saw the eldest pull a mackin for the house for dear life—she had a short petticoat on that looked like a kilt, and her bare legs put me in mind of the long shanks of a bittern down in a rush swamp, a drivin away like mad full chined arter a frog. I could not think what on earth was the matter. Thanks I, she wants to make herself look decent like when I get in, she don't like to pull her stockings on after me; so I pulls up the old horse and let her have a fair start.

Well, when I came to the door, I heard a proper scuddin'; there was a regular flight into Egypt, jist wach a noise as little children make when the mistress comes suddenly into school, all a huddlin and scroodgin into their seats as quick as wink. Dear me, says the old woman, as she put her head out of a broken window to avail who it was, is it you Mr. Stick? I wiggers, if you did not frighten us properly we willy thought it was the Sheriff; do come in.

Poor thing, she looked half starved and half savage, hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that has had never work this side, and had a wicked expression, as though it wor'nt over safe to come too near her heels—an overlatin kickin'. You may come out, John, said she to her husband, its only Mr. Stick; and out came John from under the bed backwands, on all fours, like an ox out of the shuin frame, or a lobster skollin wrong eend foremost—he looked as wild as a hawk. Well, I wuss I thought I should have split, I could hardly keep from hasting right out with further—he was all covered with feathers, dirt, and dust, the savins of all the sweepins since the house was built, shoveld under there for tidiness. He willy answered for the matter of ten minutes—he seemed half-choked with the fluff and stuff, that come out with him like a cloud. Lord, he looked like a goose half-picked, as if all the quills were gone, but the pen feathers and down were left, jist ready for singin and stuffin. He put me in mind of a sick Adjutant, a great tall bulkin bird, that comes from the East Indies, a most as high as a man, and most as knowin as a blue-nose. I'd a givin a hundred dollars to have had that chap as a show at a fair—tar and feathers warn't half as material. You've seen a gull both huf and cry at the same time, hanto you? well, I hope I may be shot if I could'n have done the same. To see that critter come like a turkey out of a bag at Christmas, to be feed at for two corts a shot, was no good as a play; but to look round and see the poverty—the half naked children—the old pine stumps for chairs—a small bin of poor watery yaller potatoes in the corner—daylight through the sides and roof of the house, looking like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out

—no utensils for cooking or eating—and starvation wrote as plain as a handbill on their hollow cheeks, skinny flaps, and sunk eyes, went right straight to the heart. I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they did it seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it, like a man that's married to a thunderin' ugly wife, he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlasting dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.

Well, there was another cheap a settin' by the fire, and he did look as if he saw it and felt it too, he didn't seem over half pleased, you may depend. He was the District School-master, and he told me he was takin a spell at boardin' there, for it was their turn to keep him. Thanks I to myself, poor devil, you've brought your pigs to a pretty market, that's a fact. I see how it is, the blue-noses can't 'explore.' The cat's out of the bag now—in no wonder they don't go ahead, for they don't know nothin—the 'Schoolmaster is abroad,' with the devil to it, for he has no home at all. Why, Squire, you might just as well expect a horse to go right off in gear, before he is halter broke, as a blue-nose to get on in the world, when he has got no schoolin'.

But to get back to my story. Well, says I, how's times with you, Mrs. Spry? Dull, says she, very dull, there's no markets now, things don't fetch nothin'. Thanks I, some folks had'n't ought to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothin' to sell, but I didn't say so; for poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by poking fun at it. Potatoes, says I, will fetch a good price this fall, for it's a short crop in a general way; how's yours? Grand, says she, as complete as ever you want; our tops were small and didn't look well; but we have the handsomest bottoms, it is generally allowed, in all our place; you never need the best of them, they are actilly worth lookin' at. I vow I had to take a chew of tobacco to keep from snorting right out, it sounded so queer like. Thanks I to myself, old lady, it's a pity you couldn't be changed round for round them, as some folks do their stockings: it would improve the looks of your dial plate amazingly then, that's a fact.

Now, there was human natur, squire, said the Clock-maker, there was pride even in that horse. It is found in rags as well as kings' robes, where butter is spread with

the thumb as well as the silver knife, *safer is safer, where ever you find it.*

Did them, in came one or two neighbours to see the sport, for they took me for a sheriff or a constable, or something off that breed, and when they saw it was me they sat down to hear the news; they fell right to at politics as keen as anything, as if it had been a dish of real Connecticut Slap Jacks, or Hoosier; or what is better still, a glass of real genuine splendid mint julep, *take-em-up*, it fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. I wonder, says one, what they will do for us this winter in the House of Assembly? Nothing, says the other, they never do nothing but what the great people at Halifax tell 'em. Squire Townshend is the man, he'll pay up the great folks this hitch, he'll let 'em have their rent, he's jist the boy that can do it. Says I, I wish I could say all men were as honest then, for I am afraid there are a good many won't pay me up this winter; I should like to trade with your friend, who is he? Why, says he, he is the member for Isle Royale County, and if he don't let the great folks have it, it's a pity. Who do you call great folks, for, said I, I vow, I ha'n't seed one since I come here. The only one that I know that comes near hand to one is Nicholas Overknecker, that lives all along there, about Margaret's Bay, and he is a great man, it takes a yoke of oxen to drag him. When I first seed him, says I, what an air is the matter o' that man, has he the droopy, for he is really the greatest man I ever seed; he must weigh the matter of five hundred weight; he'd cut three inches on the rib, he must have a proper sight of lard, that chap! No, says I, don't call 'em great men, for there ain't a great man in the country, that's a fact; there ain't one that deserves the name; folks will only laugh at you if you talk that way. There may be some rich men, and I believe there be, and it's a pity there warn't more an 'em, and a still greater pity they have so little spirit or enterprise among 'em, but a country is none the worse having rich men in it, you may depend. Great folks! well, come, that's a good joke, that bangs the back. No, my friend, says I, the most that's at the top of the barrel, is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down: the upper

and lower ends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good.

Well, says the blue-nose, perhaps they beart great men, exactly in that sense, but they are great men, compared to us poor folks; and they eat up all the revenue, there's nothin left for roads and bridges, they want to ruin the country, that's a fact. Want to ruin your granny, says I, (for it raised my dander to hear the critter talk such nonsense,) I did hear of one chap, says I, that set fire to his own house once, up to Squatters, but the cunnin rascal insured it first; now how can your great folks ruin the country without ruin themselves, unless they have insured the Province? our folks will insure all creation for half nothin, but I never heard tell of a country being insured agin rich men. Now if you ever go to Wall Street to get such a policy, leave the door open behind you, that's all; or they'll grab right hold of you, shave your head and blister it, clap a strait jacket on you, and whip you right into a mad house, unless you can say Jack Robinson. No, your great men are nothin but rich men, and I can tell you for your comfort, there's nothin to hinder you from bein rich too, if you will take the same means as they did. They were once all as poor folks as you be, or their fathers afore them; for I know their whole blood, seed, and generation, and they wouldn't thank you to tell them that you knew their fathers and grandfathers, I tell you. If ever you want the loan of a hundred pounds from any of them, keep dark about that—see us far ahead as you please, but it taste always pleasant to have folks see too far back. Perhaps they be a little proud or so, but that's natural; all folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal its extraction, but what's that to you? If they get too large salaries, dock 'em down at once, but don't keep talkin about it for everlastinly. If you have too many servants, pay some of 'em off, or when they quit your service don't hire others in their room, that's all; but you miss your mark when you keep firm away the whole blessed time that way.

I went out a gunnin when I was a boy, and father went with me to teach me. Well the first flock of plover I see'd I let slip at them and missed them. Says father, says he, What a blockhead you be, Sam, that's your own fault, they were too far off, you had'nt ought to have fired so soon. At Dunker's hill we let the British come right on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let them have it slap bang. Well, I fith kinder gripped at missin my shot, and I didn't over half like to be scolded too; so says I, Yes, father; but recollect you had a mud bank to hide behind, where you were proper safe, and you had a rest for your gun too; but as soon as you seed a little more than the whites of their eyes, you ran for your dear life, dill split, and so I don't see much to brag on in that arter all, no more now. I'll teach you to talk that way, you puppy you, and he, of that glorious day; and he fetched me a wip that I do believe, if I hadn't a dodged, would have spoiled my gunnin for that bitch; so I gave him a wip with arter that all day. Well, the next time I missed, says I, she bang fire so overbushally, it's no wonder, and the next time, says I, the powder is no good, I vow. Well, I missed every shot, and I had an excuse for every one on 'em—the shot was bad, or she flashed in the pan, or the shot scolded, or something or another; and when all wouldnt do, I swore the gun was no good at all. Now, says father, (and he edged up all the time, to pay me off for that bit of his Dunker hill story, which was the only shot I didnt miss,) you hasn't got the right reason arter all. It was your own fault, Sam.

Now that's jist the case with you; you may blame Banks and Council, and House of Assembly, and 'the great men,' all you are tired, but it's all your own fault—you're no spirit and no enterpris, you want industry and toiling; use them, and you'll soon be as rich as the people at Halifax you call great folks—they didnt grow rich by talking, but by workin; instead of lookin after other folks' business, they looked about the homest arter their own. You are like the machinery of one of our boats, good enough, and strong enough, but of no use till you get the steam up; you want to be set in motion, and then you'll go ahead like any thing, you may depend.

Give up politics—it's a barren field, and well watched too; where one critter jumps a fence into a good field and gets fat, more nor twenty are chased round and round, by a whole pack of yelpin curs, till they are fairly beat out, and end by bein half starved, and are at the liftin at last. Look to your farms—your water powers—your fisheries, and factories. In short, says I, patten on my hat and startin, look to yourselves, and don't look to others.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CURE FOR CONSCIENCE.

It's a most curious unaccountable thing, but it's a fact, said the Clockmaker, the blue-noses are so conceited, they think they know every thing; and yet there aint a livin soul in Nova Scotia knows his own business rent complete, farmer or fisherman, lawyer or doctor, or any other folk. A farmer said to me one day, up to Fergusson's inn, at River Philip, Mr. Slick, says he, I aint this aint 'a bread country;' I intend to sell off the house I improve, and go to the States. If it aint a bread country, said I, I never see'd one that was. There is more bread used here, made of best superfine flour, and No. 1. Genesee, than in any other place of the same population in the universe. You might as well say it aint a clock country, when, to my certain knowledge, there are more clocks than bibles in it. I guess you expect to raise your bread ready made, don't you? Well there's only one class of our free and enlightened citizens that can do that, and that's them that are born with silver spoons in their mouths. It's a pity you wasn't availed of this truth, afore you up killoch and off—take my advice and hide where you be.

Well, the fishermen are jist as bad. The next time you go into the fish-market at Halifax, stamp some of the old hands; says you, 'how many fins has a cod, at a word,' and I'll liquidate the bet if you lose it. When I've been

along-shore afore now, a vendin' of my clocks, and they began to raise my dander, by belittling the Yankons, I always brought them up by a round turn by that requirement, 'how many fine has a cod, at a word.' Well, they never could answer it; and then, says I, when you learn your own business, I guess it will be time enough to teach other folks theirs.

How different it is with our men folk, if they can't get through a question, how beautifully they can go round it, can't they? Nothin' never stops them: I had two brothers, Josiah and Elisha, one was a lawyer, and the other a doctor. They were a talkin' about their examinations one night at a huskin' frolic, up to Governor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Joey, When I was examined, the Judge axed me all about real estate; and, says he, Josiah, says he, what's a fee? Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the nature of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but lawyer Webster has got afore now, I've heard tell, 1,000 dollars, and that I do call a fee. Well, the Judge he larfed ready to split his sides; (thinks I, old chap, you'll best like a steam boiler, if you han't got a safety valve somewhere or another,) and says he, I vow that's superfine; I'll indorse your certificate for you, young man; there's no fear of you, you'll pass the inspection broad any how.

Well, says Elisha, I hope I may be skinned if the same thing didn't oen almost happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions, some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no real could, right off the reel at a word, without a little ephesis; at last they axed me, 'How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat when common modes wouldn't work no how? Why, says I, I'd do as Dr. Comfort Payson served father. And how was that, said they. Why, says I, he put him into such a sweat as I never seed in him afore, in all my born days, afore I was raised, by sending him in his bit, and if that didn't sweat him its a pity; it was an active dose you may deperd. I guess that one chap has cut his eye teeth, and the President, let him pass as approbated.

They both knowed well enough, they only made as if they didn't, to poke a little fun at them, for the Slick family

were counted in a general way to be pretty considerable rats.

They reckon themselves here, a chalk above us Yankers, but I guess they have a wrinkle or two to grow afore they progress ahead on us yet. If they han't got a full cargo of conceit here, then I never see'd a load, that's all. They have the hold chock full, deck piled up to the pump handles, and scuppers under water. They larst that of the British, who are actilly so full of it, they scold me of Commodore Trip. When he was about half starved he thought every body drunk but himself. I never liked the last war, I thought it unnatural, and that we hadn't ought to have taken hold of it at all, and so most of our New England folks thought; and I wasn't sorry to hear General Dearborn was beat, when we had no call to go into Canada. But when the *Guerriere* was captivited by our old Ironsides, the *Constitution*, I did feel lifted up most as high as a stalk of Varginy corn among Connecticut middlins; I grew two inches taller, I vow, the night I heard that news. Brag, says I, is a good dog, but hold fast is better. The British navels had been baggin and a bockarin so long, that when they landed in our cities, they swaggered e'en most as Uncle Peleg (big Peleg as he was called,) and when he walked up the centre of one of our narrow Boston streets, he used to swing his arms on each side of him, so that folks had to clear out of both foot paths; he's out, afore now, the fingers of both hands agin the shop windows on each side of the street. Many the poor feller's crupper bone he's smashed, with his great thick boots, a throwin out his feet afore him e'en most out of sight, when he was in full rig a swigging away at the top of his gait. Well, they out as many things as Uncle Peleg. One frigate, they guessed, would captivate, sink, or burn our whole navy. Says a naval, one day, to the skipper of a fishing boat that he took, says he, is it true, Commodore Decatur's sword is made of an old iron hoop? Well, says the skipper, I'm not quite certified as to that, seeing as I never set eyes on it; but I guess if he gets a chance he'll show you the temper of it some of these days, any how.

I mind once a British man-o'-war took one of our Boston vessels, and ordered all hands on board, and sent a party to

skuttle her; well they skuttled the fowls and the old particular genuine rum, but they obliterated their arround and left her. Well, next day another frigate (for they were as thick as tacks arrier a rain) comes near her and fires a shot for her to bring to. No answer was made, there bein no livin soul on board, and another shot fired, still no answer. Why, what on airth is the meanin of this, said the Captain, why don't they haul down that damn goose and geyseon (that's what he called our eagle and stars on the flag.) Why, says the first lieutenant, I guess they are all dead men, that shot frightened them to death. They are afraid to show their noses, says another, but they should be shaved off by our shots. They are all down below a 'cal-culation' their loss, I guess, says a third. I'll take my davy, says the Captain, its some Yankee trick, a torpedo in her bottom, or some such trap—we'll let her be, and care enough, next day, back she came to show herself. I'll give you a quarter of an hour, says the Captain of the Guerriere to his men, to take that new Yankee frigate, the Constitution. I guess he found his mistake where he didn't expect it, without any great search for it either. Yes, (to eventuate my story) it did me good, I felt dreadful nice, I promise you. It was as lovely as titters of a cold mornin. Our folks bent 'em arter that so often, they got a little grain too much concret also. They got their heels too high for their boots, and began to walk like uncle Poley too, so that when the Chesapeake got whipped I went sorry. We could spare that one, and it made our navals look round, like a fellow who gets a hoist, to see who's a larfin at him. It made 'em brush the dust off, and walk on rather sheepish. It cut their combs, that's a fact. The war did us a plaguy sight of good in more ways than one, and it did the British some good, too. It taught 'em not to carry their chins too high, for fear they shouldn't see the gutters—a mistake that's spoiled many a brass new coat and fro-coats since now.

— Well, these blue-roses have caught this disease, as folks do the Scotch fiddle, by shakin hands along with the British. Concret has become here, as Doctor Rush says, (you have heard tell of him, he's the first man of the age, and its generally allowed our doctors take the shine off of

all the world} acclimated, it is cherished among 'em, and the only cure is a real good quinine. I met a first-class Colchester Gog this summer again to the races to Halifax, and he knowed as much about races, I do suppose, as a Chinese juggler does of a railroad. Well, he was a prince of his horse, and runs on like *Station*. He was biggest, he said, by *Romesculus*, which was better than any horse that ever was seen, because he was once in a duke's stable in England. It was only a man that had blood like a foot, said he, that knew what blood in a horse was. Captain Curry-crook, an officer at Halifax, had seen his horse and praised him, and that was enough—that stamped him—that fixed his value. It was like the President's name to a bank note, it makes it pass current. Well, says I, I haven't got a drop of blood in me nothing stronger than molasses and water, I vow, but I guess I know a horse when I see him for all that, and I don't think any great shakes of your beast, any how; what start will you give me, says I, and I will run 'Old Clay' agin you, for a mile lick right an oad. Ten rods, said he, for twenty dollars. Well, we run, and I made 'Old Clay' bite in his breath, and only beat him by half a neck. A tight scratch, says I, that, and it would have served me right if I had been beat. I had no business to run an old rascal as everlasting fast, it ain't fair on him, is it? Says he, I will double the bet and start even, and run you agin if you dare. Well, says I, since I won the last it wouldn't be pretty not to give you a chance; I do suppose I oughtn't to refuse, but I don't love to abuse my horse by knockin him about this way.

As soon as the money was staked, I said, Hadn't we better, says I, draw stakes, that are blood horse of yours has such uncommon particular bottom, he'll perhaps leave me clean out of sight. No fear of that, said he,artin, but he'll beat you easy, any how. No flitchin, says he, I'll not let you back of the bargain. Its run or forfeit. Well, says I, friend, there is fear of it; your horse will leave me out of sight to a sure-dirty, that's a fact, for he can't keep up to me no time. I'll drop him, hull down, in ten m's. If Old Clay didn't make a fool of him, it's a pity. Didn't he gallop pretty, that's all? He walked away from him, just as the Chancellor Livingston sternliest posses a sleep at

ancher in the North River. Says I, I told you your horse would beat me clean out of sight, but you wouldn't believe me; now, says I, I will tell you something else. That are horse will help you to loose more money to Halifax than you are a thrashin on; for there aint a 'deest gone down there that won't beat him. He can't run a bit, and you may tell the British Captain I say so. Take him home and sell him, buy a good yoke of oxen; they are fast enough for a farmer, and give up blood horses to them that can afford to keep stable-helpers to tend 'em, and loose lettin alone to them as has more money nor wit, and can afford to lose their cash, without thinkin agin of their loss. When I want your advice, said he, I will ask it, most pokily milky. You might have got it before you axed for it, said I, but not afore you wanted it, you may depend on it. But stop, said I, let's see that all's right afore we part; so I counts over the fifteen pounds I won of him, note by note, as low as anything, on purpose to cyle him, then I mounts 'Old Clay' agin, and says I, Friend, you have considerably the advantage of me this hitch, say how. Possible! says he, how's that? Why, says I, I guess you'll return rather lighter than you came—and that's more nor I can say, say how, and then I gave him a wink and a jape of the head, as much as to say, 'do you take?' and rode on and left him sturin and scratchin his head like a feller who's lost his road. If that cithen aint a born fool, or too far gone in the disease, depend on't he found 'a cure for convuls.'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BLOWN TIME.

TWO long rambling dissertations on conceit to which I had just listened, from the Clockmaker, forcibly reminded me of the celebrated aphorism '*gnathi gnatos*,' know thyself, which, both from its great antiquity and wisdom, has been by many attributed to an oracle.

With all his shrewdness to discover, and his humour to ridicule the follies of others, Mr. Stick was blind to the many defects of his own character; and while prescribing 'a cure for conceit,' exhibited in all he said, and all he did, the most overweening conceit himself. He never spoke of his own countrymen, without calling them the 'most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the earth,' or as 'taken the shine off of all creation.' His country he boasted to be the 'best between the two poles,' 'the greatest glory under heaven.' The Yankees he considered (to use his expression) as 'artfully the class-leaders in knowledge among all the Americans,' and boasted that they have not only 'gone ahead of all others,' but had lately arrived at that most enviable *no plus ultra* point 'gone ahead of themselves.' In short, he entertained no doubt that Slickville was the finest place in the greatest nation in the world, and the Slick family the wisest family in it.

I was about calling his attention to this national trait, when I saw him draw his reins under his foot (a mode of driving peculiar to himself, when he wished to economize the time that would otherwise be lost by an unnecessary delay,) and taking off his hat, (which, like a pedlar's pack, contained a general assortment,) select from a number of loose cigars one that appeared likely 'to go,' as he called it. Having lighted it by a lucifer, and ascertained that it was 'true to draft,' he resumed his reins, and remarked 'This must be an everlasting fine country beyond all doubt for the folks here have nothing to do but to ride about and talk politics.' In winter, when the ground is covered with snow,

what grand times they have a slayin over those bare marshes with the gulls, or playin ball on the ice, or goin to quilts frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin home like mad by moonlight. Natur meant that season on purpose for courtin. A little tidy scrumptious looking slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin time, and a sweetheart alongside, all snuffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin right into you, and the other talkin right at you—is e'en amost enough to drive one ravin, ravin, distracted mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din, there's no hearin one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help looking right at them instead of the horse, and then whap you both go capsize'd into a snow drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin from a pond, a chatterin away all the time like a Canary bird, and you a haw-hawin with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way blue-nose gets led on to offer himself as a lover, afore he knows where he been.

But when he gets married, he recovers his eyesight in little less than half no time. He soon finds he's need; his flint is fixed then, you may depend. She laras him how vinegar is made: *Put plenty of sugar into the water aforehand, my dear, says she, if you want to make it real sharp.* The larf is on the other side of his mouth then. If his slay gets upset, it's no longer a funny matter, I tell you; he catches it right and left. Her eyes don't look right up to him any more, nor ~~but~~ little tongue ring, ring, ring, like a bell any longer, ~~but~~ a great big hood covers her head, and a whappin great muff covers her face, and she looks like a bag of soiled clothes agoin to the brook to be washed. When they get out, she don't wait any more for him to walk lock and lock with her but they march like a horse and a cow to water, one in each gutter. If there aint a transfiguration it's a pity. The difference between a wife and a sweetheart is near

about as great as there is between now and head-cake—a man never tires of puttin one to his lip, but makes playin wry faces at tobern. It makes me so kinder wantilscropt when I think on it, that I'm afeared to venture on matrimony at all. I have seen some blue-noses meet properly bit, you may depend. You've seen a boy a skidin on a most beautiful smooth bit of ice, he's at you, larkin, and hoopin, and hallowin like one possessed, when presently now he goes in over head and ears! How he cuts fins, and flops about, and blows like a porpoise properly frightened, don't he? and when he gets out there he stands, all shiverin and shakin, and the water a squish-squash in his shoes, and his trousers all stickin shivery like to his legs. Well, he sneaks off home, lookin like a fool, and thinkin every body he meets is a larkin at him—many folks here are like that ere boy, afore they have been six months married. They'd be proper glad to get out of the scrape too, and sneak off if they could, that's a fact. The marriage yoke is plaguy apt to gill the neck, as the ash bow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You've seen a yoke of cattle that warn't properly mated, they spend more strength in pullin agin each other, than in pullin the load. Well that's apt to be the case with them as choose their wives in sleighin parties, quilting frolics, and so on; instead of the dairies, looms, and cheese-houses.

Now the blue-noses are all a stirrin in winter. The young folks drive out the gulls, and talk love and all sorts of things as sweet as dough-nuts. The old folks find it near about as well to leave the old women to home, for fear they shouldn't keep time together; so they drive out alone to chat about House of Assembly with their neighbors, while the boys and hired helps do the chores. When the Spring comes, and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they all have to be plowed, *cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall ploughin.* Well, the plows have to be mended and sharpened, *cause what's the use of doin that afore it's wanted.* Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust, but whose fault is that? *Why the climate to be sure, for New-Scotia ain't a bread country.*

When a train has to run ever so far as fast as he can clip, he has to stop and take breath; you must do that or choke. So it is with a horse; run him a mile, and his flanks will heave like a blacksmith's bellows; you must slack up the rein and give him a little wind, or he'll fall right down with you. It stands to reason, don't it? Against spring and fall work is 'Moses time.' Then Courts come on, and Grand Jury business, and Militia trainin, and Race trainin, and what not; and a fine spell of ridin about and doin nothin, a real 'Blowin time.' Then comes harvest, and that is proper hard work, movin and pitchin hay, and reapin and bindin grain, and potatoo diggin. That's as hard as sole leather, afore it's hammered on the lap stone—(it's a treat next to any thing. It takes a feller as tough as Old Hickory (General Jackson) to stand that.

Ohio is most the only country I know of where folks are saved that trouble; and there the freshets come jist in the nick of time for 'em, and sweep all the crops right up in a heap for 'em, and they have nothin to do but take it home and house it, and sometimes a man gets more than his own crop, and finds a proper wad of it already piled up, only a little wet or so; but all countries aint like Ohio. Well, arter harvest comes fall, and then there's a grand 'blowin time' till spring. Now, how the Lord the blue-owes can complain of their country, when it's only one-third work and two-thirds 'blowin time,' no soul can tell.

Father used to say, when I lived on the farm along with him,—Sarn, says he, I vow I wish there was jist four hundred days in the year, for its a plaguy sight too short for me. I can find as much work as all hands on us can do for 365 days, and jist 35 days more, if we had 'em. We han't got a mind to spare; you must shell the corn and winnow the grain at night, clean all up sick, or I guess we'll fall astern, as sure as the Lord made Moses. If he didn't keep us all at it, a drivin away full chisel, the whole blowed time, it's a pity. There was no 'blowin time' there, you may depend. We plowed all the fall for dear life; in winter we threshed, made and mended tools, went to market and mill, and got out our firewood and rails. As soon as frost was gone, came sowin and plantin, weedin and hoein—then harvest and spreadin compost—then gatherin manure, fencin

and distillin—and turn to and sell plowin agin. It all went round like a wheel without stoppin, and so fast, I guess you couldn't see the spokes, just one long everlastin stroke from July to seventy, without time to look back on the tracks. Instead of racin over the country like a young doctor, to show how busy a man is that has nothing to do, as blue-nose does, and then take a 'blowin time,' we kept a tale travelin gate, an eight-mile-an-hour pace, the whole year round. They buy more nor they sell, and eat more than they raise, in this country. What a pretty way that is, isn't it? If the critters knew how to cypher, they would soon find out that a sum stated that way always ends in a naught. I never knew it to fail, and I defy any soul to cypher it so, as to make it come out any other way, either by School-master's Assistant or Algebra. When I was a boy, the Shickville bank broke, and an awful disorderment it made, that's a fact; nothin else was talked of. Well, I studied it over a long time, but I couldn't make it out: so says I, Father, how came that our bank to break? Warn't it well built? I thought that our Quincey grantha was so amazing strong all ourer wouldn't break it. Why you foolish critter, says he, it tant the buildin that's broke, its the concern that's smashed. Well, says I, I know folks are plaguilly concerned about it, but what do you call 'folks' smotherin their concerns? Father, he huffed out like any thing; I thought he never would stop—and sister Sall got right up and walked out of the room, as mad as a batter. Says she, Sam, I do believe you are a born fool, I vow. When Father had done huffin, says he, I'll tell you, Sam, how it was. They cyphered it so, that they brought out nothin for a remainder. Possible! says I; I thought there was no end to their puss. I thought it was like Uncle Peleg's musquash hole, and that no soul could ever find the bottom of. My!! says I. Yes, says he, that are bank's spent and lost more money than it made, and when folks do that, they must smash at last, if their puss be as long as the national one of Uncle Sam. This Province is like that are bank of ours, it's goin the same road, and they'll find the little end of the horn afore they think they are half way down to it.

If folks would only give over talking about that everlastin House of Assembly and Council, and see to their farms,

It would be better for 'em, I guess; for arter all, what is it? Why it's only a sort of first class Grand Jury, and nothin' else. It's no more like Congress or Parliament than Marvin Pughwash's keepin' room is like our State hall. It's just nothin'—Congress makes war and peace, has a say in all treaties, confirms all great nominations of the President, regulates the army and navy, governs twenty-four independent States, and scraps its fingers in the face of all the nations of Europe, as much as to say, who be you? I allow I am as big as you be. If you are six foot high, I am six foot six in my stockin' feet, by gams, and can larnmate any two on you in no time. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. But this little House of Assembly that folks make such a toome about, what is it? Why just a decent Grand Jury. They make their presentments of little money votes, to mend those everlasting rottin' little wooden bridges, to throw a poxstone of mud once a year on the roads, and then take a 'blowin' time' of three months and go home. The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heel boots, and a high crowned hat, and that wasn't ready to fight most any one, to show that he was a man every inch of him.

I met a member the other day, who swaggered near about as large as Uncle Polep. He looked as if he thought you couldn't find his 'ditto' any where. He used some most particular adjectival words, genuine jaw-breakers. He put me in mind of a squirrel I once shot in our wood location. The little critter got a hickory nut in his mouth; well, he found it too hard to crack, and too big to swallow, and for the life and soul of him, he couldn't spit it out again. If he didn't look like a proper fool, you may depend. We had a pond back of our barn, about the bigness of a good sizeable wash-tub, and it was chock full of frogs. Well, one of these little critters fanned himself a bull-dog, and he puffed out his cheeks, and took a good 'blowin' time' of it; he roared away like thunder; at last he puffed and pulled out till he bust like a hyler. If I see the Speaker this winter, (and I shall see him to a certainty if they don't send for him to London, to teach their new Speaker,) and he's up to snuff, that are man; he knows how to cypher—

I'll just say to him, Speaker, says I, if any of your folks in the House go to swell out like dropsey, give 'em a hint in time. Says you, if you have are a little safety valve about you, let off a little steam now and then, or you'll go for it; recollect the Clockmaker's story of the 'Blowin' time.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER JOHN O'BRIENLIGHT.

To-morrow will be Sabbath day, said the Clockmaker. I guess we'll bide where we be till Monday. I like a Sabbath in the country, all natur seems at rest. There's a cheerfulness in the day here, you don't find in towns. You have natur before you here, and nothin but art there. The deathly stillness of a town, and the barred windows, and shut shops, and cropey streets, and great long lines of big brick buildings, look melancholy. It seems as if life had ceased ticken, but there hadn't been time for decay to take hold on there; as if day had broke, but men slept. I can't describe exactly what I mean, but I always feel kinder gloomy and whamblereapt there.

Now in the country it's jist what it ought to be—a day of rest for man and beast from labor. When a man rises on the Sabbath, and looks out on the sunny fields and wavin crops, his heart feels proper grateful, and he says come, this is a splendid day, isn't it? let's get ready and put on our bestestest cloze, and go to meetin. His first thought is properly to render thanks; and then when he goes to worship he meets all his neighbors, and he knows them all, and they are glad to see each other, and if any two on 'em han't go'd together durin the week, why they meet on kind of neutral ground, and the minister or neighbors make peace atween them. But it taste es in towns. You don't know no one you meet there. It's the worship of neighbors, but it's the worship of strangers, too, for

neighbors don't know nor care about each other. Yes, I keep a Sabbath in the country.

While uttering this soliloquy, he took up a pamphlet from the table, and turning to the title-page, said, have you ever seen this here book of the 'Elder Controversy,' (a controversy on the subject of Infant Baptism.) This author's friends say it's a clincher; they say he has sealed up Elder's mouth as tight as a bottle. No, said I, I have not; I have heard of it, but never read it. In my opinion the subject has been exhausted already, and admits of nothing new being said upon it. These religious controversies are a serious injury to the cause of true religion; they are deeply deplored by the good and moderate men of all parties. It has already embraced several denominations in the dispute in this Province, and I hear the agitation has extended to New Brunswick, where it will doubtless be renewed with equal zeal. I am told all the pamphlets are exceptionable in point of temper, and this one in particular, which not only ascribes the most unworthy motives to its antagonist, but contains some very unjustifiable and gratuitous attacks upon other sects unconnected with the dispute. The author has injured his own cause, for an intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe. There is no doubt on it, said the Clockmaker, it is as clear as mud, and you are not the only one that thinks so, I tell you.

About the hottest time of the dispute, I was to Halifax, and who should I meet but Father John O'Shaughnessy, a Catholic Priest. I had met him afore in Cape Breton, and had sold him a clock. "Well, he was a leggin it off hot foot. Possible, says I, Father John, is that you—Why, what on earth is the matter of you—what makes you in such an everlasting hurry, drivin away like one ravin, distracted mad? A sick visit, says he; poor Pat Lanyon, him that you used to Brodure Lake, well he's near about at the pint of death. I guess not, said I, for I jist hear well he was dead. Well, that brought him up all standin, and he boats ship in a jiffy, and walks a little way with me, and we got a talkin about this very subject. Says he, What are you, Mr. Slick? Well, I looks up to him, and winks, A Clockmaker, says I; well, he smiled, and says he, I see, as much as to say I hadn't ought to have said that are

question at all, I guess, for every man's religion is his own, and nobody else's business. Then, says he, you know all about this country—who does follow any has the best of the dispute? Says I, Father John, it's like the battles up to Canada since last war, each side claims victory; I guess there ain't much to brag on nary way, damage done on both sides, and nuthin' gained, as far as I can learn. He stoop short, and looked me in the face, and says he, Mr. Slick, you are a man that has seed a good deal of the world, and a considerable of an understandin' man, and I guess I can talk to you. Now, says he, for gracious sake do jist look here, and see how you heretics (Protestants I mean, says he,—for I guess that are word slipt out without leave,) are by the ears, a drivin' away at each other, the whole blessed time, tooth and nail, hip and thigh, hammer and tongue, disputin', revilin', wranglin', and beloutin' each other, with all sorts of ugly names that they can lay their tongues to. Is that the way you love your neighbor as yourself? We say this is a *proclaimed* commonwalth as achesin', and by the powers of Mall Kelly, said he, but they all ought to be well lashed together, the whole batch on 'em entirely. Says I, Father John, give me your hand; there are some things I guess you and I don't agree on, and most likely never will, seem that you are a Popish priest; but in that idee I do opinionate with you, and I wish, with all my heart, all the world thought with us.

I guess he didn't half like that are word Popish priest, it seemed to grig him like; his face looked kinder ryled, like well water arter a heavy rain; and said he, Mr. Slick, says he, your countrie is a free country, ain't it? The freest, says I, on the face of the earth—you can't find it nowhere. We are as free as the air, and when our dander's up, stronger than any hurricane you ever see'd—tear up all creation most; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere. Do you call this a free country? said he. Pretty considerable middlin', says I, seem that they are under a king. Well, says he, if you were seen in Connecticut a shakin' hands along with a Popish priest, as you are pleased to call me, (and he made me a bow, as much as to say, mind your trumps the next deal) as you now are in the streets of Halifax along with me, with all

your ergokin and bonatin of your freedom, I guess you wouldn't sell a clock agin in that Stone for een while, I tell you—and he bid me good mornin and turned away. Father John I says I—I can't stop, says he; I must see that poor critter's family; they must be in great trouble, and a sick visit is afore controversy in my creed. Well, says I, een word with you afore you go; if that are name Popish priest was an engrossed one, I ax your pardon; I didn't mean no offence, I do assure you, and I'll say this for your satisfaction, na, you're the first man in this Province that ever gave me a real right down complete checkmate since I first set foot in it, I'll be skinned if you mint.

Yes, said Mr. Slick, Father John was right; these antagonizing chaps ought to be well quilted, the whole raft of 'em. It fairly makes me sick to see the folks, each on 'um a backin up of their own man. At it agin, says one; fair play, says another; stick it into him, says a third; and that's your sort, says a fourth. There are the folks who do mischief. They show such clear grit it fairly frightens me. It makes my hair stand right up an' tend to see ministers do that one. *It appears to me that I could write a book in favour of myself and my notions, without writin agin any one, and if I couldn't I wouldn't write at all, I swear.* Our old minister, Mr. Higswell, (a real good man, and a learned man too that,) they sent to him once to write agin the Unitarians for they are agin ahead like sturion in New England, but he refused. Said he, Sam, says he, when I first went to Cambridge, there was a boxer and wrestler come there, and he beat every one wherever he went. Well, old Mr. Pomeit was the Church of England parson at Charlestown, at the time, and a terrible powerful man he was—a real knacker, and an active one wasen't. Well, the boxer met him one day, a little way out of town, a takin of his evenin walk, and, said he, Parson, says he, they say you are a most plucky strong man and uncommon stiff too. Now, says he, I never see'd a man yet that was a match for me; would you have any objection jist to let me be availed of your strength here in a friendly way, be ourselves, where no need would be the else; if you will I'll keep dark about it, I swear. Go your way, said the Parson, and tempt me not; you are a

cannot minded, wicked man, and I take no pleasure in such vain, idle sports. Very well, said the boxer; now here I stand, says he, in the path, right slap afore you; if you pass round me, then I take it as a sign that you are *afear'd* on me, and if you keep the path, why then you must first put me out—that's a fact. The Parson jist made a spring forward and knocked him up as quick as wink, and throwed him right over the fence whap on the broad of his back, and then walked on as if nothin had happened—no damage on you please, and lookin as meek as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Stop, said the boxer, as soon as he picked himself up, stop Parson, said he, that's a good man, and jist chuck over my horse too, will you, for I sware I believe you could do one near about as easy as tother. My! said he, if that don't bang the bush; you are another guess chap from what I took you to be, say haw.

Now, said Mr. Hopewell, says he, I won't write, but if ere a Unitarian crosses my path, I'll jist over the fence with him in no time, as the parson did the boxer; for *writin* only aggravates your opponents, and *never* convinces them. *I never see'd a convert made by that way yet; but I'll tell you what I have see'd, a man set his own flock a doubtin by his own writin.* You may happily your enemies, conciliate your opponents, and *injure* your own cause by it, but I defy you to *save* it. These writers, said he, put me in mind of that are boxer's pupils. He would sometimes set two on 'em to spar; well, they'd put on their gloves, and begin, luffin and jokin, all in good humour. Presently one on 'em would put in a pretty hard blow; well, tother would return it in almost. Oh, says the other, if that's your play, off gloves and at it; and sure enough, away would fly their gloves, and at it they'd go tooth and nail.

No, Sam, the misfortune is, we are all apt to think Scripture intended for our neighbors, and not for ourselves. The poor all think it made for the rich. Look at that are Dives, they say, what an all fixed scrape he got into by his avarice, with Lazarus; and aint it writ as plain as any thing, that them folks will find it as easy to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

Well, then, the rich think it all made for the poor—that they shan't steal nor bear false witness, but shall be obedient to them that's in authority. And as for them are Unitarians, and he always got his dander up when he spoke of them, why there's no doin' nothin' with them, says he. When they get fairly stumped, and you produce a-tat that they can't get over, nor get round, why they say it taste in our version at all—that's an interpolation, it's an invention of them are overcastin' monks; there's nothin' left for you to do with them, but to serve them as Parson Possit detailed the boxer—lay right hold of 'em and chuck 'em over the fence, even if they were as big as all out doors. That's what our folks ought to have done with 'em at first, pitched 'em clean out of the state, and let 'em go down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place, for they sint fit to live in no Christian country at all.

Fighting is no way to make converts; the true way is to win 'em. You may stop a man's mouth, Sam, says he, by a crusader a lock down his throat, but you won't convince him. It's a fine thing to write a book all covered over with Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, like a bridle that's real jare, all spangled with brass nails, but who knows whether it's right or wrong? Why not one in ten thousand. If I had my religion to choose, and warn't able to judge for myself, I'd tell you what I'd do: I'd jist ask myself *who leads the best line?* Now, says he, Sam, I won't say who do, because it would look like vanity to say it was the folks who hold to our platform, but I'll tell you who don't. *It sint them that makes the greatest profaneous change;* and mind what I tell you, Sam, when you go a tradin' with your clocks away down east to Nova Scotia, and them wild provinces, keep a bright look out on them as cant too much, for a *long face* is plaguy apt to cover a *long conscience*—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XXV.

TAMING A SHREW.

THE road from Amherst to Parrisboro' is tedious and uninteresting. In places it is made so straight, that you can see several miles of it before you, which produces an appearance of interminable length, while the stunted growth of the spruce and birch trees bespeaks a cold, thin soil, and invests the scene with a melancholy and sterile aspect. Here and there occurs a little valley, with its meandering stream, and verdant and fertile intervals, which though possessing nothing peculiar to distinguish it from many others of the same kind, strikes the traveller as superior to them all, from the contrast to the surrounding country. One of these secluded spots attracted my attention, from the number and neatness of the buildings which its proprietor, a tanner and currier, had erected for the purposes of his trade. Mr. Hick said, he knew him, and he guessed it was a pity he couldn't keep his wife in as good order as he did his factory. They don't hitch their horses together well at all. He is properly hampeaked, said he; he is afoard to call his seat his own, and he leads the life of a dog; you never see the best of it, I vow. Did you ever see a rooster hatch a brood of chickens? No, said I, not that I can recollect. Well, then I have, said he, and if he don't look like a fool all the time he is settin on the eggs, its a pity; no woul could help larin to see him. Our old nigger, January Snow, had a spite agin one of father's masters, soin that he was a coward, and wouldn't fight. He used to call him Dearborne, after our General that behaved so ugly to Canada: and says he one day, I guess you are no better than a hen, you everlasting old chicken-hearted villain, and I'll make you a lartin stock to all the poultry. I'll put a trick on you you'll bear in mind all your born days. So he catches old Dearborne, and pulls all the feathers off his breast, and strips him as naked as when he was born, from his throat clean down to his tail,

and then takes a bundle of nettles and gives him a proper switchin that stung him, and made him smart like read; then he warms some eggs and puts them in a nest, and sets the old cock right a top of 'em. Well, the warmth of the eggs felt good to the poor critter's naked belly, and kinder kept the stings of the nettles down, and he was glad to bide where he was, and whenever he was tired and got off, his skin felt so cold, he'd run right back and squat down agin, and when his feathers began to grow, and he got obstop-slow, he got another ticklin with the nettles, that made him return double quick to his location. In a little time he learnt the trade real complete.

Now, this John Porter, (and there he is on the bridge I vow, I never seed the best o' that, speak of old Suptin and he's sure to appear ;) well, he's jist like old Desoborne, only fit to hatch eggs. When he came to the bridge, Mr. Sick stopped his horse, to shake hands with Porter, whom he recognised as an old acquaintance and customer. He enquired after a bark^{er} with he had struggled from the States for him, and enlarged on the value of such a machine, and the cleverness of his countrymen who invented such useful and profitable articles, and was recommending a new process of tanning, when a female voice from the house was heard, vociferating, 'John Porter, come here this minute.' 'Coming, my dear,' said the husband. 'Come here, I say, directly, why do you stand talking to that yandee villain there?' The poor husband hung his head, looked silly, and bidding us good bye, returned slowly to the house. As we drove on, Mr. Sick said, that was me—I did that. Did what? said L. That was me that sent him back, I called him and not his wife. I had that are bestowment ever since I was knee high or so; I'm a real complete hand at Ventriloquism; I can take off any man's voice I ever heard to the very sizes. If there was a law agin forgin that, as there is for handwritin, I guess I should have been hanged long ago. I've had high goes with it many a time, but its plegery dangerous, and I dont practice it now but seldom.

I had a real heat with that are citizen's wife once, and completely broke her in for him: she went as gentle as a circus horse for a space, but he let her have her head agin, and she's as bad as ever now. I'll tell you how it was.

I was down to the island a sellin' clocks, and who should I meet but John Porter; well, I traded with him for one part cash, part truck, and produce, and also put off on him that new buck mill you heard me axin' about, and it was pretty considerable on in the evenin' when we finished our trade. I came home along with him, and had the clock in the waggon to fix it up for him, and to show him how to regulate it. Well, as we neared the house, he began to fret and take on dreadful ennyay; says he, I hope Jane won't be abed, cause if she is she'll act ugly, I do suppose. I had heard tell of her afore; how she used to carry a stiff upper lip, and make him and the bee-stick well acquainted together; and, says I, why do you put up with her tantrums, I'd make a fair division of the house with her, if it was me, I'd take the inside and allocate her the outside of it pretty quick, that's a fact. Well, when we came to the house, there was no light in it, and the poor critter looked so stricken and down in the mouth, I felt proper sorry for him. When he rapped at the door, she called out, Who's there? It's me, dear, says Porter. You, is it, said she, then you may stay where you be, then as gave you your supper, may give you your bed, instead of sendin' you snakin' home at night like a thief. Said I, in a whisper, says I, Leave her to me, John Porter—jut take the horses up to the barn, and see arter them, and I'll manage her for you, I'll make her as sweet as sugary candy, never fear. The barn you see is a good piece off the eastward of the house; and as soon as he was cleverly out of hearin', says I, a imitation of his voice to the life, Do let me in, Jane, says I, that's a dear critter, I've brought you home some things you'll like, I know. Well, she was an awful jealous critter; says she, Take on to her you spent the evenin' with, I don't want you see your presents neither. After a good deal of coaxin' I stood on the uther tack, and began to threaten to break the door down; says I, You old unhandsum lookin' sinner, you vinogger crust you, open the door this mink or I'll smash it right in. That gripped her properly, it made her very wrothy (for nothin' sets up a woman's spunk like callin' her ugly, she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws and bristles).

I heard her bounce right out of bed, and she came to the door as she was, undressed, and unlocked it; and as I entered it, she fetched me a bag right across my cheek with the flat of her hand, that made it tingle agin. 'I'll teach you to coil naves agin, says she, you varmint. It was jist what I wanted; I pushed the door in with my foot, and seized her by the arm with one hand, I equalled her with the brethren's real handsum with the other. At first she roared like mad; 'I'll give you the ten commandments, says she (meaning her ten claws), 'I'll pay you for this, you cowardly villain, to strike a woman. How dare you lift your hand, John Porter, to your lawful wife, and so on; all the time racin round and round, like a colt that's a breakin, with the mouthin hit, racin, kickin, and plingin like staves. Then she began to give in. Says she, I beg pardon, on my knees I beg pardon—don't murder me, the Heaven's sake—don't dear John, don't murder your poor wife, that's a dear, I'll do as you bid me, I promise to behave well, upon my honour I do—oh! dear John, do forgive me, do dear. When I had her properly brought too, for havin nothin on but a thin under garment every crack of the whip told like a notch on a baker's tally; says I, take that as a taste of what you'll catch, when you act that way like old Scratch. Now go and dress yourself, and get supper for me and a stranger I have brought home along with me, and be quick, for I vow I'll be master in my own house. She moaned like a dog hit with a stone, half whine, half yelp; dear, dear, says she, if I wint all covered over with welts as big as my finger, I do believe I'm flayed alive; and she looked right out like any thing. I guess, said I, you've got 'em where folks want 'em, any how, and I calculate you won't be over forward to show 'em where they be. But come, says I, be a stirrin, or I'll quilt you agin as sure as you're alive—I'll tan your hide for you, you may depend, you old untamely temper'd heifer you.

When I went to the barn, says I, John Porter, your wife made right at me, like one ravin distracted mad, when I opened the door, thinking it was you; and I was obliged to give her a crack or two of the cowskin to get clear of her. It has effectuated a cure completely; now follow it up, and

don't let on for your life it warn't you that did it, and you'll be master once more in your own house. She's all dotty jist now, keep her so. As we returned we saw a light in the keepin' room, the fire was blazin' up cheerful-socks, and Maria Porter moved about as brisk as a parched pea, though as silent as dumb, and our supper was ready in no time. As soon as she took her seat and set down, she sprung right up on end, as if she sat on a pan of hot coals, and coloured all over; and then tears started in her eyes. Thinks I to myself, I calculate I wrote that one lesson in large letters any how, I read that writin' without spellin', and no mistake; I guess you've got pretty well warmed therabouts this hinch. Then she tried it again, first she sat on one leg, then on the tother, quite creamy, and then right awist both, a daggottin' about dreadfully; like a man that's rode all day on a bad saddle, and lost a little leather on the way. If you had seed how she stared at Porter, it would have made you snicker. She couldn't credit her eyes. He warn't drunk, and he warn't crazy, but there he sat as pecked and as meechin' as you please. She seemed all struck up of a heap at his rebellion. The next day when I was about startin', I advised him to not like a man, and keep the weather gage now he had it, and all would be well; but the poor critter only held on a day or two, she soon got the upper hand of him, and made him confess all, and by all accounts he leads a worse life now than ever. I put that one trick on him jist to try him, and I see its gone goose with him; the jig is up with him, she'll soon call him with a whistle like a dog. I often think of the horepipe she danced there in the dark along with me to the music of my whip—she touched it off in great style, that's a fact. I shall mind that go one while, I promise you. It was actilly equal to a play at old Bowery. You may depend, Squire, the only way to tame a shrew is by the cowskin. Grandfather Slick was raised all along the coast of Kent in old England, and he used to say there was an old saying there, which, I expect, is not far off the mark;

A woman, a dog, and a velvet toe,
The more you lick 'em the better they be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MINISTER'S HOME AID.

THIS country, said Mr. Slick, abounds in superior mill privileges, and one would naturally calculate that such a sight of water power would have led to a knowledge of machinery. I guess if a blue-nose was to go to one of our free and enlightened citizens, and tell him Nova Scotia was intersected with rivers and brooks in all directions, and nearly one quarter of it covered with water, he'd say, well I'll start right off and see it, I vow, for I guess I'll learn somethin'. I aint I'll get another wrinkle away down east there. With such splendid chances for experimentin, what first-class mills they must have, to a certainty. I'll see such new contrivances, and such new applications of the force of water to motion, that I'll make my fortune, for we can improve on any thing afloat. Well, he'd find his mistake out, I guess, as I did once, when I took passage in the night at New York for Providence, and found myself the next mornin' clean out to sea, steerin' away for Cape Horn, in the Charleston steamer. He'd find he'd gone to the wrong place, I reckon; there aint a mill of any kind in the province fit to be seen. If we had 'em, we'd avenge 'em as we do the gardenin' houses down south, pull 'em right down, there wouldn't be one on 'em left in eight and forty hours.

Born domestic factories they ought to have here: it's an essential part of the social system. Now we've run to the other extreme; its got to be too big an interest with us, and aint suited to the political institutions of our great country. Nature designed us for an agricultural people, and our government was predicated on the supposition that we would be so. Mr. Hopewell was of the same opinion. He was a great hand at gardenin', orchardin', furrin', and what not. One evenin' I was up to his house, and says he, Sam, what do you say to a bottle of my old genuine cider. I guess I got some that will take the shine off your father's

by a long chalk, much as the old gentleman brags of his'n—I never bring it out afore him. He thinks he has the best in all Connecticut. It's an innocent ambition that; and Sam, it would be but a poor thing for me to gratify my pride, at the expense of humblin' his'n. So I never lets on that I have any better, but keep dark about this superfine particular article of mine, for I'd as liven he'd think so as not. He was a real primitive good man was minister. I got some, said he, that was botted that very year that glorious action was fought between the Constitution and the Guerriere. Perhaps the whole world couldn't show such a brilliant whippin as that was. It was a splendid doed, that's a fact. The British can whip the whole wirth, and we can whip the British. It was a bright promise for our young eagle, a noble bird that, too; great strength, great courage, and verposing sagacity.

Well, he went down to the cellar, and brought up a bottle, with a stick tied to its neck, and day and date to it, like the lye-bills on the trees in Squire Hendrick's garden. I like to see them are caskwels, says he, as he brushed 'em off, they are like grey hairs in an old man's head, they indicate venerable old age. As he uncorked it, says he, I guess, Sam, this will warm your glassed, my boy; I guess our great nation may be stamped to produce more elegant liquor than this here. It's the dandy, that's a fact. That, said he, a smackin his lips, and lookin at its sparklin top, and layin back his head, and clippin off a horn mug brim full of it—that said he—and his eyes twinkled agin, for it was plappy strong—that is the produce of my own orchard. Well, I said, minister, says I, I never see you a swiggin it out of that are horn mug, that I don't think of one of your texts. What's that, Sam? says he—for you always had a most a special memory when you was a boy; why, says I, 'that the horn of the righteous man shall be exalted,' I guess that's what they mean by 'exaltin the horn,' ain't it? Lord, if ever you was in New Orleans, and seed a black thunder cloud rise right up and cover the whole sky in a minit, you'd a thought of it if you had seed his face. It looked as dark as Egypt. For shame, says he, Sam, that's indecent; and let me tell you that a man that jokes on such subjects, shows both a lack of wit

and sense too. I like mirth, you know I do, for it's only the Pharisees and hypocrites that wear long faces, but then mirth must be innocent to please me; and when I see a man make merry with serious things, I set him down as a lost sheep. That comes of your speculation to Lowell; and, I vow, them factory towns will corrupt our youth of both sexes, and become hotbeds of iniquity. Evil communications endurantly good manners, as sure as rain; one scabby sheep will infect a whole flock—vice is as catchin as that nasty disease the Scotch have, its got by shakin hands, and both read in the same way—in brimstone. I appropriate domestic factories, but nothin farther for us. It don't suit us or our institutions. A republic is only calculated for an enlightened and virtuous people, and folks chiefly in the farmin line. That is an innocent and a happy vocation. Agriculture was ordained by Him as made us, for our chief occupation.

Thinks I, here's a pretty how do you do; I'm in for it now, that's a fact; he'll jist fall to and read a regular sermon, and he knows so many by heart he'll never stop. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to answer him. So, says I, Minister, I ax your pardon, I feel very ugly at havin given you offence, but I didn't mean it, I do assure you. It jist popt out unexpectedly, like a cork out of one of them are cider bottles. I'll do my possibles that the like don't happen agin, you may depend; so 'upose we drink a glass to our reconciliation. That I will, said he, and we will have another bottle too, but I must put a little water into my glass, (and he dunk on that word, and looked at me quite fishin, as much as to say, don't for goodness sake make use of that use word horn agin, for its a joke I don't like,) for my head hante quite the strength my cider has. Tasts this, Sam, said he, (opens of another bottle,) its of the same age as the last, but made of different apples, and I am fairly stumped sometimes to say which is best.

These are the pleasures, says he, of a country life. A man's own labor provides him with food, and an appetite to enjoy it. Let him look which way he will, and he sees the goodness and beauty of his Creator, in his wisdom, his power, and his majesty. There never was anything so true, as that are old sayin, 'man made the town, but God

made the country," and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue and the other with vice. One is the shade of plenty, and the other of want; one is a ware-duck of nice pure water—and tother one a coo-pond. Our towns are gittin so commercial and factoring, that they will soon generate mobs, Sam, (how true that one has turned out, hint it! He could see near about as far into a mill-stone as them that picks the hole into it,) and mobs will introduce disobedience and defiance to laws, and that must end in anarchy and bloodshed. No, said the old man, raising his voice, and giving the table a wipe with his fist that made the glasses all jangle agin, give me the country; that country to which he that made it said, "Bein' both grass, the herb yieldin seed, and the tree yieldin fruit," and who saw it that it was good. Let me jine with the feathered tribe in the mornin, (I hope you get up airy now, Sam; when you was a boy there was no gittin you out of bed at no time,) and at sun-set, in the hymns which they utter in full tide of song to their Creator. Let me pour out the thankfulness of my heart to the Giver of all good things, for the numerous blessings I enjoy, and interest him to bless my increase, that I may have wherewithal to relieve the wants of others, as he prevents and relieves mine. No! give me the country. Its ————— Minister was jist like a horse that has the spavin; he set off considerable stiff at first, but when he once got under way, he got on like a horse a fire. He went like the wind full spin.

He was jus beginnin to warm on the subject, and I knew if he did, what wonderful bottom he had; how he would hang on for ever more; so says I, I think so too minister, I like the country, I always sleep better there than in town; it taint so plaguy hot, nor so noisy neither, and then it's a pleasant thing to set out on the stoop and smoke in the cool, ain't it? I think, says I, too, Minister, that our uncommon handsum elder of yours deserves a pipe, what do you think? Well, says he, I think myself a pipe wouldn't be amiss, and I got some real good Virginny, as you call it most ever seed, a present from Rowland Randolph, an old college chum; and now the worse to my pains, Sam, for beginnin by-gone recollections with it. Phoebe, my dear, said he, to his dar-

tee, bring the pipes and tobacco. As soon as the old gentleman fairly got a pipe in his mouth, I give Phoebe a wink, as much as to say, wasn't that well done. That's what I call a most particular handsum fix. He can doff now, (and that I do like to hear him do,) but he can't make a speech, or preach a sermon, and that I don't like to hear him do, except on Sabbath day, or up to Town Hall, on occasion times.

Minister was an uncommon pleasant man, (for there was nothin' around he didn't know,) except when he got his dander up, and then he did spin out his yarns for everlastingly.

But I'm of his opinion. If the folks here want their country to go ahead, they must honour the plough, and General Campbell ought to hammer that ore into their noddles, full chisel, as hard as he can drive. I could learn him something, I guess, about hammerin' he sht up to. It taint every one that knows how to beat a thing into a man's head. How could I have sold so many thousand clocks, if I hadn't had that ruck. Why, I wouldn't have sold half a dozen, you may depend.

Agriculture is not only neglected but degraded here. What a number of young folks there seem to be in these parts, a ridin' about, tivated out real jam, in their get-togethin' clothes, a doin' nothin'. It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young people are above their business. They are too high in the instep, that's a fact.

Old Develle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day, For gracious sake, says he, Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny. His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makins of a considerable smart man—he's growin' up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable forchanded, but I don't know what the dogs to put him to. The Lawyers are like spiders, they've eat up all the flies, and I guess they'll have to eat each other soon, for there's more on 'em than causes now every court. The Doctors' trade is a poor one, too, they don't get hardly cash enough to pay for their medicines; I never seed a country practitioner yet

that made any thing worth speakin' of. Then, as for preachin', why church and dissenters are pretty much tared with the same stick, they live in the same pasture with their flocks; and, between 'em, it's fed down pretty close I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him? Well, says I, I'll tell you if you wasn't be miffy with me. Miffy with you indeed, said he, I guess I'll be very much obliged to you; it tants every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience—I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an understandin' man as you be. Well, says I, take a stick and give him a real good quiffin, jst tantens him like blazes, and set him to work.—What does the critter want? you have a good farm for him, let him go and aim his head; and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides—put him to, eh! why put him to the Plowman, the most natural, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world. But, said the old man (and he did not look over half pleased) markets are so confounded dull, labour so high, and the banks and great folks a swallowin' all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers, its hard rubbin' now-a-days, to live by the plough—he'll be a hard workin' poor man all his days. Oh! says I, if he wants to get rich by farmin', he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat, and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton, and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes, make his own cloth, weave his own linen, and keep out of shops, and he'll soon grow rich—there are more forlins got by savin' than by tradin', I guess, a plaguy right—he can eat his cake and have it too, that's a fact. No, make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seein' him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society—more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.

Ahah! says Marm Drivvie, and she began to clear her throat for action; she stamped down her minie, and clanged off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me, so as to

take good aim. I seed a regular newwaster a brain, I know it would bust somewhere sooner, and make all smoke agin, so I cleared out and left old Drivvie to stand the squall. I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it, for she had got her Ebenezer up, and looked like a proper sneezer. Make her Johnny a farmer, oh! I guess that was too much for the like o' her to stomach.

Pride, Squire, continued the Clockmaker, (with such an air of concern, that, I verily believe, the man feels an interest in the welfare of a Province, in which he has spent so long a time,) *Pride, Squire*, and a false pride, too, is the ruin of this country, I hope I may be skinned if it funds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WHITE RIDER.

ONE of the most amiable, and at the same time most amusing traits, in the Clockmaker's character, was the attachment and kindness with which he regarded his home. He considered 'Old Clay' as far above a Provincial horse, as he did one of his 'free and enlightened citizens' superior to a blue-nose. He treated him as a travelling companion, and when conversation flagged between us, would often soliloquise to him, a habit contracted from pursuing his journeys alone. Well now, he would say, 'Old Clay,' I guess you took your time again up that are hill—s'pose we progress now. Go along, you old sculpin, and turn out your toes. I reckon you are as stiff as a shad, do you hear there 'go ahead, Old Clay.' There now, he'd say, *Squire*, sint that dreadful pretty! There's action. That looks about right—legs all under him—gathers all up snug—no bobbin of his head—no rollin of his shoulders—no wabblin of his hind parts, but steady as a pump bolt, and the motion all underneath. When he fairly lays himself to it, he trots like all vengeance. Then look at his ears, jist like rabbits, none o' your flop ears like them Amherst hounds, half horses,

half-pigs, but sleek up and pinched, and not too near at the tips; for that are, I conceit, always shows a horse nint true to draw. There are only two things, Squire, worth lookin at in a horse, action and soundness, for I never saw a critter that had good action that was a bad beast. Old Clay puts me in mind of one of our free and enlightened——

Excuse me, said I, Mr. Slick, but really you appropriate that word 'free' to your countrymen, as if you thought no other people in the world were entitled to it but yourselves. Neither they be, said he. We first set the example. Look at our declaration of independence. It was writ by Jefferson, and he was the first man of the age, perhaps the world never seed his like. It's a beautiful piece of penmanship that, he gave the British the butt end of his mind there. I calculate you couldn't find it in no particular, it's generally allowed to be his cup shield. In the first page of it, second section, and first verse, are these words, 'We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' I guess King George turned his quid when he read that. It was somethin to chew on, he hadn't been used to the flavor of, I reckon.

Jefferson forgot to insert one little word, said I, he should have said, 'all white men;' for as it now stands, it is a practical untruth, in a country which tolerates domestic slavery in its worst and most forbidding form. It is a declaration of shame, and not of independence. It is as perfect a misnomer as ever I knew. Well, said he, I must admit there is a screw loose somewhere therabouts, and I wish it would convene to Congress to do somethin or another about our niggers, but I am not quite certified how that is to be set to rights—I conceit that you don't understand us. But, said he, (avoiding the subject with his usual dexterity,) we deal only in niggers,—and those thick skulled, crooked shinked, flat footed, long booted, woolly headed gentlemen, don't seem fit for much else but slavery, I do suppose; they aint fit to contrive for themselves. They are just like grasshoppers: they dance and sing all summer, and when winter comes they have nothin provided for it, and lay down and die. They require some one to swarter them. Now, we deal in black niggers only, but the blue-roses sell their own

species—they trade in white slaves. Thank God, said I, slavery does not exist in any part of his Majesty's dominions now, we have at last wiped off that national stain. Not quite, I guess, said he, with an air of triumph, it lasts done with in Nova Scotia, for I have see'd these human cattle sales with my own eyes—I was awailed of the truth of it up here to old Furlong's, last November. I'll tell you the story, said he; and as this story of the Clockmaker's contained some extraordinary statements which I had never heard of before, I noted it in my journal, for the purpose of ascertaining their truth; and, if founded on fact, of laying them before the proper authorities.

Last fall, said he, I was on my way to Partridge Island, to ship off some truck and produce I had taken in, in the way of trade; and as I neared old Furlong's house, I see'd an amazing crowd of folks about the door; I said to myself says I, who's dead, and what's to pay now—what on earth is the meansin of all this? Is it a wedding, or a wedding, or a coffin frolic, or a religious stir, or what is it? Thinks I, I'll see—so I hitches Old Clay to the fence, and walks in. It was sometime afore I was able to spiggle my way thro' the crowd, and get into the house. And when I did, who should I see but Deacon Westfall, a smooth faced, slick haired, morchin lookin chap as you'd see in a hundred, a standin on a stool, with an auctioneer's hammer in his hand; and afore him was one Jerry Oake and his wife, and two little orphan children, the prettiest little toads I ever behold in all my born days. Gentlemen, said he, I will begin the sale by putting up Jerry Oake, of Apple River, he's a considerable of a smart man yet, and can do many little chores besides feedin the children and pigs, I guess he's near about worth his keep. Will you warrant him sound, wind and limb? says a tall, ragged lookin countryman, for he looks to me as if he was foundered in both feet, and had a string holt into the bargain. When you are as old as I be, says Jerry, mayhap you may be foundered too, young man; I have seen the day when you wouldn't dare to pass that joke on me, big as you be. Will any gentleman bid for him, says the deacon, he's cheap at Ten bid. Why deacon, said Jerry, why surely your house isn't again for to sell me separate from my poor old wife, are you? Fifty years have

we lived together as man and wife, and a good wife has she been to me, through all my troubles and trials, and God knows I have had enough of 'em. No one knows my ways and ailments but her, and who can tend me so kind, or who will bear with the complaints of a poor old man but his wife. Do, Deacon, and Heaven bless you for it, and yours, do sell us together; we have but a few days to live now, death will divide us soon enough. Leave her to close my old eyes, when the struggle comes; and when it comes to you, deacon, as come it must to all, may this good deed rise up for you, as a memorial before God. I wish it had pleased him to have taken us afore it came to this, but his will be done; and he hang his head, as if he felt he had drained the cup of degradation to its dregs. Can't afford it, Jerry—can't afford it, old man, said the deacon (with such a smile as a November sun gives, a pause between clouds.) Last year they took oats for rates, now nothin but wheat will go down, and that's no good no cash, and you'll hang on, as most of you do, yet them sunny years. There's old Joe Crowe, I believe in my conscience he will live for ever. The bidding then went on, and he was sold for six shillings a week. Well, the poor critter gave one long, loud, deep groan, and then folded his arms over his breast, so tight that he seemed tryin to keep in his breast from bustin. I pried the unfortunate wretch from my soul, I don't know as I ever felt so stretched afore. Not so his wife, she was all tongue. She begged, and prayed, and cried, and scolded, and talked at the very tip-end of her voice, till she became, poor critter, exhausted, and went off in a faintin fit, and they knuckled her up and carried her out to the air, and she was sold in that condition.

Well I couldn't make head or tail of all this, I could hardly believe my own eyes and ears; so says I to John Porter, (him that has that catamount of a wife, that I had such a tussle with,) John Porter, says I, who ever see'd or hear'd tell of the like of this, what under the sun does it all mean? What has that are critter done that he should be sold arter that fashion? Does, said he, why nothin, and that's the reason they sell him. This is town-meeting day, and we always sell the poor for the year, to the lowest bidder. Them that will keep them for the lowest sum, gets

them. Why, says I, that feller that bought him is a pauper himself, to my mortal knowledge. If you were to take him up by the heels and shake him for a week, you couldn't shake suspense out of him. How can he keep him? it appears to me the poor buy the poor here, and that they all starve together. Says I, there was a very good man once lived to Liverpool, so good, he said he hadn't starved for seven years: well, he put a mill-dam across the river, and swept all the fish from gills up, and the court fined him fifty pounds for it, and this good man was so wrothy, he thought he should feel better to swear a little, but conscience told him it was wicked. So he compounded with conscience, and cheated the devil, by calling it a "dam fine business." Now, Friend Porter, if this is your poor-law, it is a damn poor law, I tell you, and no good can come of such hard-hearted doings. It's no wonder your country don't prosper, for who ever hear'd of a blessing on such carryins on as this? Says I, Did you ever hear tell of a sartin rich man, that had a beggar called Lazarus laid at his gate, and how the dogs had more compassion than he had, and come and licked his sores? cause if you have, look at that forhardened and sponsonable man there, Deacon Westfall, and you see the rich man. And then look at that one pauper, dragged away in that ox-cart from his wife for ever, like a feller, to State's Prison, and you see Lazarus. Recollect what followed, John Porter, and have neither art nor part in it, as you are a Christian man.

It fairly made me sick all day. John Porter suffered me out of the house, and as I was a turnin Old Clay, said he, Mr. Blick, says he, I never use'd it in that one right afore, for its our custom, and customs, you know, will reconcile one to most anythin'. I must say, it does appear, as you lay it out, an awfulin way of providin for the poor; but, as touchin the matter of dividin man and wife, why, (and he peered all round to see that no one was within hearin,) why, I don't know, but if it was my allotment to be sold, I'd as liven they'd sell me separate from Jane as not, for it appears to me it's about the best part of it.

Now, what I have told you Squire, said the Clockmaker, is the truth; and if members, instead of their christian politicks, would only look into these matters a little, I guess

it would be far better for the country. So, for our declaration of independence, I guess you needn't wait me with our slave-sales, for we deal only in blacks; but blue-nose approves no distinction in colours, and when reduced to poverty, is reduced to slavery, and is sold—a *White Nigger*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRE IN THE DAIRY.

As we approached within fifteen or twenty miles of Parrsboro', a sudden turn of the road brought us directly in front of a large wooden house, consisting of two stories and an immense roof, the height of which edifice was much increased by a stone foundation, rising several feet above ground. Now, did you ever see, said Mr. Slick, such a catamaran as that; there's a proper gency for you, for to go and raise such a bulidie as that are, and be no much use for it, I do suppose, as my old waggon here has for a fifth wheel. Blue-nose always take keor to have a big house, cause it shows a big man, and one that's considerable fore-handed, and pretty well to do in the world. These Nova Scotians turn up their blue-noses, as a bottle nose porpoise turns up his snout, and puff and smart exactly like him at a small house. If neighbor Carril has a two story house all filled with windore, like Sandy Hook lighthouse, neighbor Parsnip must add jist two feet more on to the post of him, and about as much more to the rafter, to go a head of him; so all these long sarce gentlemen strive who can get the furthest in the sky, away from their farms. In New England our manie is a small house, and a most an everlastin slaightly big barn; but these critters reverse it, they have little hovels for their cattle, about the bigness of a good stamble bear trip, and a house for the humans as grand as Noah's Ark. Well, jist look at it and see what a figer it does set. An old hog stuffed into one pane of glass, and an old floured petticoat, as yellow as jaundice, in another, finish

off the front; an old pair of breeches, and the pad of a bran new cart-saddle worn out, tiltate the road, while the backside is all closed up on account of the wind. When it rains, if there aint a pretty how-do-you-do, it's a pity—beds tumbled out of this room and tubs set in tether to catch soft water to wash; while the clapboards, loose at the eends, go clap, clap, clap, like galls a bucklin' flag, and the winders and doors keep a dancin' to the music. The only dry place in the house is in the chimbley corner, where the folks all huddle up, as an old hen and her chickens do under a cart of a wet day. I wish I had the master of a half a dozen pound of nails, (you'll hear the old gentleman in the grand house say,) I'll be darned if I don't, for if I had I'd fix them are clapboards, I guess they'll go for it some o' these days. I wish you had, his wife would say, for they do make a most particular unhuman clatter, that's a fact; and so they let it be till the next tempestical time comes, and then they wish agin. Now this grand house has only two rooms down stairs, that are altogether slicked up and finished off camploft, the other is jist pettioned off rough floe, one half great dark entries, and tither half places that look a plaguy sight more like packin' boxes than rooms. Well, all up stairs is a great unfurnished place, filled with every sort of good for nothin' trumpery in nature—bithin's without ends—corn cobs half husked—cast off clothes and bits of old harness, sheep skins, hides, and wool, apples, one half rotten, and tither half squashed—a thousand or two of shingles that have lost their withs, and broke loose all over the floor, hay rakes, forks, and rickles, without handles or teeth; rusty scythes and odds and ends without number. When any thing is wanted, then, there is a general overhaul of the whole cargo, and away they get shifted forward, one by one, all handled over and chuck'd into a heap together till the lost one is found; and the next time away they get pitched to the oven agin, Nigglety, pig-glety, heads over head, like sheep when a split for it over a wall; only they increase in number each meet, cause some on 'em are sure to get broke into mace pieces than there was afore. Whenever I see one of these grand houses, and a hat lookin' out o' the winder with nary head in it, thinks I, I'll be darned if that's a place for a wooden clock,

nothin' short of a London touch would go down with them folks, so I calculate I went slight.

Whenever you come to such a grand place as this, Squire, depend on't the farm is all of a piece, great crops of thrushes, and an everlasting yield of weeds, and cattle the best fed in the country, for they are always in the grain fields or meadow lands, and the pigs a roovin in the potatoe patches. A spic and span new gig at the door, shinin like the mud banks of Warden, when the sun's on 'em, and an old wretch of a hay waggin, with its tongue unhitched, and stickin out behind, like a pig's tail, all indicate a big man. He's above thinkin of furrin tools, he sees to the brass new gig, and the hired helps look after the carts. Catch him with his go-to-meetin clothes on, a rubbin agin their rusty greasy axes, like a tarry trigger; not he, indeed, he'd stick you up with it.

The last time I came by here, it was a little bit arter day light down, rainin cats and dogs, and as dark as Egypt; so, thinks I, I'll jist turn in here for shelter to Squire Bell Blake's. Well, I knocks away at the front door, till I thought I'd a split it in; but arter a rappin awhile to no purpose, and findin no one come, I gropes my way round to the back door, and opens it, and feelin all along the partition for the latch of the keepin room, without findin it, I knocks agin, when some one from inside calls out 'walk.' Thinks I, I don't clearly know whether that indicates 'walk in,' or 'walk out,' its plaguy short metre, that's a fact; but I'll see any how. Well, arter gropin about awhile, at last I got hold of the string and tilted the lock and walked in, and there sat old Marm Blake, close into one corner of the chimney fire place, a noo-savin in a rockin chair, and a half grown black house-help, half asleep in tother corner, a scroudgin up over the coals. Who be you? said Marm Blake, for I can't see you. A stranger, said I. Back, says she, speakin to the black helter in the corner, Back, says she agin, raisin her voice, I believe you are as def as a post, get up this minit and stir the coals, till I see the man. Arter the coals were stirred into a blaze, the old lady surveyed me from head to foot, then she axed me my name, and where I came from, where I was agoin, and what my business was. I guess, said she, you must

be reasonable wet, sit to the fire and dry yourself, or maybe-
hap your health may be endangered p'raps.

So I sat down, and we soon got pretty considerably well acquainted, and quite sociable like, and her tongue, when it fairly waked up, began to run like a mill race when the gate's up. I hadn't been talkin long, 'fore I well nigh lost sight of her altogether agin, for little Beck began to flourish about her broom, right and left, in great style, a clearin' up, and she did raise such an awful thick cloud o' dust, I didn't know if I should ever see or breathe either ag'n. Well, when all was set to rights and the fire made up, the old lady began to apologise for havin no candles; she said she'd had a grand tea party the night afore, and used them all up, and a whole sight o' vittals too, the old man hadn't been well since, and had gone to bed airly. But, says she, I do wish with all my heart you had a come last night, for we had a most a special supper—pumpin pie and doughnuts, and apple cake, and a roast goose stuffed with Indian pudding, and a pig's hamslet stewed in molasses and onions, and I don't know what all, and the fore part of to-day folks called to finish. I acclaly have nothin left to get afore you; for it was none o' your skim-milk parties, but superfine uppermost real jam, and we made clean work of it. But I'll make some tea, any how, for you, and perhaps, arter that, and she, arter a bit of her tea, perhaps you'll expound the Scriptures, for it's one while since I've heerd them laid open powerfully. I hant been fairly lifted up since that good man Judas Ogletreep travelled this road, and then she gave a groan and hang down her head, and looked corner-ways, to see how the land lay thereabouts. The tea kettle was accordingly put on, and some lard fried into oil, and poured into a tumbler; which, with the aid of an inch of cotton wick, served as a rasky shift for a candle.

Well, arter tea we sat and chatted awhile about fashions, and markets, and sermons, and scandal, and all sorts o' things: and, in the midst of it, it runs the jigger wrench, screamin out at the top end of her voice, oh Missus! Missus! there's fire in the Dairy, fire in the Dairy! I'll give it to you for that, said the old lady, I'll give it to you for that, you good for nothin bussy, that's all your carelessness, go and put it out this minute, how on earth did it get

there! my night's milk gone, I dare say; run this mint and put it out and save the milk. I am decidid' afeard of fire, I always was from a boy, and seeing the poor foolish critter seize a broom in her fright, I ups with the tea-kettle and follows her; and away we clipt thro' the entry, she callin out mind the cellar door on the right, take keor of the close house on the left, and so on, but as I couldn't see nothin, I kept right straight ahead. At last my foot kitch-ed in somethin or another, that pitched me somewhat less than a rod or so, right agin the poor black critter, and away we went heels over head. I heard a splash and a groin, and I smelt somethin plaguy sour, but I couldn't see nothin; at last I got hold of her and lifted her up, for she didn't scream, but made a strange kind of chokin noise, and by this time up came Marm Blake with a light. If poor Beck didn't let go then in aiment, and sing out for dear life, its a pity, for she had gone head first into the swill tub, and the tea-kettle had scalded her feet. She kept a dancin right up and down, like one ravin distracted mad, and head-d like any thing, clavin away at her head the whole time, to clear away the stuff that stuck to her wool.

I hold in as long as I could, till I thought I should have busted, for no soul could help herin, and at last I haw howed right out. You good for nothin stupid slut, you, said the old lady to poor Beck, it sarnes you right, you had no business to leave it there—I'll pay you. But, said I, interferin for the unfortunate critter, Good gracious, Marm! you forget the fire. No I don't, said she, I see him, and seesin the broom that had fallen from the trigger's hand, she exclaimed, I see him, the rusty varmint, and began to belabour most unmercifully a poor half-starved cur that the noise had attracted to the entry. I'll teach you, said she, to drink milk; I'll larn you to steal into the dairy, and the honest critter joined chorus with Beck, and hey both pulled together, till they fairly made the house ring agin. Presently old Squire Blake popt his head out of a door, and rubbin his eyes, half asleep and half awake, said, What the Devil's to pay now, wife? Why nothin, says she, only, 'fire's in the dairy,' and Beck's in the swill tub, that's all. Well, don't make such a toise, then, said

he, if that's all, and he shot to the door, and went to bed agin. When we returned to the keepin' room, the old lady told me that they always had had a dog called 'Fire' ever since her grandfather, Major Donald Fraser's time, and what was very odd, says she, every one on 'em would drink milk if he had a chance.

By this time the shower was over, and the moon shined so bright and clear that I thought I'd better be up and stirrin', and after slippin' a few cents into the poor nigger wench's hand, I took leave of the grand folks in the big house. Now, Squire, among these raddlin sized farmers you may lay this down as a rule—*The bigger the house, the bigger the fools be that's in it.*

But, however, I never call to mind that we go in the big house, up to the right, that I don't sticker when I think of 'Fire in the dairy.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BODY WITHOUT A HEAD.

I allow you had ought to visit our great country, Squire, said the Clockmaker, afore you quit for good and all. I calculate you don't understand us. The most splendid location asteen the Poles is the United States, and the first man alive is General Jackson, the hero of the age, him that's skinned the British out of their seven senses. Then there's the great Daniel Webster, it's generally allowed, he's the greatest orator on the face of the earth, by a long chalk, and Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Clay, and Amos Kingle, and Judge White, and a whole rack of statesmen, up to everything and all manner of politics; there aint the best of 'em to be found any where. If you was to hear 'em I coould you'd hear genuine pure English for once, say how; for it's generally allowed we speak English better than the British. They all know me to be an American citizen here, by my talk, for we speak it complete in New England.

Yea, if you want to see a free people—them that makes their own laws, accordin to their own notions—go to the States. Indeed, if you can fath them at all, they are a little grain too free. Our folks have their head a trifle too much, sometimes, particularly in Elections both in freedom of speech and freedom of Press. One hadn't ought to blurt right out always all that comes uppermost. A horse that's too free frots himself and his rider too, and both on 'em lose flesh in the long run. I'd own a man as likes use the whip sometimes, no to be for overhastily a pullin at the rein. One's own gets playin tired, that's a fact. I often think of a lesson I learnt Jehiel Quirk once, for lettin his tongue outrun his good manners.

I was down to Rhode Island one summer, to learn gildin and bronzin, so as to give the finishin touch to my clocks. Well, the folks elected me a hograze, just to poles fun at me, and—Mr. Jehiel, a bean pole of a lawyer, was at the bottom of it. So one day, up to Town Hall, where there was an oration to be delivered on our Independence, just afore the orator commenced, in runs Jehiel in a most affixed hurry; and says he, I wonder, says he, if there's now a hograze here, because if there be I require a turn of his office. And then, said he, a lookin up to me and callin out at the tip end of his voice, Mr. Hegrove Black, says he, here's a job out here for you. Folks shrieked a good deal, and I felt my spunk a risin like half flood that's a fact, but I bit in my breath, and spoke quite cool. Possible, says I; well duty, I do suppose, must be done, though it taste the most agreeable in the world. I've been a thinkin, says I, that I would be liable to a fine of fifty cents for sufferin a hog to run at large, and as you are the biggest one, I presume in all Rhode Island, I'll just begin by ringin your nose, to prevent you for the future from pokin your snout where you hadn't ought to—and I seized him by the nose and nearly wrung it off. Well, you never heard such a shootin and clappin of hands, and cheerin, in your life—they have hauled like thunder. Says I, Jehiel Quirk, that was a superb joke of yours, how you made the folks laugh, didn't you? You are now among the wisest critics I ever seed. I guess you'll mind your parts o' speech, and study

the accidenter agin afore you let your clapper run arter that fashion, won't you.

I thought, said I, that among you republicans, there were no gradations of rank or office, and that all were equal, the Hugenew and the Governor, the Judge and the Clerk, the master and his servant; and although from the nature of things, more power might be entrusted to one than the other, yet that the rank of all was precisely the same. Well, said he, it is so in theory, but not always in practice; and when we do practice it, it seems to go a little agin the grain, as if it warn't quite right neither. When I was last to Baltimore there was a Court there, and Chief Justice Marshall was detailed there for duty. Well, with us in New England, the Sheriff attends the Judge to Court, and says I to the Sheriff, why don't you escort that aw venerable old Judge to the State House, he's a credit to our nation that man, he's artilly the first pothook on the crime, the whole weight is on him, if it warn't for him the fit would be in the fire in no time; I wonder you don't show him that respect—it wouldn't hurt you one moral, I guess. Says he, quite ruffy like, don't he know the way to Court as well as I do? If I thought he didn't, I'd send one of my tippers to show him the road. I wonder who was his lackey last year, that he wants me to be him this time. It don't converse to one of our free and enlightened citizens, to tag arter any man, that's a fact! He too English and too foreign for our glorious institutions. He's bound by law to be there at 10 o'clock, and so be I, and we both know the way there I reckon.

I told the story to our minister, Mr. Hopewell, (and he has some odd notions about him that man, though he don't always let out what he thinks;) says he, Sam, that was in bad taste, (a great phrase of the old gentleman's that) in bad taste, Sam. That aw Sheriff was a goney; don't cut your cloth arter his pattern, or your garment won't become you, I tell you. We are too enlightened to worship our fellow citizens as the ancients did, but we ought to pay great respect to virtue and exalted talents in this life, and, arter their death, there should be statues of eminent men placed in our national temples, for the veneration of arter ages, and public ceremonies performed annually to their honor. Arter

all, Sam, said he, (and he made a considerable of a long pause, as if he was deliberating whether he ought to speak out or not) arter all, Sam, said he, sweeten ourselves, (but you must not let on I said so, for the fitness of time hasn't yet come) half'a yard of blue ribbon is a plucky cheap way of rewardin' merit, as the English do; and, although we lart at 'em, (for folks always will lart at what they hasn't got, and never can get,) yet tides ain't bad things as objects of ambition, are they? Them tappen me on the shoulder, and lookin' up and smile, as he always did when he was pleased with an idee, Sir Samuel Slick would not sound bad, I guess, would it Sam?

When I look at the English House of Lords, said he, and see so much learning, piety, talent, honor, virtue, and refinement collected together, I ax myself this here question, can a system which produces and sustains such a body of men as the world never saw before and never will see agin, be defective? Well, I answer myself, perhaps it is, for all human institutions are so, but I guess it's w'en about the best arter all. It wouldn't do here now, Sam, nor perhaps fig a century to come, but it will come sooner or later with some variations. Now the Newtown pippin, when transplanted to England, don't produce such fruit as it does in Long Island, and English fruits don't preserve their flavor here neither; allowances must be made for difference of soil and climate—(Oh Lord! thinks I, if he turns into his orchard, I'm done for; I'll have to give him the dodge some how or another, through some hole in the fence, that's a fact, but he passed on that time.) So it is, said he, with constitutions; cum will gradually approximate to theirs, and theirs to cum. As they lose their strength of executive, they will cango to republicanism, and as we investigate the form of government, (as we must do, or go to the old boy,) we shall tend towards a monarchy. If this comes on gradually, like the changes in the human body, by the slow approach of old age, so much the better; but I fear we shall have fevers and convulsion-fits, and cholera, and an everlastin' gripin of the intestine first: you and I want live to see it, Sam, but our postinary will, you may depend.

I don't see the whole figur with minister, said the Clock-

maker, but I do espioniste with him in part. In our business relations we bely our political principles—we say every man is equal in the Union, and should have an equal vote and voice in the Government; but in our Banks, Railroad Companies, Factory Corporations, and so on, every man's vote is regulated by his share and proportion of stock; and if it warn't so, no man would take hold on these things at all.

Natur ordained it so—a father of a family is head, and rules supreme in his household; his eldest son and darter are like first lieutenants under him, and then there is an overseer over the niggers; it would not do for all to be equal there. So it is in the universe, it is ruled by one Superior Power; if all the Angels had a voice in the Government, I guess——Here I fell fast asleep; I had been nodding for some time, not in approbation of what he said, but in heaviness of slumber, for I had never before heard him so prony since I first overtook him on the Colchester road. I hate politics as a subject of conversation, it is too wide a field for chat chat, and too often ends in angry discussion. How long he continued this train of speculation I do not know, but, judging by the different aspect of the country, I must have slept an hour.

I was at length aroused by the report of his rifle, which he had discharged from the wagon. The last I recollected of his conversation was, I think, about American angels having no voice in the Government, an assertion that struck my drowsy faculties as not strictly true; as I had often heard that the American ladies talked frequently and warmly on the subject of politics, and knew that one of them had very recently the credit of breaking up General Jackson's cabinet.—When I awoke, the first I heard was, well, I declare, if that ain't an accordin fine shot, too, considerin how the critter was a rumm the whole blessed time; if I hadn't cut her head off with a ball, jist below the throat, that's a fact. There's no mistake in a good Kentucky rifle, I tell you. Whose head! said I, in great alarm, whose head, Mr. Stick! for heaven's sake what have you done! (for I had been dreaming of those angelic politicians, the American ladies.) Why that are hen-partridge's

head, to be sure, said he; don't you see how *special* wonderful wise it looks, a *flattoria* about *arter* its head. True, said I, rubbing my eyes, and opening them in time to see the last muscular spasms of the decapitated body; true, Mr. Blick, it is a happy illustration of our previous *concomination*—
a body without a head.

CHAPTER XXX.

A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

MR. BLICK, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He affected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, 'I guess you don't understand us,' or else enter into a laboured defence. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

We are a great nation, Squire, he said, that'sartin; but I'm afeard we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in racing, every thing depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your heart gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start you han't got a fair chance afterwards, and are playin' up to be jockeyed in the course. When we set

up housewifery, as it were for ourselves, we hated our step-mother Old England, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't follow any of her ways of managing at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we misused it in many things most consummately, some how or another. Did you ever see, said he, a congregation split right in two by a quarrel? and one part go off and set up for themselves. I am sorry to say, said I, that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind. Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astern, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigration in religion in this way, they never know where to land. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here and some improve there, but they don't hitch their loaves together long. Sometimes they complain they have too little water, at other times that they have too much; they are never satisfied, and, whenever these separatists go, they unsettle others as bad as themselves. I never look on a disserter as any great shakes.

My poor father used to say, "Sam, mind what I tell you, if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he aint justified on that account, no how, to separate from them, for Sam, "Schism is a sin in the eye of God." The whole Christian world, he would say, is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that any family will grab out tother one, stalk, branch and root, it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a natural curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withered up together, (which it never was and never will be to all eternity) no great of a bundle witer all, you might take it up under one arm, and walk off with it without winking. But, when all lyin loose as it always is, just look at it, and see what a sight it is, all blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een a most out of sight, others rollin over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun—no two of 'em will fit so as to make a close joint. They are all divided into sects

railla, quarrelin, separtin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. Tother family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sorts by schisms, or he who preaches schisms, commits a grievous sin; and Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothin to do with such folks.

It's pretty much the same in Politics. I sint quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious revolution. If that are blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then 'twas the Lord's doin, but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it. I was at Barker's Hill (the most splendid battle its generally allowed that ever was fought); what effect my shots had, I can't tell, and I am glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot—Here the old gentleman became dreadfully agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned bitterly. I have wrestled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that are blood from my hands. I never told you that are story, nor your mother neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder nervous.

Well, Doctor Warren, (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore,) commanded us all to reserve our fire till the British came within pint blank shot, and we could cleaverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so—and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breastwork, for most on 'em, after the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leading on his men and encouragin them to the charge. I could see his features, he was a real handsome man, I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and those cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday instead of the year '76. Well, I took a steady aim at him and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, when all of a sudden, he sprung right straight up an end, his sword slip through

his hands up to the pint, and then he fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skinned. I never seed any thing as awful since I was raised, I scotily screamed out with horror—and I throw away my gun and joined them that were retreating over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that are British officer, if our rebellion was unjust or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin' old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say ain't they a sufficient justification? Well, it makes a long list, and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as any thing. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind just like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly—and I get troubled and uneasy agin? And then I say to myself, says I, oh yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin' now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over agin. I scotily dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me, and I go over it all agin till I come to that are shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance, and your mother, poor old critter, says, Sam, says she, what on earth ails you to make you act so like old Scratch in your sleep—I do believe there's somethin' or another on your conscience. And I say, Polly dear, I guess we're a goin' to have rain, for that plaguy cure rheumatic has seized my foot and it does antagonise me so I have no peace. It always does so when it's like for a change. Dear heart, she says, (the poor simple critter,) then I guess I had better rub it, hadn't I, Sam? and she crawls out of bed and gets her red flannel petticoat, and rubs away at my foot over as long. Oh, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin' over spilt milk, but still one can't help a think on it. But I don't love schisms, and I don't love rebellion.

Our revolution has made us grow sarter and grow richer,

but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more pious and more happy. We have nothing fixed either in religion or politics. What connexion there ought to be between Church and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion, when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts, and intersecting shoots, and superfluous wood make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam? that's the question—where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds will renege us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, cause it looks wise to doubt, and every dramatick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our Government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs—then, Sam, the blood we shed in our revolution will be stored for in the blood and suffering of our fellow-citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a political suicide of the State.

I am somewhat of father's opinion, said the Clockmaker, though I don't go the whole figar with him, but he wouldn't have made such an overhastie guess about Cain that are British Officer's first for him, for he'd a died himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. Peaps we might have done a little better, and peaps we mightn't, by stickin a little closer to the old constitution. But one thing I will say, I think, arter all, your Colony Government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbour.

I guess that's enough for ary on us, now, sinst it?

CHAPTER XXXI.

GULLING A BLUE-NOSE.

I ALLOW, said Mr. Stick, that the blue-noses are the most glibble folks on the face of the earth—regular soft horns, that's a fact. Politicks and such stuff set 'em a gape, like children in a chimney corner listenin to tales of ghosts, Salem witches, and Nova Scotia snow storms; and while they stand starin and yawpin, all eyes and mouth, they get their pockets picked of every cent that's in 'em. One candidate chop says, 'Feller citizens, this country is goin to the dogs hard over hand; look at your rivers, you have no bridges; at your wild lands, you have no roads; at your treasury, you ain't got a cent in it; at your markets, things don't fetch nothin; at your fish, the Yankees leech 'em all. There's nothin behind you but sufferin, around you but poverty, afore you but slavery and death. What's the cause of this unheard of awful state of things, ay, what's the cause? Why Judges, and Benks, and Lowyers, and great folks, have swindled all the money. They've got you down, and they'll keep you down to all eternity, you and your posteriors wice you. Rise up, like men, arouse yourselves like freemen, and elect me to the Legislature, and I'll lead on the swell lat patriotic band, I'll put the big wigs thro' their facins, I'll make 'em shake in their shoes, I'll knock off your chains and make you free.' Well, the gossays fall in and elect him, and he deserts right away, with balls, rifle, powder horn, and all. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a real good man, and an everlastin fine preacher, a most a special spiritual man, rescues the world, the flesh, and the devil, preaches and prays day and night, so kind to the poor, and so humble, he has no more pride than a babe, and so short-headed, he's no hunter to his breed—all self-denial, mortifyin the flesh. Well, as soon as he can work it, he marries the richest gull in all his flock, and then his breed is buttered on both sides. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a doctor, and a prime article he is, too,

I've got, says he, a screw nigger erratic and hot crop, and if I cast over all sorts o' things in nature, my name, ain't quack. Well he turns stomach and pocket both inside-out, and leaves poor blue-nose—a dead man. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Lawyer, an honest lawyer too, a real wonder under the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealings. He's so honest he can't bear to hear tell of other lawyers, he writes agin 'em, serves agin 'em, votes agin 'em, they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, cause he will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and kills all the costs, cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Yankee clockmaker, (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled,) with his 'Soft Saver,' and 'Hassam Natur,' and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Eternity, stoppages included, and I want say they do run as long as—as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll show you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose list I've made up my mind to fix this while past. Here we were nearly thrown out of the waggons, by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. Did you hear that are snaps, said he, well, as sure as fire, I'll break my clocks over them are eternal log bridges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them are poles are pluggy treacherous, they are jist like old Marat Paterence Duggood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independent Democratic Hotel at Square Neck Creek, in Massachusetts, one half gone, and tother half rotten inside.

I thought you had disposed of your last Clock, said I, at Colchester, to Deacon Flint. So I did, he replied, the last one I had to sell to him, but I got a few left for other folks yet. Now there is a man on this road, one Zeb Allen, a real genuine, skinflint, a proper close fisted customer as you'll almost see any where, and one that's not altogether the straight thing in his dealin neither. He dont want no one to live but himself, and he's mighty hardburn to me

again my Clocks are all a cheat, and that we robate the country, a drainin every drop of money out of it, a callin me a Yankee broker and what not. But it taint all jet Gospel that he says. Now I'll put a Clock on him afore he knows it, I'll go right into him as slick as a whistle, and play him to the send of my line like a trout. I'll have a hook in his gills, while he's a thinkin he's only smellin at the bait. There he is now, I'll be darned if he aint, standin afore his shop door, lookin as strong as high proof Jamaica; I guess I'll whip out the bang while he's a lookin arter the spicket, and praps he'll be none o' the wiser till he finds it out, neither.

Well, Squire, how do you do, said he, how's all at home? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, won't you aflight? Can't to-day, said Mr. Slick, I'm in a considerable of a hurry to hatch the packet, have you any commands for Bow West? I'm gain to the Island, and across the bay to Windace. Any word that way? No, says Mr. Allen, none that I can think on, unless it be to inquire how better's gain; they tell me chess^{is} down, and produce of all kind particular dull this fall. Well, I'm glad I can tell that question, said Slick, for I don't calculate to return to these parts, better is risk a cent or two; I put mine off mind at ten-pence. Don't return! possible! why, how you talk! Have you done with the clock trade? I guess I have, it taint worth fillerin now. Most time, said the other, larfin, for by all accounts the clocks warn't worth havin, and most infernal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open. It warn't needed in your case, said Mr. Slick, with that peculiarly-composed manner that indicates suppressed feeling, for you was always wide awake, if all the folks had cut their eye teeth as early as you did, their'd be plaguy few clocks sold in these parts, I reckon; but you are right, Squire, you may say that, they actually were not worth havin, and that's the truth. The fact is, said he, throwin down his reins, and affecting a most confidential tone, I feel almost ashamed of them myself, I tell you. The long and short of the matter is jut this, they don't make no good ones now-a-days, no more, for they calculate 'em for ship-pin and not for home use. I was all struck up of a heap, when I seed the last lot I got from the States; I was pro-

poorly bit by them, you may depend; they didn't pay cost for I couldn't recommend them with a clear conscience, and I must say I do like a fair deal, for I'm straight up and down, and love to go right ahead, that's a fact. Did you ever see them I fetched when I first came, then I sold over the Bay? No, said Mr. Allen, I can't say I did. Well, continued he, they were a prime article, I tell you, no mine take there, fit for any market, it's generally allowed there ain't the best of them to be found any where. If you want a clock, and can lay your hands on one of them, I advise you not to let go the chance; you'll know 'em by the 'Lowell' mark, for they were all made at Judge Boler's factory. Squire Shapody, down to five Islands, axed me to get him one, and a special job I had of it, near about more sweat and it than it was worth, but I did get him one, and a particular handsome one it is, equal and gilt superior. I guess it's worth any half-dozen in these parts, let 'em be where they may. If I could a got supplied with the like o' them, I could a made a grand spec out of them, for they took at once, and went off quick. Have you got it with you, said Mr. Allen, I should like to see it. Yes, I have it here, all done up in tow, as snug as a bird's egg, to keep it from jarrin, for it hurts 'em considerably to jolt 'em over them old eternal wooden bridges. But it's no use to take it out, it aint for sale, it's bespoke, and I wouldn't take the same trouble to get another for twenty dollars. The only one that I know of that there's any chance of gettin, is one that Increase Crane has up to Walnut, they say he's a sellin off.

After a good deal of persuasion, Mr. Slick unpacked the clock, but protested against his asking for it, for it was not for sale. It was then exhibited, every part explained and praised, as new in invention and perfect in workmanship. Now Mr. Allen had a very exalted opinion of Squire Shapody's taste, judgment, and saving knowledge; and, as it was the last and only chance of gettin a clock of such superior quality, he offered to take it at the price the Squire was to have it, at seven pounds ten shillings. But Mr. Slick vowed he couldn't part with it at no rate, he didn't know where he could get the like agin, (for he warn't quite

sure about Increase Crane's) and the Squire would be confounded disappointed, he couldn't think of it. In proposition to the deification, rose the arrior of Mr. Allen, his offers advanced to £8, to £8 10s., to £9. I vow, said Mr. Slick, I wish I hadn't let on that I had it at all. I don't like to refuse you, but where am I to get the like! after much discussion of a similar nature, he consented to part with the clock, though with great apparent reluctance, and pocketed the money with a protest that, cost what it would, he should have to procure another, for he couldn't think of potting the Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a bootjack.

Now, said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, that our fellow is properly served, he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. It's a pity he should be a tellin' of lies of the Yankees all the time, this will help him now to a little grain of truth. Then mimicking his voice and manner, he repeated Allen's words with a strong nasal twang, "Most time for you to give over the clock trade, I guess, for by all accounts they next worth havin', and most infernal dear too, finks begin to get their eyes open." Better for you, if you'd a had yores open, I reckon; a joke is a joke, but I concein you'll find that no joke. The next time you tell stories about Yankee pedlars, put the wooden clock in with the wooden punkin seeds, and Hickory haws, will you! The blue-noses, Squire, are all like Zeb Allen, they think they know every thing, but they got galled from your's ead to your's ead. They expect too much from others, and do too little for themselves. They awfully expect the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, through their little House of Assembly. What have you done for us? they keep axin' their members. Who did you squawk up to last Session? jist as if all legislation consisted in attackin' some half dozen poor peered folks at Halifax, who are jist as big needles as they be themselves. You hear nothin' but politics, politics, politics, one everlastin' sound of give, give, give. If I was Governor I'd give 'em the butt end of my mind on the subject, I'd crack their pates till I let some light in 'em, if it was me, I know. I'd say to the members, don't come down here to Halifax with

your lockrams about politics, making a great toise about nothin, but open the country, foster agriculture, encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges, facilitate conveyance, and above all things make a railroad from Windsor to Halifax; and mind what I tell you now, write it down for fear you should forget it, for it's a fact; and if you don't believe me, I'll lick you till you do, for there aint a word of a lie in it, by Gern! One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, notes, speeches, and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal bag together. If it taste, I hope I may be shot.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

We had a pleasant sail of three hours from Farnborough to Windsor. The arrivals and departures by water are regulated at this place by the tide, and it was sunset before we reached Mrs. Wilson's comfortable inn. Here, as at other places, Mr. Slick seemed to be perfectly at home; and he pointed to a wooden clock, as a proof of his successful and extended trade, and of the universal influence of 'soft sawder,' and a knowledge of 'human natur.' Taking out a penknife, he cut off a splinter from a stick of firewood, and balancing himself on one leg of his chair, by the aid of his right foot, commenced his favourite amusement of whistling, which he generally pursued in silence. Indeed it appeared to have become with him an indispensable accompaniment of reflection.

He sat in this abstracted manner, until he had manufactured into delicate shavings the whole of his raw material, when he very deliberately resumed a position of more ease and security, by resting his legs on two chairs instead of one, and putting both his feet on the mantelpiece. Then, lighting his cigar, he said in his usual quiet manner,

'There's a plaguy sight of truth in them old proverbs. They are distilled facts steamed down to an essence. They are like portable soup, an amazing deal of matter in a small compass. They are what I rely most, experience. Father used to say, I'd as likes have an old homespun, self-taught doctor as are a Professor in the College at Philadelphia or New York to attend me; for what they do know, they know by experience, and not by books; and experience is everything, it's learnin, and seein, and tryin, and arter that a feller must be a born fool if he don't know. That's the beauty of old proverbs; they are as true as a plum line, and as short and sweet as sugar candy. Now when you come to see all about this country, you'll find the truth of that are one—a man that has too many irons in the fire, is plaguy apt to get some on 'em burnt.'

Do you recollect that are tree I show'd you to Parrabero', it was all covered with black knobs, like a wart rubbed with caustic. Well, the plum trees had the same disease a few years ago, and they all died, and the cherry trees I conceit will go for it too. The farms here are all covered with the same 'Black knobs,' and they do look like old Scotch. If you see a place all gone to wrack and ruin, it's mortgaged you may depend. The 'Black knob' is on it. My plan, you know, is to ax leave to put a clock in a house, and let it be till I return. I never say a word about sellin it, for I know when I come back, they won't let it go arter they are once used to it. Well, when I first came, I knowed no-oo, and I was forced to inquire whether a man was good for it, afore I left it with him; so I made a pint of axin all about every man's place, that lived on the road. Who lives up there in the big house? says I—it's a nice location that, pretty considerable improvements, them. Why, Sir, that's A. B.'s; he was well to do in the world once, carried a stiff upper lip and keered for no one; he was one of our grand aristocrats, wore a long-tailed coat, and a ruffled shirt, but he must take to ship buildin, and has gone to the dogs. Oh, said I, too many irons in the fire. Well, the next farm, where the pigs are in the potatoe field, whose is that? Oh Sir, that's C. D.'s; he was a considerable forchanded farmer, as any in our place, but he set up for an Assembly-man,

and opened a store, and things went agin him somehow, he had no luck afterwards. I hear his place is mortgaged, and they've got him cited in chancery. 'The black knoll' is on him, said I. The black what, Sir, says blue-nose. Nothin, says I. But the next, who improves that house? Why that's E. P.'s; he was the greatest farmer in these parts, mother of the aristocracy, had a most noble stock of cattle, and the matter of some hundreds out in jist notes! well he took the contract for beef with the troops; and he fell a-sick, so I guess it's a gone goose with him. He's heavy mortgaged. 'Too many irons' agin, said I. Who lives to the left there? that man has a most special fine interval, and a grand orchard too, he must be a good mark that. Well he was once, Sir, a few years ago; but he built a fullin mill, and a cudlin mill, and put up a lumber establishment, and speculated in the West Irish line, but the dam was carried away by the freshets, the lumber fell, and faith he fell too; he's shot up, he can't been see'd these two years, his farm is a common, and fairly run out. Oh, said I, I understand now, my man, these folks had too many irons in the fire, you see, and some on 'em have got burnt. I never heard tell of it, says blue-nose; they might, but not to my knowledge; and he scratched his head and looked as if he would ask the meaning of it, but didn't like to. After that I asked no more questions; I knew a mortgaged farm as far as I could see it. There was a strong family likeness in 'em all—the same ugly features, the same cast o' countenance. The 'black knoll' was discernible—there was no mistake—barn doors becken off—knees burnt up—glass out of windows—more white crops than green—and both looking woody—no wood pile, no sarce garden, no compost, no stock—moss in the morwin lands, thistles in the ploughed lands, and neglect every where—skinnin had commenced—takin all out and puttin nothin in—gittin ready for a move, so as to leave nothin behind. Plittin time had come. Paragatherin, for dovelosin. Preparin to come and quit.—That beautiful river we came up to day, what superlative themes it has on both sides of it, hants it! it's a sight to behold. Our folks have no notion of such a country so far down east, beyond creation most, as Nova Scotia is. If I was to draw up an account of it for the Slickville Gazette,

salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all. Well, says I, are you done up stock and shako—a total wrack? No, says he, I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good, but my farm, stock, and utensils, them young blood horses, and the bean row vessel I was a baikin, are all gone to pot, swept as clean as a thrushin floor, that's a fact; Shark and Co. took all. Well, says I, do you know the reason of all that misfortin? Oh, says he, any fool can tell that; bad times to be sure—every thing has turned agin the country, the banks have it all their own way, and much good may it do 'em. Well, says I, what's the reason the banks don't eat us up too, for I guess they are as hungry as youn be, and no way particular about their food neither; considerable sharp we—cut like razors, you may depend. I'll tell you, says I, how you got that are slide, that sent you back over head—' You had too many irons in the fire.' You hadn't ought to have taken hold of ship buildin at all, you knowed nothin about it! you should have stuck to your farm, and your farm would have stuck to you. Now go back, afore you spend your money, go up to Douglas, and you'll buy so good a farm for two hundred pounds as what you lost, and see to that, and to that only, and you'll grow rich. As for banks, they can't hurt a country no great, I guess, except by breakin, and I concein there's no fear of youn breakin; and as for lawyers, and them kind o' heavy coaches, give 'em half the road, and if they run agin you, take the law of 'em. Undivided, unswerving attention paid to one thing, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will ensure success; but you know the old saying about 'too many irons.'

Now, says I, Mr. Rigby, what o'clock is it? Why, says he, the moon is up a piece, I guess it's seven o'clock or thereabouts. I suppose it's time to be a movin. Stop, says I, just come with me, I got a real natural curiosity to show you—such a thing as you never laid your eyes on in Nova Scotia, I know. So we walked along towards the beach. Now, says I, look at that wee man, old Lunan, and his son, a sewin plank by moonlight, for that are vessel on the stocks there; come agin to meerow mornin afore you can cleverly discuss objects the matter of a yard or so afore

you, and you'll find 'em as it' agin. I guess that vessel went ruinate those folks. They lose their business and stick to it. Well, away went Rigby, considerable sulky, (for he had no notion that it was his own fault, he laid all the blame on the folks to Halifax,) but I guess he was a little grain posed, for back he went, and bought to Sowach, where I hear he has a better firm than he had afore.

I mind once we had an Irish gail as a dairy help; well we had a wicked devil of a cow, and she kicked over the milk pail, and in ran Dora, and swore the Bogles did it; just so poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it to be natural causes, but laid it all to politics. Talkin of Dora, puts me in mind of the galls, for she warnt a bad lookin' biddy that: my! what an eye she had, and I conceived she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the hay mow, to search for eggs; but I cant exactly say, for when she brought 'em in, mother shook her head and said it was dangerous; she said she might fall through and hurt herself, and always sent old Snow afterwards. She was a considerable of a long headed woman, was mother, she could see us far ahead as most folks. She warnt born yesterday, I guess. But that are proverb is true as respects the galls too. Whenever yo see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings any one on 'em to the right woldin' bent, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up agin to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin' gail in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, you dear little critter, you, take care, you have too many irons in the fire, some on 'em will get stone cold, and rather ones will get burnt on, they'll never be no good in water.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

THE next mornin the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighbourhood. You hadn't out, says he, to be in a hurry; you should see the vicinity of this location; there nint the best of it to be found anywhere.

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. That, said he, is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it. You mean of Halifax, said I; St. John is in the other province. I mean what I say, he replied, and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, Sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about ~~the~~ country—they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a wheel for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and playey little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don't coil it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up kilteth and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the blue-roses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a pedlar has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He waffa, cause he intends to ride at last; trusts, cause he intends to sue at last; smiles, cause he intends to cheat at last; seeses all, cause he intends to move all at last. Its activer over run with transient prospers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at every thing; and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they're fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in any thing but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they han't got none themselves, and they harf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the

stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart spirited ones that's left, are too few to do any thing, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a blue-nose I'd — but thank fortin I aint, so I says nothin—but there is some-; thin that aint altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it! Look at that medder, heave it lovely! The Prayer Eyes of the library are the top of the ladder with us, but those dykes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our far west, it is generally allowed can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it. A man can hardly live there till west gone, when he is in the yellor lead. Just like one of our bran new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our real American live oak, (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world) send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin candle, or a board with a grist of duck shot thro' it, you wouldn't believe what a dare they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees, and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

Besides, we like the smell of the Salt Water, it seems kinder natural to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin of the seas, than plowin of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut river, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and native place, where one was raised, halter broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States, for them new ones, dont seem to go down well at all. Why the very sight of the Yankee gulls is good for sore eyes, the dear little crissers,

remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and ideas were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searching observation, and queer humour, rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, 'Inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, contains a thousand real genuine first chop Havana's —no mistake—the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, "SAX SLICK THE CIGARETTE-MAN."'

THE END

THE
CLOCKMAKER;
OR,
THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS
OF
SAMUEL SLICK,
OF SLICKVILLE.

From Various Originals.
If fate visit the Clockmaker again, so I am able!

SECOND SERIES.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.

1840.

SELECTED BY A. FAHSE

PRINTED BY T. B. AND E. S. CONLISK, PHILADELPHIA.

TO
COLONEL C. R. FOX.

DEAR SIR,

IN consequence of the favourable opinion expressed by you of the First Series of *The Clock-maker*, an English Publisher was induced to reprint it in London; and I am indebted to that circumstance for an unexpected introduction, not only to the British Publisher, but to that of the United States. The very flattering reception it met with in both countries has given rise to the present volume, which, as it owes its origin to you, offers a suitable opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Author for this and other subsequent acts of kindness.

As a political work I cannot hope that you will approve of all the sentiments contained in it, for politics are peculiar; and besides the broad

lines that divide parties, there are smaller shades of difference that distinguish even those who usually act together ; but humour is the common property of all, and a neutral ground on which men of opposite sides may cordially meet each other. As such, it affords me great pleasure to inscribe the work to you as a mark of the respect and esteem of

THE AUTHOR.

Nova Scotia,
21st April, 1838.

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THE CLOCKMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING.

Windsor has condescended to read the *First Series* of the *Clockmaker*, or the Sayings and Doings of Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, will recollect that our tour of Nova Scotia terminated at Windsor last autumn, in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, and that it was mutually agreed upon between us to resume it in the following spring. But, alas! spring came not. They retain in this country the name of that delightful portion of the year, but it is "*Vox ex posterea nihil*." The short space that intervenes between the dissolution of winter and the birth of summer deserves not the appellation. Vegetation is so rapid here, that the valleys are often clothed with verdure before the snow has wholly disappeared from the forest.

There is a strong similarity between the native and his climate; the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. *Cultivation is wanting.* Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared. There is no time. The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated.

When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well, I don't know, said he; I never see'd it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stamp the whole universal

world for climate. It's generally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to 'other good, and makes almost an everlastin' fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shakin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky and a good breeze, real cheerfulness.

That, said I, is ending the question; I was speaking of this shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America. But there is one favour I must beg of you during this tour, and that is, to avoid the practice you indulged in so much last year, of exalting every thing American by depreciating every thing British. This habit is, I assure you, very objectionable, and has already had a very perceptible effect on your national character. I believe I am as devoid of what is called national prejudices as most men, and can make all due allowances for them in others. I have no objection to this superlative praise of your country, its institutions or its people, provided you do not require me to join in it, or express it in language disrespectful of the English.

Well, well, if that don't beat all, said he; you say, you have no prejudices, and yet you can't bear to hear tell of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens. Captain Aul (Hall), as he called himself, for I never seed an Englishman yet that spoke good English, said he hadn't one mite or morsel of prejudice, and yet in all his three volumes of travels through the United States (the greatest nation it's generally allowed between the Poles), only found two things to praise, the kindness of our folks to him, and the State prisons. None are so blind, I guess, as them that won't see; but your folks can't bear it, that's a fact. Bear what I said I. The superiority of the Americans, he replied; it does seem to grig 'em, there's no denyin' it; it does somehow or another seem to go agin their grain to admit it most constantly; nothin' a'most ryles them so much as that. But their sun has set in darkness and sorrow, never again to peer above the horizon. They will be blotted out of the list of nations. Their glory has departed across the Atlantic to fix her everlastin' abode in the United States. Yea, man to man,—beganest to beganest,—ship to ship,—by land or by sea,—fair fight, or rough and tumble,—we've whipped 'em, that's a fact, deary it who can; and we'll whip 'em agin, to all eternity. We average more

physical, moral, and intellectual force than any people on the face of the earth; we are a right-minded, wrong-minded, sound-minded, and high-minded people, I hope I may be shot if we ain't. On fresh or on salt water, on the lakes or the ocean, down comes the red cross and up go the stars. From Banker's Hill clean away up to New Orleans the land seems with the glory of our heroes. Yes, our young Republic is a Colossus, with one foot in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, its head above the arched-roof hills, graspin' in its hand a tri— A rifle, shooting squirrels, said I; a very suitable employment for such a tall, overgrown, long-legged youngster.

Well, well, said he, resuming his ordinary quiet demeanour, and with that good humour that distinguished him, put a rifle, if you will, in his hands, I guess you'll find he's not a bad shot neither. But I must see to Old Clay, and prepare for our journey, which is a considerable of a long one, I tell you,—and taking up his hat, he proceeded to the stable. Is that fellow mad or drunk, said a stranger who came from Halifax with me in the coach; I never heard such a vapouring fool in my life;—I had a strong inclination, if he had not taken himself off, to show him out of the door. Did you ever hear such insufferable vanity! I should have been excessively sorry, I said, if you had taken any notice of it. He is, I assure you, neither mad nor drunk, but a very shrewd, intelligent fellow. I met with him accidentally last year while travelling through the eastern part of the province; and although I was at first somewhat annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which he forced his acquaintance upon me, I soon found that his knowledge of the province, its people and government, might be most useful to me. He has some humour, much anecdote, and great originality;—he is, in short, quite a character. I have employed him to convey me from this place to Shelburne, and from thence along the Atlantic coast to Halifax. Although not exactly the person one would choose for a travelling companion, yet if any guide must also be my companion, I do not know that I could have made a happier selection. He enables me to study the Yankee character, of which in his particular class he is a fair sample; and to become acquainted with their peculiar habits, manners, and mode of thinking. He has just now given you a specimen of their national vanity; which, after all, is, I believe, not much greater than that of the French, though perhaps more loudly and rather differently

expressed. He is well informed and quite at home on all matters connected with the machinery of the American government, a subject of much interest to me. The explanations I receive from him enable me to compare it with the British and Colonial constitutions, and throw much light on the speculative projects of our reformers. I have sketched him in every attitude and in every light, and I carefully note down all our conversations, so that I flatter myself, when this tour is completed, I shall know as much of America and Americans as some who have even written a book on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

THE day after our arrival at Windsor, being Sunday, we were compelled to remain there until the following Tuesday, so as to have one day at our command to visit the College, Batrust Farm, and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. One of the inhabitants having kindly offered me a seat in his pew, I accompanied him to the church, which, for the convenience of the College, was built nearly a mile from the village. From him I learned, that independently of the direct influence of the Church of England upon its own members, who form a very numerous and respectable portion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, its indirect operation has been both extensive and important in this colony.

The friends of the establishment, having at an early period founded a college, and patronised education, the professions have been filled with scholars and gentlemen, and the natural and very proper emulation of other sects being thus awakened to the importance of the subject, they have been stimulated to maintain and endow academies of their own.

The general diffusion through the country of a well-educated body of clergymen, like those of the establishment, has had a strong tendency to raise the standard of qualification among those who differ from them, while the habits, manners, and regular conduct of so respectable a body of men naturally and unconsciously modulate and influence those of their neighbours, who may not perhaps attend their ministrations. It is, therefore, among other causes doubtless, owing in a great measure to the exertions and salutary example of the Church

in the Colonies that a higher tone of moral feeling exists in the British Provinces than in the neighbouring states, a claim which I find very generally put forth in this country, and though not exactly admitted, yet certainly not denied even by Mr. Slick himself. The suggestions of this gentleman induced me to make some inquiries of the Clockmaker, connected with the subject of an establishment; I therefore asked him what his opinion was of the Voluntary System. Well, I don't know, said he; what is your'n? I am a member, I replied, of the Church of England; you may, therefore, easily suppose what my opinion is. And I am a citizen, said he, laughing, of Slickville, Onion county, state of Connecticut, United States of America; you may therefore guess what my opinion is too; I reckon we are even now, ar'n't we? To tell you the truth, said he, I never thought much about it. I've been a considerable of a traveller in my day; arovin' about here and there and every where; a-tradin' wherever I seed a good chance of making a speck; paid my shot into the place, whenever it was handed round in meetin', and asked no questions. It was about as much as I could cleverly do, to look arter my own concerns, and I left the ministers to look arter theirs; but take 'em in a general way, they are pretty well to do in the world with us, especially as they have the women on their side. Whoever has the women, is sure of the men, you may depend, aquire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the end, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.

I recollect when I was last up to Albama, to one of the new cities lately built there, I was a-walkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a little fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy sultry I could hardly breathe a'more, and I seed a most splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house, with a grand verandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green verandahs to the windows, and a white palisade fence in front, lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of soldiers with flat bayonets; each side of the avenue was a grass plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em—and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other, made of wood by a native artist, and painted so natural so good could tell 'em from stone.

The room was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell you. While I was stoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the millman with his cart. Says I, stranger, says I, I suppose you don't know who lives here, do you? I guess you are a stranger, said he, ain't you? Well, says I, I don't exactly know as I ain't, but who lives here? The Rev. Ahab Meldrum, said he, I reckon. Ahab Meldrum, said I, to myself; I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a State's prisoner than a State's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher of, for minister couldn't beat nothin' into him a'most; he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see any how: so I walks right through the gate, and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant furnished room. I was most dartered to sit down on the chairs, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and picture, and crinkum crankum, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a better a'most, it was filled with such an extrinsic' sight of curiosities.

The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin'-gown, and carryin' a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the unexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'. If you'll gist throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble ofusin' names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I,—what's left o' me at least. Verily, said he, friend Sarnad, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must now be ripe full of years as he is full of honours. Your mother, I think I hear'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and a kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to

stay with you, and if you think to dew the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are stinking on, or than I have to spare;—there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho',—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.

Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he; open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none of your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit, and feel to home, and put my foot upon the chair without admagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I don't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, stakin' hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealer's. I can trust you, I know, but mind,—and he put his fingers on his lips—more in the word;—bye-gones are bye-gones,—you wouldn't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, filler me, then, says he;—and he led me into a back room, with an occupied painted floor, furnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books and pipes and cigars, pig-tail and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he; chew, or smoke, or spit as you please;—do as you like here; we'll throw off all reserve now; but mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—don't talk too loud.

Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hanks—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I wouldn't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin' I know,)—when old Hanks thought we was alone. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure. Well, Abiah, says I, I don't git altogether know as I do; there are some things we might git as well s'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. Ahem! said he, an' lo'ed, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a good one it was,—tea and coffee and Indian corn cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; possumes, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing s'most you could think on. You needn't wait, said Abiah, to

the blacks; I'll ring for you, when I want you; we'll help ourselves.

Well, when I looked round and seed this critter a-livin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly; for he was thought-always, as a boy, to be rather more than half under-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahah, says I, I calculate you'r like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garret-window, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seem to come on your feet some how or other. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it been; that's a fact, and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a-year); how on earth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had staked up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit it done cap'tally, that's certain. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, says I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blurt out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I giv soft sander the women. It taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like any thing. They are the formed wheels, start them, and the hind ones follow of course. Now it's mostly women that tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I giv lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swallow. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving disposition—(the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho', for if there is a creature calter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over and looks all healed up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'in, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministerin' angels.—I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always,

—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, do the ladies, and Shakspere, Scott, and Byron are universal favourites; they go down much better than those old-fashioned stores o' Watts.

- "Oh women, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

If I didn't touch it off to the ladies it's a pity. I never heard you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew from nature', says I, a squeeze' of her hand. Nor never so teachin', says another. You know my middle, says I, lookin' sponsey on her. I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me! says I. So true, says they, and so natural, and truth and nature' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated, my admired sisters,—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues! I must say, I felt somehow kinder inadequate to the task too, I said,—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

When I ask 'em I heard 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, almost a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a real right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars produce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular he should remain single, for then the gals all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries he's up a tree; his flock is fixed then; you may depend it's gone growe with them arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters.—And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down stradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. The road is the dead line through the heart. Pocket, you mean, instead of hand, I guess, said I; and if you don't travel that road full chined it's a pity.—Well, says I, Ahah, when I go to Rickville I'll gist tell Mr. Hopewell what a most precious, superfine, superior darn'd rascal you have turned out; if you ain't No. 1, better A, I want to know who is, that's all. You

do best all, Sam, said he; it's the system that's wicked, and not the preacher. If I didn't give 'em the soft answer they would neither pay me nor hear me; that's a fact. Are you so soft in the head now, Sam, as to suppose that the gals would take the trouble to come to hear me tell 'em of their corrupt nater' and fallen condition; and first thank me, and then pay me for it? Very essentialin' that to tell 'em the women will listen on their pretty little rosy cheeks, and that their sweet plump flesh is nothin' but gross, flourishin' to-day, and to be cut down withered and rotten to-morrow; ain't it? It ain't in the nater' o' things, if I put them out o' conceit o' themselves, I can put them in conceit o' me; or that they will come down harden, and do the thing ginsted, its gitt impossible. It won't me make the system, but the system made me. The salvatory don't work ariff.

System or no system, said I, Ahb, you see Ahb will, and Ahb you'll be to the end o' the chapter. You may deceive the women by soft answer, and yourself by talkin' about systems, but you won't walk into me so easy, I know. It ain't pretty at all. Now, said I, Ahb, I told you I wouldn't blow you, nor will I. I will neither speak o' things past nor things present. I know you wouldn't, Sam, said he; you were always a good feller. But it's on one condition, says I, and that is that you allow Polly Bacon a hundred dollars a-year—she was a good gull and a decent gull when you first know'd her, and she's in great distress now in Blickville, I tell you. That's unfair, that's unkind, Sam, said he; that's not the clean thing; I can't afford it; it's a breach o' confidence this, but you got me on the hip, and I can't help myself; say fifty dollars, and I will. Done, said I, and mind you're up to the notch, for I'm in earnest—there's no mistake. Depend upon me, said he, and Sam, said he, a shakin' hands along with me at partin',—excuse me, say good-b'ye, but I hope I may never have the pleasure to see your face ag'in. Done, says I; but mind the fifty dollars a-year, or you will see me to a certainty—good-b'ye.

How different this casual visitor was from poor, dear, good, old Joshua Hopewell. I saw him not long since. On my return to Connecticut, just as I was approachin' out o' Malabar into Oaten County, who should I meet but minister anointed upon his harness, old Captain Jack. Jack was a racker, and in his day about as good a beast as ever foisted tail, (you know what a racker is, don't you again? said the clockmaker; they bring

up the two feet on one side first, together like, and then t'other two at once, the same way; and they do get over the ground at a most an amazing' pace, that's certain,) but poor old critter, he looked pretty streak'd. You could count his ribs as far as you could see him, and his skin was drawn so tight over him, every blow of minister's cane on him sounded like a drum, he was so hollow. A candle poked into him lighted would have shewn through him like a lantern. He carried his head down to his knees, and the hide seem'd so want a pattern, he showed his teeth like a cross dog, and it started his eyes and made 'em look all outside like a weasel's. He actidly did look as if he couldn't help it. Minister had two bags roll'd up and tied on behind him, like a portmanteau, and was joggin' on slinkin' down on his horse, and the horse slinkin' down on the road, as if he was seekin' a soft spot to tumble down upon.

It was curious to see Captain Jack too, when he heard old Clay coming along full split behind him; he cock'd up his head and tail, and prick'd up his ears, and look'd corner ways out of his eye, as much as to say, if you are for a lick of a quarter of a mile I don't feel much up to it, but I'll try you any way;—so here's at you. He did try to do pretty, that's certain, as if he was ashamed of looking so like Old Scratch, just as a feller does up the shirt-collar and combs his hair with his fingers, afore he goes into the room among the galls.

The poor skillion of a beast was ginger to the backbone, you may depend—all clear grit; what there was of him was whalbone; that's a fact. But minister had no rally about him; he was proper chap-fallen, and looked as dismal as if he had lost every friend that he had on earth. Why, minister, says I, what under the sun is the matter of you? You and Captain Jack look as if you had the cholera; what makes you so dismal and your horse so thin? what's out o' joint now? Nothin' gone wrong, I hope, since I left! Nothin' has gone right with me, Sam, of late, and he; I've been sorely tried with affliction, and my spirit is fairly humbled. I've been more insulted this day, my son, than I ever was afore in all my born days. Minister, says I, I've got one favour to ax o' you; give me the slaver's name, and afore daybreak to-morrow mornin' I'll bring him to a rock'in' and see how the balance stands. I'll kick him from here to Washington, and from Washington back to Slickville, and then I'll cow-whip him, till this riding-whip is worn up to shoe-strings, and pick him clean out o' the State. The infernal villain!

tell me who he is, and if he was as big as all out-doors, I'd walk into him. I'll teach him the road to good manners, if he can save eyenight to see it,—hang me if I don't. I'd like no better than, I vow. So gist show me the man, that darst insult you, and if he does so ag'in, I'll give you leave to tell me of it. Thank you, Sam, says he; thank you, my boy; but it's beyond your help. It ain't a personal affront of that natur', but a spiritual affront. It ain't an affront offered to me as Joshua Hopewell, so much as an affront to the minister of Slickville. That is worse still, said I, because you can't resent it yourself. Leave him to me, and I'll fix his fist for him.

It's a long story, Sam, and one to raise grief, but not anger;—you musn't talk or think of fightin', it's not becoming a Christian man, but here's my poor habitation, put up your horse and come in, and we'll talk this affair over by and by. Come in and see me,—far, sick as I am, both in body and mind, it will do me good. You was always a kind-hearted boy, Sam, and I'm glad to see the heart in the right place yet;—come in, my son. Well, when we got into the house, and sat down,—says I, minister, what the dickens was them two great rolls o' canvass for, I seed amugg'd up and tied to your crupper? You looked like a man who had taken his grief to mill, and was returnin' with the bags for another; and what under the arm had you in them? I'll tell you, Sam, said he,—you know, said he,—when you was to home, we had a State Tax for the support o' the church, and every man had to pay his share to some church or another. I mind, said I, quite well. Well, said he, the misery of souls has been to work among us, and instigated folks to think this was too compulsory for a free people, and smelt too strong of establishments, and the legislatur' repealed the law; so now, instead o' havin' a righter legal stipend, we have what they call the voluntary,—every man pays what he likes, when he likes, and to whom he likes, or if it don't convince him he pays nothin';—do you apprehend me? As clear as a boot-jack, says I; nothin' could be plainer, and I suppose that some o' your factory people that make canvass have given you a present of two rolls of it to make bags to hold your pay in? My breeches' pockets, says he, Sam, shakin' o' his head, I estimate, are big enough for that. No, Sam; some subscribe and some don't. Some say, we'll give, but we'll not bind ourselves;—and some say, we'll see about it. Well, I'm s'oa

s'most starved, and Captain Jack does look as poor as Job's turkey; that's a fact. So I thought, as times was hard, I'd take the bags and get some oats for him, from some of my subscribin' congregation;—it would save them the cash, and suit me jist as well as the blunt. Wherever I went, I might have filled my bags with excuses, but I got no oats;—but that wasn't the worst of it neither, they turned the tables on me and took me to task. A new thing that for me, I guess, in my old age, to stand up to be catcised like a converted Heathen. Why don't you, says one, join the Temperance Society, minister! Because, says I, there's no warrant for it in Scriptur', as I am. A Christian obligation to sobriety is, in my mind, afore any engagement on honour. Can't think, says he, of payin' to a minister that countenances drunkenness. Says another,—minister, do you smoke? Yes, says I, I do sometimes; and I don't care if I take a pipe along with you now;—it seems sociable like. Well, says he, it's an abuse o' the critter,—a waste o' valuable time, and an encouragement of slavery; I don't pay to upholders of the slave system; I go the whole figur' for abolition. One feared me too Calvinistic, and another too Arminian; one objected to my praying for the President,—for, he said, he was an everlastin' sleighty rascal;—another to my wearin' a gown, for it was too Popish. In short, I git nothin' but objections to s'most every thing I do or say, and I see considerable plain my income is gone; I may work for nothin' and find thread now, if I choose. The only one that paid me, cheated me. Says he, minister, I've been abockin' for you for some time past, to pay my contribution, and I laid by twenty dollars for you. Thank you, said I, friend, but that is more than your share; ten dollars, I think, is the amount of your subscription. Well, says he, I know that, but I like to do things handsom', and he who gives to a minister lends to the Lord;—but, says he, I'm sber'd it won't turn out so much now, for the bank has fail'd since. It's a pity you hadn't sell'd afore, but you must take the will for the deed. And he handed me a roll of the Dabble Bank paper, that ain't worth a cent. Are you sure, said I, that you put this aside for me when it was good? O sartin, says he, I'll take my oath of it. There's no 'casion for that, says I, my friend, nor for me to take more than my due neither;—here are ten of them back again. I hope you may not lose them altogether, as I fear I shall. But he cheated me,—I know he did.

This is the blessin' of the voluntary, as far as I'm concerned. Now I'll tell you how it's agoin' to work upon them; not through my agency tho', for I'd die first;—before I'd do a wrong thing to gain the whole universal world. But what are you addin' of, Sam, said he, screwin' of that whip so, says he; you'll s'pose almost deafen me. Atryin' of the spring of it, says I. The night afore I go down to Nova Scotia, I'll teach 'em Connecticut quick-step—I'll learn 'em to make sonnets—I'll make 'em out more experts than the carman monkey ever could to serve his soul alive, I know. I'll quit 'em, as true as my name is Sam Slick; and if they follow me down east, I'll lambaste them back a plaguy sight quicker than they came; the nasty, dirty, mean, sneaking villains. I'll play them a voluntary—I'll fiddle to them, to a jig tune, and show 'em how to count baker's dozen. Crack, crack, crack, that's the music, minister; crack, crack, crack, I'll set all Slickville a-singin'!

I'm in trouble enough, Sam, says he, without addin' that one to it; don't quite break my heart, for such carryin's on would near about kill me. Let the poor deluded critters be, promise me now. Well, well, says I, if you say so it shall be so;—but I must say, I long to be at 'em. But how is the voluntary agoin' for to operate on them? Embrace, diabolis, or purgative, eh? I hope it will be all three, and turn them inside out, the ungrateful scoundrels, and yet not be girt strong enough to turn them back ag'in. Sam you're an altered man, says he. It appears to me the whole world is changed. Don't talk so on-Christian: we must forget and forgive. They will be the greatest sufferers themselves, poor critters, havin' destroyed the independence of their minister,—their minister will pardon to their vanity. He will be afeard to tell them unpalatable truths. Instead of tellin' 'em they are miserable sinners in need of repentance, he will tell 'em they are a great nation and a great people, will quote more history than the Bible, and give 'em sermons not sermons, exhortations and not exhortations. Presents, Sam, will bribe indolence. The minister will be a dam dog! It serves 'em right, says I; I don't care what becomes of them. I hope they will be dam dogs, for dam dogs bite, and if they drive you mad,—as I believe from my soul they will,—I hope you'll bite every one on 'em.

But, says I, minister, talkin' of presents, I've got one for you that's somethin' like the thing, I know; and I took out my pocket-book and gave him a hundred dollars. I hope I may be shot if I didn't. I felt so sorry for him.

Who's this from? said he, smilin'. From Alabama, said I; but the giver told me not to mention his name. Well, said he, I'd rather he'd sent me a pound of good Virginia pig-tail, because I could have thank'd him for that, and not felt too much obligation. *Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect: but it's all right; it will enable me to send neighbour Dearbourn's two sons to school. It will do good. 'Cute little fellows them, Sam, and will make considerable smart men, if they are properly used in; but the old gentlemen, their father, is, like myself, nearly used up, and plucky poor. Think I, if that's your worst, old gentlemen, I wish I had my hundred dollars in my pocket-book ag'in, as snug as a bug in a rug, and neighbour Dearbourn's two sons might go and whistle for their schoolin'. Who the plague cares whether they have any learning or not? I'm sure I don't. It's the first of the voluntary system I've tried, and I'm sagg it will be the last.*

Yea, yea, squire, the voluntary don't work well,—that's a fact. *Alack how fast his soul to save his body, minister has lost his body to save his soul, and I've lost my hundred dollars sleep to save my feelings'. The devil take the voluntary, I say.*

CHAPTER III.

TRAINING A CARRIBOO.

In the evening we wandered out on the bank of the river, Mr. Slick taking his rifle with him, to shoot blue-winged duck, that often float up the Aron with the tide in great numbers. He made several shots with remarkable accuracy, but having no dogs we lost all the birds, but two, in the eddies of this rapid river. It was a delightful evening, and on our return we ascended the cliff that overlooks the village and the surrounding country, and sat down on the projecting point of limestone rock, to enjoy the glories of the sunset.

This evening, said Mr. Slick, reminds me of one I spent the same way at Toronto, in Upper Canada, and of a conversation I had with a British traveller there. There was only himself and me at the inn, and havin' nothin' above particular to do, says he, 'pose we take the rifle and walk down by the

ake this splendid afternoon; who knows but we might see something or another to shoot! So off we cut, and it was so cool and pleasant we stroll'd a considerable distance up the creek, which is like this, all limestone gravel, only cleaner and less sediment in it.

When we got tired of the glare of the water, and a rusty roller acorn that was on it at that season, we turned up a road that led into the woods. Why, says I, if there ain't a Carriboe, as I'm alive. Where? said he, aimin' the rifle, and bringin' it to his shoulder with great eagerness,—where is it? for heaven's sake let me have a shot at it! I have long wish'd, said he, to have it to say, before I leave the province, that I had performed that feat of killin' a Carriboe. Oh, Lord! said I, throwin' up the point of the gun to prevent an accident,—Oh, Lord! it ain't one of them are sort o' critters at all; it's a human Carriboe. It's a member, him that's in that are gig, lookin' as wise as a barber's block with a new wig on it. The Toronto folks call 'em Carriboes, 'cause they are untamed wild critters from the woods, and come down in droves to the legislature. I guess he's agoin' to spend the night to the hotel, where we be; if he is, I'll bring him into our room and train him: you'll see what sort o' folks makes laws sometimes. I do believe, arter all, says I, this universal suffrage will make universal fools of us all;—it ain't one man in a thousand knows how to choose a horse, much less a member, and yet there are some standin' rules about the house, that most any one can learn, if he'll give his mind to it. There's the mark o' mouth,—then there's the limbs, shape, make, and soundness of 'em; the eye, the shoulder, and, above all, the action. It seems all plain enough, and yet it takes a considerable 'cute man to make a horse-jockey, and a little gentler of the tongue too; for there is no mistake about the matter—you must be a few to put 'em off well. Now, that's only the lowest grade of knowledge. It takes more skill yet to be a nigger-jockey. A nigger-jockey, said he; for heaven's sake, what is that? I never hear'd the term afore, since I was a created sinner—I hope I may be shot if I did. Possible, said I, never hear'd tell of a nigger-jockey! My sakes, you must come to the States then;—we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month than you'll get in twenty years here, for these critters don't know nothin'. A nigger-jockey, sir, says I, is a gentleman that trades in niggers,—buys them in one State, and sells them in another, where they ar'n't known. It's a beautiful

science, is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eye teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for it himself, instead of putting a knife into others; that's a fact. Niggers don't show their age like white folk, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, lein' the joints, good food, a clean shirt, a false tooth or two, and dyin' the wool black if it's got gray, keepin' 'em close shav'd, and giv' 'em a glass 'o whiskey or two afore the sale, to brighten up the eyes, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for sixty. It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse, by a long chalk. Then if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in the next State for meetin' ag'in, slips a few dollars in Sambo's hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, sends massa there, and is sold a second time ag'in. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow, and remove the teeth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him ag'in.

If it takes as much knowledge to choose a horse, or choose a nigger, what must it take to choose a member?—Who knows he won't give the people the slip as Sambo does the first master; ay, and look as different too, as a nigger does, when the dye rubs out, and his black wool looks white ag'in. Ah, squire, there are tricks in all trades, I do believe, except the clock trade. The nigger business, says I, is apt to get a man into court, too, as much as the horse trade, if he don't know the quirks of the law. I shall never forget a joke I passed off once on a Southerner. I had been down to Charleston, South Carr, where brother Shab is located as a lawyer, and drives a considerable business in that line. Well, one day as I was awalkin' along out a' town, amokin' of my cigar, who should I meet but a poor old nigger, with a'most an almighty heavy load of pine-wood on his back, as much as he could cleverly stagger under. Why, Sambo, said I, whose slave be you? You've got a considerable of a heavy load there for a man of your years. Oh, Massa, says he, Gee Orrighty bless you (and he laid down his load, and puttin' one hand on his loins, and t'other on his thigh, he tried to straighten himself up.) I does man now, I no longer slave no more. I purchased my freedom from General Crocodile, him that keeps public at Mud Creek. Oh, Massa, but him general took me in terrible, by gosh! Says he, Pompey, says he,

you one worry good nigger, worry faithful nigger. I good opinion of you, Pompey; I make a man of you, you dam old tin-brush. I hope I may be skinned alive with wild cats if I don't. How much money you save, Pomp? Hundred dollars, says I. Well, says he, I will sell you your freedom for that, one little sum. Oh, massa general, I said, I believe I live and die wid you;—what old man like me do now? I too old for freedom. O no, massa, look poor old Pomp to die among de niggers. I told young massa General and little missy General, and teach 'em how to row-skin de black villains. Oh, you smart man yet, he says,—quite sound, worry smart man, you save a great deal o' money:—I too great regard for you to keep you slave any longer. Well, he persuade me at last, and I buy freedom, and now I starve. I hab no one to take care ob me now; I old and good for nothin'—I wish old Pomp very much dead;—and he brooded right out like a child. Then he sold you to yourself, did he? Yes, massa, said he, and here de paper and de bill ob sale. And he told you you *sewd* man yet? True, massa, ebbery word. Then, says I, come along with me; and I tosted him along into Sisk's office. Sy, says I, here's a job for you. General Crocodile sold this poor old nigger to himself, and worried him sound wind and limbs. He cheated him like a confin' hypocritical sinner as he is, for he's fundered in his right foot, and dinged on the left. See him on his warranty—there's some fun in't.—Pan, said Sy, I tell you it's a capital joke; and he jump'd up and danced round his office snappin' of his fingers, as if he were hit by a galley-nipper. How it will confoundrigate old Sim Peter, the judge, won't it? I'll bamboozle him, I'll befogify his brain for him with warranties general, special, and implied, texts, notes, and commentaries. I'll lead him a dance through civil law, and common law, and statute law; I'll send old Latin, old French, and old English to him; I'll make his head turn like a mill-stone; I'll make him stare like an owl trying to read by day-light; and he barfed ready to kill himself. Sure enough he did bother him so agoin' up from one court to another, that Crocodile was glad to compound the matter to get clear of the joke, and paid old Pomp his hundred dollars back agoin; that's a fact.

In the course of the affair, Mr. Back, the member elect for the township of Flats, in the House district, came in, and I introduced him with much ceremony to the Britisher, agivin' of him a wink at the same time, as much as to say, now I'll

show you the way to train a Charioteer. Well, Squire Back, said I, I now I'm glad to see you;—how did you leave Mrs. Back and all to home?—all well, I hope? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, sir, said he. And as they've elected you a member, eh? Well, they wanted some honest men among 'em—that's a fact, and some understandin' men too; how do you go, Tory or Radical? Oh, pop'lar side of course, said Mr. Back. McKemie and Papineau have open'd my eyes I tell you; I had no notion afore our government was so rotten—I'm for elective councils, short parliaments, ballot, universal suffrage, and ag'in all officials. Right, said I, you are on the right side then, and no mistake. You've a plain path afore you; go straight ahead, and there's no fear. I should like to do so, said he, but I don't understand these matters enough, I'm afeard, to probe 'em to the bottom; perhaps you'll be so good as to advise me a little. I should like to talk over these things with you, as they say you are a considerable of an understandin' man, and have seed a good deal of the world. Well, said I, nothin' would hapify me more, I do assure you. Be independent, that's the great thing; be independent, that is, attack every thing. First of all, there's the Church; that's a grand target, fire away at that all you are tired. *Raise a prejudice if you can, and then make every thing a Church question.* But I'm a churchman myself, Mr. Slick; and you wouldn't have me attack my own church, would you? So much the better, said I, it looks liberal;—true liberalism, as far as my experience goes, lies in pounin' every other church, and abusin' of your own; it's only bigots that attacks other folk's doctrine and tenets; no strong-minded, straight ahead, right up and down man does that. It shows a narrower mind and narrower heart than. But what fault is there with the church? said he: they mind their own business, as far as I see, and let other folks alone; they have no privileges here that I know on, that other sects ha'ven't got. It's pop'lar talk among worse folks, and that's enough, said I. They are rich, and their clergy are larned and goddell, and there's a good many curious people in the world;—there's radicals in religion as well as in politics, that would like to see 'em all brought to a level. And then there's church lands: talk about dividin' them among other sects, givin' them to schools, and so on. There's no harm in robbin' Peter if you pay Paul with it—a fair exchange is no robbery, all the world over; then wind up with a church tickle sale, and a military

messengers of a poor dissentin' old woman that was baginated by bloody-minded soddgers while tryin' to save her pig. It will make an affectin' speech, draw tears from the gallery, and thousand of applause from the House.

Then there's judges, another grand mark; and foreclosures and rich men; call 'em the little big men of a little colony, the would-be aristocracy—the official gang—the favour'd few; call 'em by their Christian and surnames; John Doe and Richard Roe, turn up your noses at 'em like a house's tail that's double-tick'd. Salaries are a never-ending theme for you; officials shouldn't be paid at all; the honour is enough for 'em; a patriot serves his country for nothin'. Take some big salary for a test, and treat it this way: says you, there's John Doe's salary, it is seven hundred and thirty pounds a year, that is two pounds a day. Now, says you, that is sixteen common labourers' pay at two and six-pence each per day;—shall it be said that one great mammoth official is worth sixteen free citizens who toil harder and live worse than he does? then take his income for ten years and multiply it. See, says you, in ten years he has received the enormous sum of seven thousand five hundred pounds: then run over all the things seven thousand five hundred pounds would effect on roads, bridges, schools, and so on, and charge him with havin' been the means of robbin' the country of all these blessin's: call 'em blood-suckers, pampered minions, bloated leeches. Then there's the college, says you; it's for the aristocracy, to keep up distinctions, to rivet our fetters, to make the rich richer, and the strong stronger; talk of native genius and self-taught artists, of nature's scholars, of horse-upon talent; it flatters the multitude this—it's pop'lar, you may depend. Call the troops mercenaries, vile hirelings, degraded slaves; turn up your eyes to the ceiling and make defects and slaughter on 'em, if they dare to enforce the law; talk of standing armies, of slavery, of legionsary tyrants,—call 'em foreigners, vultures thirsting for blood,—butchers,—every man killed in a row, or a mob, call a victim, a murdered man,—that's your sort, my darlin'—go the whole hog, and do the thing gentool. Any thing that gives power to the masses will please the masses. If there was nothin' to attack there would be no champions; if there is no grievance you must make one: call all changes reform, whether it makes it better or not,—any thing you want to alter, call an abuse. All that opposs you, call anti-reformers, upholders of abuses,

bigots, sycophants, office-seeking Tories. Say they live by corruption, by oppressin' the people, and that's the reason they oppose all change. How strucked they'll look, won't they? It will make them scratch their heads and stare, I know. If there's any man you don't like, use your privilege and abuse him like Old Scratch,—lash him like a nigger, cut him up beautiful—oh, it's a grand privilege that! Do this, and you'll be the speaker of the House, the first pot-brook on the crane, the trouble-head and cap-shower—you will, I swear. Well, it does open a wide field, don't it, said Mr. Buck, for an ambitious man? I vow, I believe I'll take your advice; I like the idea amazingly. Lord, I wish I could talk like you,—you do trip it off so glib—I'll take your advice tho'—I will, I vow. Well then, Mr. Buck, if you really will take my advice, I'll give it to you, said I, free-gratis for nothin'. Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the Government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children.

CHAPTER IV.

NICK BRADSHAW.

We left Gosport early in the morning, intending to breakfast at Kewville. The air was cool and breezy, and the sun, which had just risen, shed a lustre over the scenery of this beautiful and fertile valley, which gave it a fresh and glowing appearance. A splendid country this, squire, said the Checkmaker; that's a fact; the Lord never made the best of it. I wouldn't an no better location in the farmin' line than any of these allotments; grand grazin' grounds and superfine tillage lands. A man that know'd what he was about might live like a fightin' cock here, and no great scratchin' for it neither. Do you see that wye house on that ridin' hammock to the right there? Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of

best-grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the gulls use to, and a'most a grand wicket garden near the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side are them everlastin' big barns; and, by good! there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of 'em marchin' Indian file after milkin', down to that are madder. Whenever you see a place all straggled up and lookin' like this one, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. There flowers too, and that are honeysuckles, and rose-bushes show the family are brought up right; somethin' to do at home, instead of runnin' about to quibbin' parties, huskin' frolics, gossipin', talkin' scandal, and reflectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they show which way the wind is. When gulls attend to them are things, it shows that they are what our minister used to call "right-minded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful. I believe I'll slight and breakfast there, if you're no objection. I should like to see that citizen's improvements, and he's a plaguy nice man too, and will be proud to see you, you may depend.

We accordingly drove up to the door, where we were met by Squire James Horton, a respectable, intelligent, cheerful-looking man, apparently of about fifty years of age. He received me with all the ease and warmth of a man to whom hospitality was habitual and agreeable,—thanked Mr. Sick for bringing me to see him, and observed that he was a plain farmer, and lived without any pretensions to be other than he was, and that he always felt pleased and gratified to see any stranger who would do him the favour to call upon him, and would accommodate himself to the plain fare of a plain countryman. He said he lived out of the world, and the conversation of strangers was often instructive, and always acceptable to him. He then conducted us into the house, and introduced us to his wife and daughters, two very handsome and extremely interesting girls, who had just returned from superintending the operations of the dairy. I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness and propriety of their attire, plain and suitable to their morning occupations, but scrupulously nice in its appearance.

As the clock struck seven, (a wooden clock, to which Mr. Sick looked with evident satisfaction as a proof of his previous acquaintance,) the family were summoned, and Mr.

Horton addressed a short but very appropriate prayer to the Throne of Grace, rendering the tribute of a grateful heart for the numerous blessings with which he was surrounded, and supplicating a continuance of divine favour. There was something touching in the simplicity and fervour of his manner and in the unpretending style of his devotion, while there was a total absence of that familiar tone of address so common in America, which, often bordering on profanity, shocks and disgusts those who have been accustomed to the more decorous and respectful language of our beautiful liturgy.

Breakfast was soon announced, and we sat down to an excellent and substantial repast, every thing abundant and good of its kind, and the whole prepared with a neatness that bespoke a well-regulated and orderly family. We were then conducted round the farm, and admired the method, regularity, and good order of the establishment. I guess this might compare with any of your English farms, said the Clock-maker; it looks pretty considerable slick this—don't it? We have great advantages in this country, said Mr. Horton; our soil is naturally good, and we have such an abundance of salt sludge on the banks of the rivers, that we are enabled to put our uplands in the highest state of cultivation. Industry and economy can accomplish any thing here. We have not only good markets, but we enjoy an almost total exemption from taxation. We have a mild and paternal government, our laws are well and impartially administered, and we enjoy as much personal freedom as is consistent with the peace and good order of society. God grant that it may long continue so! and that we may render ourselves worthy of these blessings, by yielding the homage of grateful hearts to the Great Author and Giver of all good things. A bell ringing at the house at this time, reminded us that we were probably interfering with some of his arrangements, and we took leave of our kind host, and proceeded on our journey, strongly impressed with those feelings which a scene of domestic happiness and rural felicity like this never fails to inspire.

We had not driven more than two or three miles before Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right-hand side of the road, said, Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. That critter, said he, when he built that wreck of a house, (they call 'em a half-hoop here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimney outside, to serve the new

part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimney, and he has had to prop it up with that great wick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two golden stags startin' each other in the face, as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was best to be done. Them old geese and vengean fowls, that are so poor the fowls won't steal 'em for fear o' hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jawed, long-legged, rabbit-eared, runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't turn its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, standin' there with its eyes shut-in, unconscionable' of its latter end,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hooks swell'd bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess. The goosey has showed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breakin' into his field to starve, and gives his Old Manley a chance o' steeakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pile of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airy of a mornin', when the dew was off the ground, and now that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you wouldn't get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hang'd for it. 'Spose we drive up to the door to light a cigar; if Nick Roadshow is to home, I should like to have a little chat with him. It's worth knowin' how he can farm with so little labour; for any thing that saves labour in this country, where help is so plaguy dear, is worth learnin', you may depend.

Observing us pause and point towards his domain, Nicholas lifted off the door and laid it on its side, and, emerging from his den of dirt and smoke, stood astile reconsidering us. He was a tall, well-built, athletic-looking man, possessed of great personal strength and surprising activity, but looked like a good-natured, careless fellow, who loved talking and smoking better than work, and preferred the pleasures of the tap-room to the labours of the field. He thinks we want his vote, said the Clockmaker. He's looking as big as all outdoors 'jist now, and waitin' for us to come to him. He wouldn't

condemned to call the king his cousin gist at this present time. It's independent day with him, I calculate; happy-lookin' critter, too, ain't he, with that see-lee, short, black pipe in his mouth! The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher;—it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest sellers, than any other blessed thing in this universal world. The Indians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their folks, in case smokin' should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go unprovided. Gist look at him: his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an untanned moccasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-sheerin', and he looks as shaggy as a youstin' cat. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look too. That see-lee hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye, shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke, couldn't do that now, squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heard tell of it too, but I never know an instance yet, where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven. Philosophy is like most other guests I've seen, it likes to visit them as keeps good tables, and though it has some poor acquaintances, it ain't more nor half pleased to be seen walkin' lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'—Here he comes, tho', I swear; he knows Old Clay, I reckon: he sees it ain't the candidate chap.

This discovery dispelled the important airs of Nicholas, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, he retreated a pace or two, and took a running leap of ten or twelve feet across a stagnant pool of green water that graced his lawn, and served the double purpose of rearing gauds and breeding mosquitoes, and by repeating these feats of agility on the grass several times, (as if to keep himself in practice,) was by the side of the wagon in a few minutes.

'Mornin', Mr. Bradshaw, said the Clockmaker; how's all

to home to-day? Reasonable well, I give you thanks:—won't you alight? Thank you, I jist stop to light a cigar:—I'll bring you a bit o' fies, said Nick, in the twinklin' of an eye; and bounding off to the house with similar gigantic strides, he was out of sight in a moment. Happy, good-natured citizen, that you see, squire, said Mr. Slick, he hain't been fool enough to stiffen himself by hard work neither; for you see he is as supple as an eel. The critter our jump like a catamount, and run like a deer; he'd catch a fox a'most, that chap.

Presently out bounded Nick in the same antelope style, waving over his head a lighted brand of three or four feet long. Here it is, said he, but you must be quick, for this soft green wood won't hold fire in no time—it goes right out. It's like my old house there, and that's so rotten it won't hold a nail now; after you drive one in you can pull it out with your finger. How are you off for tobacco? said Mr. Slick. Grand, said he, got half a fig left yet. Got it for you in a minit, and the old lady's pipe too, and without waiting for a reply, was curvetting again off to the house. That gooney, said the Clockmaker, is like a gun that goes off at half cock—there's no doin' nothin' with him. I didn't want his buckery, I only wanted an excuse to give him some; but it's a strange thing that, squire, but it's as sure as rates, the poor are every where more liberal, more obligin', and more hospitible, according to their means, than the rich are: they beat them all hollow,—it's a fact, I assure you.

When he returned, Mr. Slick told him that he was so spry, that he was out of hearing before he could stop him; that he didn't require any himself, but was going to offer him a fig of first chop genuine stuff he had. Thank you, said he, as he took it, and put it to his nose;—it has the right flavour that—rather weak for me, tho'. I'm thinking it 'll jist suit the old lady. She smokes a good deal now for the cramp in her leg. She's troubled with the cramp sometimes, away down some where about the calf, and smokin', they say, is good for it.

He then took the tobacco very scientifically between the forefinger and thumb of his left hand, and cut it into small shreds that fell into the palm. Then holding both knife and fig between his teeth, he rolled, untwisted, and pulverised the cut tobacco by rubbing and grinding it between his two hands, and refilled and lighted his pipe, and pronouncing the tobacco a prime article, looked the very picture of happiness. How's

crops in a general way this year? said Mr. Slick. Well, they are just about middlin', said he; the seasons ha'n't been very good lately, and somehow the land don't bear as it used to when I was a boy; but I'm in great hopes times are goin' to be better now. They say things look brighter; *I feel a good deal encouraged myself*. They tell me the governor's agoin' to appoint a new council; I guess, they'll do som'thin' for the country. Ah, said the Clockmaker, that indeed, that would be som'thin' like,—it would make times quite brisk agin—farmers could afford to live then. It would raise markets considerably. So I see in the papers, said Nick; the fact o' the matter is the assemblymen must do som'thin' for the country, or it will go to the dogs, that's certain. They tell me too that the council doors are to be opened, so that we can hear the debates;—that will be a great privilege, won't it? Vary, said the Clockmaker; it will help the farmers amazingly that; I should count that a great matter; they must be worth hearin', them counsellors. It's quite a treat to hear the members in the house, particularly when they talk about bankin', currency, constitution, business, and such tough knotty things;—they go so deep into these matters, and know so much about 'em, it's quite edifyin'. I've learnt more new things, and more things I never knew afore, in half an hour in the assembly, than ever I heard afore in my life, and I expect 'tother houses will be quite as wise. Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, said Nicholas; *I feel somehow quite encouraged myself*: if we had a bounty of about a shilling a bushel for ruin' potatoes, two-and-six-pence a bushel for wheat, and fifteen pence for oats, I think a body might have a chance to make out to scratch along to live here; and I'm told when the council doors are opened, we shall actually get them. I must say, *I feel quite encouraged myself*. But stop, said he, laying his hand on Mr. Slick, do you see that are varmint alookin' arter the old lady's chickens over there by the barn? I had a crack at him yesterday, but he was too far off—wait abit; and he scampered off to the house, brought out his gun, which had been previously loaded, and throwing himself on all fours, proceeded towards the barn as rapidly as a quadruped. Stop, stop, daddy, said a little half-naked urchin of a boy, stop till I get my sock-ahy. Well, bear a hand then, said he, or he'll be off! I went wait a minit.

The boy darted into the house, and returned in an instant with a short round hard wood club in his hand, and throwing

himself in the same posture, thrust his head under the skirts of his father's coat, and crawled after him, between his legs, the two appearing like one long monstrous reptile. The hawk, observing this unusual motion, rose higher into the air, as he slowly sailed round the building; but Nicholas, not liking to be balked of his shot, fired at a venture, and fortunately broke his wing. Stop, daddy, said the boy, recovering his feet, stop, daddy, it's my turn now; and following the bird, that flew with inconceivable rapidity, like an ostrich, half running, half flying, threw his cock-shy at him with unerring aim, and killed him. Ain't he a whopper, daddy! said he. See! and he stretched out his wings to their full extent—he's a streaker, ain't he! I'll show him to mommy, I guess, and off he ran to the house to exhibit his prize.—Make a smart man then, said Nick, regarding his boy, as he carried off the bird, with looks of entire satisfaction: make a considerable of a smart man that, if the assembly men would only give us a chance; but I feel quite encouraged now. I think we shall have a good brood of chickens this year, now that there-in' rascal has got his flat fist; and if them three regiments come to Halifax that's talked of this winter, poultry will fetch a'most a grand price, that's certain. It appears to me there's a hawk, or a wild cat, or a fox, or a lawyer, or a constable, or a somethin' or another for everlastin'ly a botherin' of a poor man; but I feel quite encouraged now.

I never used that criter yet, said the Clockmaker, that he didn't say he felt "quite encouraged;" he's always lookin' for the Assembly to do great things for him, and every year feels "quite encouraged" that they will do som'thin' at the next session that will make his fortune. I wonder if folks will ever learn that politics are the seed mentioned in Scripture' that fell by the roadside, and the fowls came and pick'd them up. They don't benefit the farmer, but they feed them hungry birds,—the party leaders.

The bane of this country, squires, and indeed of all America, is havin' too much land; they run over more ground than they can cultivate, and crop the land so severely that they run it out. A very large portion of land in America has been run out by repeated grain crops, and when you add that to land naturally too poor to bear grain, or too broken for cultivation, you will find this great country in a fair way to be ruined.

The State of Vermont has nothin' like the exports it used to have, and a plucky sight of the young folks come down to

Boston to hire out as help. The two Carolinas and Virginia are covered with places that have been given up as ruined, and many other States. We haven't the surplus of wheat and grain we used to have in the United States, and it never will be so plenty agin. That's the reason you hear of folks clearin' land, makin' a farm, and sellin' off agin and goin' farther into the bush. They've exhausted it, and find it easier to clear new lands than to restore the old.

A great deal of Nova Scotia is run out, and if it wasn't for the lime, marsh-mud, sea-weed, salt-mud, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, there'd be no use for it. It takes good farmin' to keep an upland location in order, I tell you, and make it sustain itself. It takes more to fetch a farm to that's had the gimcrack taken out of it, than it's worth. It awfully frightens me, when I think your agriculture in Britain is progressive, and the land hence tilled every day, while thousands upon thousands of acres with us, are turned into barrens. No traveller as I've used has noticed this, and our folks are not aware of it themselves to the extent of the evil. Squire, you and I won't live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another century as it has progressed for the last hundred years, we'll be a nation of paupers. Very little land in America, even of the best, will carry more than one crop of wheat arter it's clear'd afore it wants manure; and where it's clear'd so fast, where's the manure to come from?—it puzzles me (and I won't turn my back on any man in the farmin' line)—the Lord knows, for I don't; but if there's a thing that scares me, it's this.

Hallo! hallo!—said a voice behind us, and when we turned to look from whence it came, we saw Nicholas running and leaping over the fences of his neighbours like a greyhound. Stop a minute, said he, I want to speak to you. I feel quite encouraged since I seen you; there's one question I forgot to ask you, Mr. Slick, for I should like amazingly to have your opinion. Who do you go for? I go for the Squire, said he: I'm agin' for to go round the sea-coast with him. I don't mean that at all, said he;—who do you go for in the election? There's to be a poll a Monday to Kentville; and Aylesford and Gasperaux are up; who do you go for? I don't go for either of 'em; I wouldn't give a chair of tobacco for both an em: what is it to me who goes? Well, I don't suppose it is, but it's a great matter to us: who would you advise me to vote for? Who is agin' for to do the most good for you? Ayles-

feed. Who promises you the most? Aylesford. Vote for t'other one then, for I never seed or heard tell of a feller yet, that was very ready with his promises, that wasn't quite as ready to break them, when it suited his purpose; and if Aylesford comes a-botherin' you, call our little Nick with his "cock-shy," and let him take a shot at him. Any critter that finds out that all the world are rogues, and tells of the good things that he's agoin' for to do, generally overlooks the biggest rogue of all, and that's himself. Oh! Gaspareaux for ever! he's the man for your money, and no mistake. Well, said Nicholas, I believe you're half right. Aylesford did promise a shillin' a bushel bounty on potatoes tho', but I believe he lied wrier still. I'll take your advice,—I feel quite encouraged now. If you'd like a coal to light your cigar by, said he, I'll step in here and get you one. Thank you, said Mr. Slick; I have no occasion for one gist now. Well, I believe I'll drop in and light a pipe there myself then, anyhow. Good-b'ye—I feel quite encouraged now.

Oh dear! said the clockmaker, what a good-natured, good-for-nothin' simple toad that is. I suppose when the sheriff takes the vote of such critters, he flatters himself he takes the sense of the county. What a difference between him and Horton! The one is a lazy, idle critter, wanderin' about talkin' politics, or amusin' rabbits, catchin' eels, or shootin' hawks, and neglectin' his work, and a pretty kettle of fish he's made of it. The other, a careful, steady-goin', industrious man, that leaves politics to them as likes dabblin' in troubled waters, and attends steadily to his business, and he's a credit to his country.

Yes, too much land is the ruin of us all this side of the water. Afore I went to England I used to think that the unequal divisions of property there, and the system of landlord and tenant, was a curse to the country, and that there was more dignity and freedom to the individual, and more benefit to the nation, for every man to own the land he cultivated, as with us. But I've changed my mind; I see it's the cause of the high state of cultivation in England, and the prosperity of its agriculture. If the great men had the land in their own hands there, every now and then an improvident one would skin the soil, and run it out; leavin' it to others he can't do it himself, and he takes plaguy good care by his lease his tenant shan't do it neither. Well then, there he is, with

his capital to make great improvements, substantial repairs, and so on, and things are pushed up to perfection.

In Nova Scotia there are hundreds and thousands that would be better off as tenants, if they would but only think so. When a chap spends all his money in buying lands, and mortgages them to pay the rest of the price, he can't able to stock his farm, and work it properly; and he labours like a nigger all his life, and dies poor at last, while the land gets run out in his hands, and is no good for ever after. Now if he was to hire the farm, the money that he paid for the purchase would stock it complete, enable him to hire labour,—to wait for markets,—to buy up cattle cheap, and to sell them to advantage. He'd make money hand over hand, while he'd throw the cost of all repairs and improvements on the owner. But you might talk till you were grey-headed, and you wouldn't persuade folks of that in this country. The glorious privilege of having a vote, to give to some gentry of a member, carries the day. Well may they call it a dear privilege that, for it keeps them poor to their dyin' day. No, squire, your system of landlord and tenant is the best for the farmer, and the best for the nation. There never can be a high state of general cultivation without it. Agriculture wants the labour of the farmer and the money of the capitalist,—both must go hand in hand. When it is left to the farmer alone, it must dwindle for want of means—and the country must dwindle too. A nation, even if it is as big as our great one, if it has no general system of landlord and tenant adopted in it, must run out. We are undergoin' that process now. I'm most plaggy afraid we shall run out; that's a fact. A country is but a large estate at best;—and if it is badly tilled and hard cropped, it must, in the end, present the melancholy spectacle of a great exhausted farm. That's quite encouragin' now, as Nick Bradshaw says,—ain't it?

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

Do you ever drink any Thames water, squire? said the Clockmaker; because it is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland, in the hair speculation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to press us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Squire, it does make the best water in the world—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too; it ferments, works off the scum, clarifies itself, and beats all water;—and yet look at all them are sewers, and drains, and dye stuffs, and factory-wash, and conventions that are poured into it;—it beats the 'bogs, don't it? Well squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outpourings of the world,—homicides and regicides,—jail-birds and galley-birds,—poor-house chaps and workhouse chaps,—rebels, infidels, and rogues,—ragues of all sorts, stags, and degenerates,—but it ferments, you see, and works clear; and what a'wont a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make,—don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor limy enough to stir up the bykers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chafe the skin,—but gist the thing; that's a fact. I wish to gracious you'd come and see for yourself. I'd go with you and cost you nothin'. I'd take a prospectus of a new work and get subscribers; take a pattern book of the Lowell factories for orders; and speculate a little by the way, so as to clear my shot wherever we went.

You must see for yourself,—you can't learn nothin' from books. I have read all the travels in America, and there ain't one that's worth a cent. They don't understand us. They remind me of a lawyer examinin' of a witness; he don't want either the truth, the whole truth, or nothin' but the truth, but he wants to pick out of him gist so much as will prove his case, d'ye see, and would like him to keep dark about the rest; puts artful questions to him on purpose to get an answer to suit him; stops him when he talks too fast, leads him when

he goes too slow, praises his own witness as sky high, and abuses the other side for lyin', equivocatin', perjured villains. That's gist the case with English travellers; instead of lookin' all round and seein' into things first, and then comin' to an opinion, they make up their minds afore they come, and then look for facts to support their views. First comes a great high tory, and a republic smells so bad in his nostrils, he's got his nose curl'd up like a pug-nose dog all thro' his journey. He sees no established church, and he swears there's no religion; and he sees no lively helos, and he says it's all vulgar; and if he sees a citizen spit, he jumps a one side as scared as if it war a rifle agoin' off. Then comes a radical, (and these English radicals are cantankerous-lookin' critters—that's a fact,—as sour as vinegar, and lookin' as cross and as hungry as a bear gist starved out in the spring,) and they say we have the slavery of opinion here; that our preachers want moral courage, and that our great cities are cursed with the aristocracy of wealth. There is no pleasur' either on 'em. Then come what minister used to call the Optimists, a set of folks, who talk you deaf about the perfectibility of human nature; that men, like caterpillars, will all turn into beautiful critters with wings like butterflies,—a sort of grub angels;—that our great nation is a paradise, and our folks agittin' out o' the chrysalis state into somethin' divine.

I seldom or never talk to none o' them, unless it be to harm 'em. They think they know every thing, and all they got to do is, to up Hudson like a shot, into the lakes full split, off to Mississippi and down to New Orleans full chest, back to New York and up Kileck, and home in a liner, and write a book. They have a whole stock of notes. Spittin'—gougin',—lyacin',—burnin' alive,—steam-boats blowed up,—snags,—slavery,—stealin'—Taxes,—state prisons,—men talk slow,—women talk loud,—boos walk fast,—what is steam-boats and stage-coaches,—amalgams, and so on. Then out comes a book. If its a tory writer it, then the tory papers say it's the best pictur' they have seen;—lively, interestin', intelligent. If a radical, then radical papers say it is a very philosophical work, (whenever a feller gets over his head in it, and can't understand nothin', he's deep in philosophy, that chap,) statesman-like view, able work, throws great light on the politics of the day. I wouldn't give a chew of tobacco for the books of all o' 'em tied up and put into a meg-bag together.

Our folks serve 'em as the Indians used to serve the galls.

down to Squamscott in old pilgrim times. The curlew' critters used to make a sort o' fish flakes, and catch herrin' and tom cods, and such sort o' fish, and put 'em on the flakes, and then crawl under themselves, and as soon as the gulls lighted to eat the fish, catch hold o' their legs and pull 'em then'. After, that, whenever the feller was made a fool on and took in, they used to say he was gulled. Well, if our folks don't gull them British travellers, it's a pity. They do make proper fools on 'em; that's a fact.

Your squire last, I met an English gull a travellin' in a steam-boat; she had a French name that I can't recollect, tho' I got it on the tip o' my tongue too; you know who I mean—she wrote books on economy,—not domestic economy, as gulls ought, but on political economy, as gulls oughten, for they don't know nothin' about it. She had a trumpet in her hand,—thinks I, who on airth is she again to hail, or is she again' to try echoes on the river? I watched her for some time, and I found it was an ear trumpet.

Well, well, says I, that's unlike most English travellers any way, for in a girceal way they wear magnifying glasses, and do enlarge things so, a body don't know 'em again when he sees 'em. Now, this gull won't hear one half that's said, and will get that half wrong, and so it turned out. Says she to me, beautiful country this Mr. Slick; says she, I'm transported. Transported, said I, why, what under the sun did you do to home to get transported?—but she larked right out like any thing; delighted, I mean, said she, it's so beautiful. It is splendid, said I, no doubt; there ain't the best of it to be found any where. Oh! said she, what views, what scenery, what woods, what a river! how I should like to soar away up with that air eagle into the blue sky, and see all its beauties spread out afore me like a map! How grand—every thing is on a grand scale! Have you seen the Kentuckians? said I. Not yet, said she. Stop then, said I, till you see them. They are on a scale that will please you, I guess; whopping big fellows there, I tell you; half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the earthquakes. I wasn't a talking of the men, said she, 'tis the beauties of natur' I was admiring. Well, said I, once on a time I used to admire the beauties of natur' too, but I got cured of that. Sit down on this bench, said she, and tell me how it was;—these kind o' anecdotes serve to illustrate the "moral of fella'!" Thinks I, this is philosophy now, "moral of fella'!" Well if the mosquitoes don't illustrate your

moral of feeling for you, some of these nights, I'm mistaken. Very immoral fellows, those 'skaters.

Well, said I, my first tower in the Clock-trade was up Canfield way, and I was the first ever went up Huxon with clocks. When I reached our fort, at Gristed, who did I find there as commander of the party, but the son of an old American hero, a sargeant at Bunker's Hill. Well, hein' the son of an old veteran hero myself, it made quite a fellowship between us, like. He bought a clock of me, and invited me to stay with him till a vessel arrived for Michigan. Well, in the afternoon, we went for to take tea with a gentleman that had settled near the fort, and things were set out in an arbour, surrounded with honeysuckle, and Isabella grape, and what not; there was a view of the fort from it, and that elegant lake and endless forest; it was lovely—tha't a fact; and the birds flaked round the place, lighted on it, and sung so sweet,—I thought it was the most romantic thing I ever used since I was a created glazer. So said I to his wife, (a German lady from one of the emigrant ships,) I prefer, said I, your band of birds to the Bowery band of New York, by a long chalk; it's natur's music, it's most delightful, it's splendid! Funder off, said she, I like 'em more better hush scener; for the nasty, dirty fiends they fit in the tay and doushaker; look there, she said, tha'ts de tired cup now spite. Lord, it made me sick! I never had any romance in me ater that.

Here the English goll turned round and looked at me for a space quite hard. Said she, you are a humorous people, Mr. Slick; you resemble the Irish very much,—you remind me greatly of that lively, light-hearted, agreeable people. Thank you, said I, marra, for that compliment; we are generally thought to resemble each other very much, both in looks and dress; there's often great mistakes made when they first land from the Libanosa.

After a considerable of a pause, she said, This must be a religious country, said she, ain't it? for religion is the "highest fact in man's sight, and the root of all democracy." If religion is the root of democracy, said I, it bears some strange fruit sometimes, as the man said of the pine-tree the five gunblers were Lynched up to Vixburg. I'm glad to see, said she, you have no establishment—it's an incubus—a dead weight—a nightmare. I ain't able, said I; I can't afford it no now; and besides, said I, I can't get no one to have me. Them that I would have won't have me, and them that would

have me, the devil wouldn't have, so I don't see as I'm like to be troubled with a nightmare for one while. I don't mean that, said she, laughin'; I mean an Established Church. Oh! an Established Church, said I; now I understand; *fit*! When I hear ladies talk of establishments, I always think they have matrimony in their heads. The truth is, squire, I don't like to hear English people come out here, and abuse their church; they've got a church and throw under it, and a national character under it, for honour and upright dealing, such as no other people in Europe have; indeed, I could tell you of some folks who have to call their goods English to get them off in a foreign land at all. The name sells 'em. You may boast of this tree or that tree, and call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, but give me the tree that bears the best fruit, I say.

A church must be paid, and the roads don't much signify; at any rate, it ain't for them to abuse it, tho' other folks may choose to copy it, or let it alone, as it convenes them. Your people, said she, are in advance of the clergy; your ministers are half men, half women, with a touch of the needle. You'd be better without 'em; their parochial visits do more harm than good. In that last remark, said I, I concur; for if there's a gall in their vicinity, with a good fortin', they'd sweep her up at once; a fellow has no chance with 'em. One on 'em did brother Eddad out of one hundred thousand dollars that way. I don't speak of that, said she, rather short like; but they haven't moral courage. They are not bold sheepstealers, but timid sheep; they don't preach abolition, they don't meddle with public rights. As to that, said I, they don't think it right to hustle on the crisis, to preach up a servile war, to encourage the blacks to cut their masters' throats; they think it a dangerous subject any way; and besides, said I, they have scruples o' conscience if they ought to stir in it at all. These matters are state rights, or state wrongs, if you please, and our Northern States have no more right to interfere in 'em than they have to interfere in the affairs of any other independent sovereign state in Europe. So I don't blame ministers much for that, after all,—as comes now. In England, says I, you maintain that they ought not to meddle with public rights, and call 'em political priests, and all that sort o' thing, and here you abuse 'em for not meddling with 'app; call 'em cowardly, dumb dogs, slaves to public opinion, and what not. There's no plannin' some folks.

As to religion, says I, bein' the "root of democracy," it's the root of monarchy too, and all governments, or ought to be; and there ain't that wide difference arter all between the two countries some folks think on. Government here, both in theory and practice, resides with the people; and religion 'is under the care of the real government. With you, government is in the executive, and religion is in the hands of the government there. Church and state are to a certain extent connected therefore in both. The difference with us is, we don't prefer one and establish it, and don't render its support compulsory. Better, perhaps, if we did, for it burns pretty near out sometimes here, and has to be brought to by revivals and camp-meetings, and all sorts of excitements; and when it does come to, it don't give a steady clear light for some time, but spits and spatters and cracks like a candle that's got a drop o' water on the wick. It don't seem kinder rational, neither, that screamin' and screochin', and boopin' and hol-lerin', like peaset, and tumblin' into fairin's, and fits, and swoons, and what not.

I don't like *preachin'* to the nerves *instead of the judgment*.—I recollect a lady once, tho' converted by preachin' to her nerves, that was an altered woman all the rest o' her days. How was that? said she; these stories illustrate the "science of religion." I like to hear them. There was a lady, said I, (and I thought I'd give her a story for her book,) that tried to rule her husband a little tighter than was agreeable,—meddlin' with things she didn't understand, and dicatin' in matters of politics and religion, and every thing a'most. So one day her husband had got up considerable airy in the mornin', and went out and got a tailor, and brought him into his wife's bedroom afore she was out o' bed:—"Measure that woman," said he, "for a pair of breeches; she's determined to wear 'em, and I'm resolved folks shall know it," and he shook the corkskin over the tailor's head to show him he intended to be obeyed. It cured her,—she begged, and pined, and cried, and promised obedience to her husband. He spared her, but it effluanted a cure. Now that's what I call *preachin'* to the nerves: Lord, how she would have kicked and squaled if the tailor had a——. A very good story, said she, showin' and movin' a little, so as not to hear about the messagin',—a very good story indeed.

If you was to reverse that maxim o' yours, said I, and say democracy is too often found at the root of religion, you'd be

nearer the mark, I reckon. I knew a case once exactly in point. Do tell it to me, said she; it will illustrate "the spirit of religion." Yes, said I, and illustrate your book too, if you are a writin' one, as most English travellers do. Our congregation, said I, at Hickville, contained most of the wealthy and respectable folk there, and a most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an elder, and a body of the upper-crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience; found out all at once they had been adrift since all their lives, and join'd another church as different from our'n in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to show their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these folks give him; and to show his zeal for them the next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he, my brother'n, said he, I beg you won't sit down any more on the side seats, for there be gentlemen there now. Gist turn your heads, my able friends, and let go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backery. Well, the niggers scowled; they said, it was an infringement on their rights, on their privileges of spittin', as freemen, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body. "Democracy," said they, "is the root of religion."

Is that a fact? said she. No mistake, said I; I seed it myself; I know 'em all. Well, it's a curious fact, said she, and very illustrative. It illustrates the universality of spittin', and the universality of democracy. It's characteristic. I have no fear of a people whose the right of spittin' is hold sacred from the interminable assaults of priestcraft." She laid down her trumpet, and took out her pocket-book and began to write it down. She swaller'd it all. I have seen her book since, it's gist what I expected from her. The chapter on religion strikes at the root of all religion; and the effects of such doctrines are exhibited in the gross slander she has written ag'in her own sex in the States, from whom she received nothing but kindness and hospitality. I don't call that pretty at all; it's enough to drive hospitality out of the land.

I know what you allude to, said I, and fully concur with you in opinion, that it is a gross abominable slander, adopted on insufficient authority, and the more abominable from coming from a woman. Our church may be aristocratic; but if

it is, it teaches good manners, and a regard for the decencies of life. Had she listened more to the regular clergy, and less to the modern illuminati, she might have learned a little of that charity which induces us to think well of others, and to speak ill of none. It certainly was a great outrage, and I am sorry that outrage was perpetrated by an Englishwoman. I am proper glad you agree with me, squire, said he; but come and see for yourself, and I will explain matters to you; for without some one to let you into things you won't understand us. I'll take great pleasure in bein' your guide, for I must say I like your conversation.—How singular this is! to the natural reserve of my country, I add an uncommon taciturnity; but this peculiar adaptation to listening has every where established for me that rare, but most desirable reputation, of being a good companion. It is evident, therefore, that listeners are everywhere more scarce than talkers, and are valued accordingly. Indeed, without them, what would become of the talkers!

Yes, I like your conversation, said the clockmaker (who the reader must have observed has had all the talk to himself). We are like the Chinese; they have two languages, the written language and the spoken language. Strangers only get as far as the spoken one; but all secret affairs of religion and government are sealed up in the written one; they can't make nothin' of it. That's jist the case with us; we have two languages, one for strangers, and one for ourselves. A stranger must know this, or he's all adrift. We've got our own difficulties, our own doubts, our own troubles, as well as other folks,—it would be strange if we hadn't; but we don't choose to blurt 'em all out to the world.

Look at our President's Message last year; he said, we was the most prosperous nation on the face of the earth, peace and plenty spreadin' over the land, and more wealth than we know'd how to spend. At that very time we was on the point of national bankruptcy. He said, the great fire at New York didn't cause one failure; good reason why, the goods were all owned at London and Lyons, and the failures took place there, and not here. Our President said on that occasion, our maxim is, "do no wrong, and suffer no insult." Well, at that very time our general was marchin' into the Mexican territory, and our people off South, boarded Texas and took it,—and our folks down North-east were ready to do the same neighbourly act to Canada, only waitin' for Napoleon to say, "All ready."

He boasted we had no national debt, but a large surplus revenue in the public chest, and yet, add up the public debt of each separate state, and see what a whoppin' large one that makes. We don't entertain strangers, no the English do, with the troubles of our household and the bother our servants give us; we think it ain't hospitable, nor polished, nor even good manners; we keep that for the written language among ourselves. If you don't believe my word, go and ask the Britisher that was at Mr. Madison's court when the last war broke out—he was the only man in Washington that know'd nothing about it—he didn't understand the language. I guess you may go and pick up your duds and go home, said Mr. Madison to him one day, when he called there to the lover. Go home! said he, and he wrinkled up his forehead, and drew up his eyelids, as much as to say, I estimate you are mad, ain't you? Go home! said he. What for? Why, said he, I reckon we are at war. At war! said the Englishman; why, you don't say so? there can't be a word of truth in the report: my dispatches say nothin' of it. Perhaps not, said the President, quite cool, (only a slight twitch of his mouth showed how he would like to haw, haw, right out, only it warn't decent,) perhaps not, but I presume I declared war yesterday, when you was engaged a playin' of a game at chess with Mrs. Madison. Folks say they really pined him, he looked so taken aback, so staggered, so completely dumfounded. No, when I say you can't make us out, you always laugh; but it's true you can't without an interpreter. We speak the English language and the American language; you must learn the American language, if you want to understand the American people.

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CHAPTER VI.

ELECTIVE COUNCILS.

What would be the effect, Mr. Slick, said I, of elective councils in this country, if government would consent to make the experiment? Why, that's a thing, said he, you can't do in your form of government, tryin' an experiment, tho' we can; you can't give the word of command, if it turns out a laughin' piece of business, that they use in militia trainin',—“as you were.” It's different with us—we can,—our govern-

ment is a democracy,—all power is in the people at large; we can go on and change from one thing to another, and try any experiment we choose, as often as we like, for all changes have the like result, of leavin' the power in the same place and the same hands. But you must know beforehand how it will work in your mixed government, and shouldn't make no change you ain't sure about. What good would an elective council be? It is thought it would give the upper branches, said I, more consistency of feeling, more sympathy, and more weight with the country at large; that being selected by the people, the people would have more confidence in them, and that more efficient and more suitable men would be chosen by the freeholders than by the crown. You would gist get the identical same sort o' critters, said he, in the end, as the members of Assembly, if they were elected, and no better; they would be selected by the same judges of horse-flesh as t'other, and chose out o' the same flock. It would be the same breed o' cattle at best. But, said I, you forget that it is proposed to raise the qualification of the voters from forty shillings to forty pounds per year; whereby you would have a better class of electors, and insure a better selection. Gist you try it, said he, and there would be an end to the popular ransoms in the House of Assembly to extend the suffrage—for every thing that gives power to numbers, will curry numbers, and be popular, and every feller who lived on excitement, would be far overlastin'ly auginatin' of it, Candidate, Shengwanger, and Member. You'd have no peace, you'd be for ever on the move as our citizens are to New York, and they move into a new house every first o' May-day. If there be any good in that are Council at all, it is in their bein' placed above popular excitement, and subject to no influence but that of reason, and the fitness of things: chaps that have a considerable stake in the country, and don't buy their seats by pledges and promises, pledges that half the time ruin the country if they are kept, and always ruin the man that breaks 'em. It's better as it is in the hands of the government. It's a safety-valve now, to let off the fume, and steam, and vapour, generated by the heat of the lower House. If you makes that branch elective you put the government right into the gap, and all difference of opinion, instead of bein' between the two branches as it is now, (that is, in fact, between the people themselves,) would then occur in all cases between the people and the governor. Afore long that would either seal up the

voices of the executive, so that they don't call their souls their own, or make 'em unpopular, and whenever the executive once fairly gets into that are pickle, there's an end of the colony, and a declaration of independence would soon follow. Papineau knows that, and that's the reason he's so hot for it,—he knows what it would lead to in the end. That critter may want ginger, for ought I know; but he don't want for gumption you may depend. *Efficient councils* are inconsistent with colonial dependence. It's takin' away the crane that holds up the pot from the fire, to keep it from boilin' over, and clappin' it right on the hot coals: what a gallopin' ball it would soon come into, wouldn't it? In all raised governments, like you'n, the true rule is never to interfere with pop'lar rights established. Amend what is wrong, concede what is right, and do what is just always; but preserve the balance of the constitution for your life. One pound weight only taken off the executive, and put on t'other end, is like a shift of the weight on a well-balanced plank till it won't play true no more, but keeps a slidin' and a slidin' down by both and leads to the heaviest end, till it all stays down to one side, and won't work no longer. It's a system of checks now, but when all the checks run together, and make only one weight, they'll do us our senate did once (for that ain't no check no more)—it actilly passed that cursed embargo law of Jefferson's that ruined our trade, rotted our shippin', and bankrupted the whole nation, arter it comes up from the House of Representatives through all its three readin's in four hours; I hope I may be skinned if it didn't. It did, I swear. That's the beauty of havin' two bodies to look at things thro' only one spyglass, and blow bulldoz thro' one pipe. There's no appeal, no redress, in that case, and what's more, when one party gives riders to both houses, they ride over you like wind, and tread you right under foot, as arbitrary as the old Scotch himself. There's no tyranny as airt as equal to the tyranny of a majority; you can't form no notion of it unless you seed it. Just see how they served them chaps to Baltimore last war, General Lingan and thirty other fellows that had the impudence to say they didn't approve of the doin's of the administration; they got lynched 'em and stoned 'em to death like dogs.

We find among us the greatest democrats are the greatest tyrants. No, squire: repair, amend, enlarge, ventilate, modernize a little too, if you like, your structure; put new roof, new porch, windows and doors, fresh paint and shingle it, make

it more attractive and pleasant to inhabit, and of course it will be more valuable;—but do you leave the foundation alone—don't you meddle with the frame, the beams, and girts for your life, or it will spread, bulge out, look like the devil, and come to pieces some o' these stormy nights about your ears as sure as you are born. *Make no organic changes.* There are quacks in politics, squires, as well as in medicine,—critters who have universal pills to cure all sorts o' diseases; and many's the constitution, human and politic, they've flat atween them. There's no knowin' the gripes and pains and colics they've caused; and the worst of it is, the poor devils that get in their hands, when they are on the broad of their backs can't help themselves, but turn up the whites of their eyes, and say, Oh dear! I'm very bad: how will it go? Go, says they: why, like a housewife,—full spilt,—goin' on grandly,—couldn't do no better,—jist what was expected. You'd have a new constitution, strong as a lion: oh! goin' on grandly. Well, I don't know, says the unfortunate critter; but I feels a plaguy sight more like goin' off than goin' on, I tell you. Then comes spickin o' the bed-clothes, a clammy sweat, cold feet, the hiccup, rattles, and death. Barro jins right, says quack; the cursed fool has had doctors too long about him in former days, and they sopped his constitution, and fed his flint for him: why didn't he call me in sooner? The consoled was thought he knowed every thing, and didn't fiddle out all my prescriptions; one comfort, though—his estate shall pay for it, I vow. Yes, squire, and that is the pity, win or lose, live or die, the estate does pay for it—that's a fact; and what's worse, too, many an 'em care more about dividin' the spoil than effortin' the cure, by a long chalk.

There's always some jugglery or quackery agoin' on every where 'most. It puts me in mind of the Wilnot springs.—One of the greatest dams I ever heerd tell of in this province, was brought out hereabouts in Wilnot, and succeeded for a space beyond all calculation. Our sea serpent was no touch to it,—and that was a grand stomachick speculation too, for a nation sight of folks went from Boston down to Providence and back ag'in, on purpose to see the serpent in the boat that first spoke it out to sea. But then they were all pleasure's parties, young folks takin' a trip by water, instead of a quartin' frolic to shore. It gave the galls somethin' to talk about and to do, to strain their little eyes through the captain's great spy-glass, to see their natural enemy, the serpent; and you

may depend they had all the curiosity of old Marm Eve too. It was all young hearts and young eyes, and pretty ones they were, I tell you. But this here Wilson wonder was sort of a funeral affair, an odd and ugly assortment, a kind of Irish wake, part dead and part alive, where one half groaned with sorrow and pain, and t'other half groined to keep 'em company,—a real, right down genuine hysterical frolic, near about as much cryin' as laughin',—it beat all natur'. I believe they actilly did good in various cases, in proper doses with proper diet; and in some future day, in more knowin' hands they will come into vogue ag'in, and make a good speculation; but I have always observed when an article is once run down, and folks find out that it has got more puffin' than it deserves, they don't give it no credit at all, and it is a long time afore it comes round agin. The Wilson springs are situated on the right there, away up, under that mountain a-head on us. They sartainly did make a wonderful good noise three years ago. If the pool of Saloom had been there, it couldn't stand a greater crowd o' cures about it. The lame and maimed, the consumptive and dropical, the cancerous and leprous, the old drunkard and the young rakes, the barren wife and sick maid, the larkin' catholic and sour sectary, high and low, rich and poor, black and white, folks of all ages, sexes, and degrees, were assembled there adrinkin', horkin', and awandin' in the waters, and carryin' off the mud for positions and plasters. It killed some, and cured some, and sho'd a nation sight of folks. Down at the mouth of the spring, where it discharges into a stream, there is a soft bottom, and there you'd see a feller standing with one leg stuck in the mud; another lying on a plank, with an arm shoved into the same up to the shoulder; a third sittin' down, with a mass o' mould like a gypsum cast on his head; others with naked feet spotted all over with the clay, to cure corns; and these grouped ag'in here with an unfortunate feller with a stiff arm, who could only thrust in his elbow; and there with another sittin' on a chair adanglin' his feet in the mire to cure the rheumatis; while a third, stuck up to his ribs, had a man apourin' water on his head for an eruption, as a gard'ner waters a transplanted cabbage-plant, all declarin' they felt better, and wonderin' it had'n't been found out afore. It was horrid, I tell you, to see folks makin' such fools of themselves.

If that are spring had belonged to an American citizen, that had made such an everlasting' tows about it, folks would have

said they calked it was a Yankee trick; as it was, they set each other on, and every critter that came home from it sent half a dozen neighbours off,—so none on 'em could lark at each other. The road was acilly covered with people. I saw one old goney, seventy years of age, stuck in a gig between two mattresses, like a cushion of motion between two holes of wool in a countryman's cart. The old feller was again' to be made young, and to be married when he returned to home. Folks believed every thing they heard of it. They acilly recalled a story that a British officer that had a cork leg larked there, and the flesh grew on it, so that no soul could tell the difference between it and the natural one. They believed the age of miracles had come; so a feller took a dead pig and throw'd it in, sayin' who know'd as it cured the half dead, that it wouldn't go the whole hog. That joke flat the Wilmet springs: it turned the lark against 'em; and it was lucky it did, for they were findin' springs jist like 'em every where. Every good the pigs had ryled was tasted, and if it was too bad for the stomach, it was pronounced medicinal. The nearest doctor wrote an account of it for the newspapers, and said it had sulphur saltpetre in it, and that the mud when dried would make good powder, quite good enough to blow gypsum and shoot us Yankees. At last they exploded spontaneous, the sulphur, saltpetre, and burnt brains went off themselves, and nothin' has ever been since heard of the Wilmet springs.

It's pretty much the case in politics; folks have always some bubble or another,—some elective council,—private ballot,—short parliaments,—or some pill or another to cure all political evils in nature; with quacks enough to cry 'em up, and interested quacks also, who make their nest out of 'em, when people get tired of them and their pills too. There was a time when there was too many public officers in your council here, but they've died off, or moved off, and too many of 'em lived to Halifax, and too few of 'em in the country, and folks thought a new deal would give 'em more fair play. Well, they've got a new deal now, and new cards. So far so good. A change of men is no great matter—nature is a changin' of 'em all the time if government don't. But the constitution is another thing. You can't take out the vintu and put in new ones, as you can in a watch-case, with any great chance of success, as ever I heard tell of. I've seen some most beautiful operations performed, too, by brother

Eldad, where the patients lived thro' 'em,—and he got a plaguy sight of credit for 'em,—but they all died a few days arterwards. Why, 'Dad, says I, what is natur' is the good o' them are operations, and puttin' the poor critters to all that pain and misery, and their estate to so much expense, if it don't do 'em no good!—for it seems to me that they all do go for it; that's certain.

Well, it was a dreadful pretty operation tho', Sam, warn't it? he'd say; but the critter was desperate sick and pesterously weak; I ruddy was e'en a'most afeerd I shouldn't carry him thro' it. But what's the use on it at last, when it kills 'em? said I; for you see they do slip thro' your fingers in the end. A feller, says he, Sam, that's considerable slippery all his life, may be a little slippery towards the end o' it, and there's no help for it, as I see;—but Sam, said he, with a jape o' the head, and a wink quite knowin', you ain't up to snuff yet, I see. It don't kill 'em if they don't die under the knife; if you can carry 'em thro' the operation, and they die next day, they always die of som'thin' else, and the doctor is a made man for ever and a day arterwards, too. Do you apprehend now, my boy? Yes, says I, I apprehend there are tricks in other trades, as well as the clock trade; only some on 'em ain't quite so innocent, and there's some I wouldn't like to play I know. No, said he, I suppose not; and then here-hurin' right out—how odd we are, Sam, ain't we? said he.

Yes, preserve the principle of the mechanism of your constitution, for it ain't a bad one, and preserve the balance, and the rest you can improve on without endangerin' the whole engin'. One thing too is certain,—a power imprudently given to the executive, or to the people, is seldom or never got back. I ain't been to England since your Reform Bill passed, but some folks do say it works complete, that it goes as easy as a loaded wagon down hill, full ahead. Now suppose that bill was found to be atherin' of the balance, so that the constitution couldn't work many years longer, without atherin' to a dead wood, could you repeal it? and say "as you were"? Let a bird out o' your hand and try to catch it ag'in, will you? No, says he, said the Clockmaker, you have laws a regulatin' of quack doctors, but none a regulatin' of quack politicians: now a quack doctor is bad enough, and dangerous enough, gracious knows, but a quack politician is a devil out-lawed,—that's a fact.

CHAPTER VII.

SLAVERY.

THE road from Kentville to Wilmet passes over an extensive and dreary sand plain, equally disagreeing to man and horse, and after three hours' hard dragging on this heavy road, we looked out anxiously for an inn to rest and refresh our gallant "Clay."

There it is, said Mr. Slick; you'll know it by that high post, on which they have jibbed one of their governors shambuck as a sign. The first night I stopd there, I vow I couldn't sleep a wink for the creakin' of it, as it swung backwards and forwards in the wind. It sounded so natural like, that I couldn't help thinkin' it was a real man hang in chains there. It put rill in mind of the slave to Charleston, that was strung up for pyramin' his master and mistress. When we drove up to the door, a black man came out of the stable, and took the horse by the head in a listless and reluctant manner, but his attention was shortly awakened by the animal, whom he soon began to examine attentively. Hish don't look like blue nose, said blacky,—startin' him stranger. Fine critter, dat, by gosh, no mistake.

From the horse his eye wandered to us; when, slowly quitting his hold of the bridle, and stretching out his head, and stepping anxiously and cautiously round to where the Clockmaker was standing, he suddenly pulled off his hat, and throwing it up in the air, uttered one of the most piercing yells I think I ever heard, and throwing himself upon the ground, seized Mr. Slick round the legs with his arms. Oh, Massa Samny! Massa Samny! Oh, my Gor!—only tink old Scippy see you once more! How you do, Massa Samny! Gor Gernighty bless you! How you do! Why, who on earth are you? said the Clockmaker; what onder the sun do you mess by actin' so like a ravin' distracted fool! Get up this minute, and let me see who you be, or I'll give you a sock-dragger in the ear with my foot, as sure as you are born. Who be you, you nigger you? Oh, Massa Sam, you no recollect Old Scip,—Massa 'Slah's nigger boy? How's Massa Sy, and Missy Sy, and all our children, and all our folks to

our house to home! De dese little tily, de sweet little booty, de little misley baby. Oh, how I do lub 'em all!

In this manner the creature ran on, incoherently asking questions, sobbing, and blessing himself for having left so good a master, and so comfortable a home. How is dat black villain, dat Cato? he continued;—Mussa an hung him yet? He is sold, said Mr. Slick, and has gone to New Orleans, I guess. Oh, I glad, upon my soul, I wery glad; then he catch it, de dam black nigger—it serve him right. I hope dey cowskin him well—I glad of dat,—oh Ger! dat is good. I tink I see him, de ugly brute. I hope they lay it into him well, dam him! I guess you'd better outbribe Old Clay, and not leave him standin' all day in the sun, said Mr. Slick. O goody goody, yee, said the overjoyed negro, dat I will, and rub him down too till him all dry as bone,—datel a wet hair left. Oh, only tink, Massa Samary Slick,—Massa Samary Slick,—Scip see you again!

The Clockmaker accompanied him to the stable, and there gratified the curiosity of that affectionate creature by answering all his inquiries after his master's family, and the state of the plantation and the slaves. It appears that he had been inveigled away by the mate of a Boston vessel that was loading at his master's estate; and, notwithstanding all the sweets attending a state of liberty, was unhappy under the influence of a cold climate, hard labour, and the absence of all that real sympathy, which, notwithstanding the rod of the master, exists nowhere but where there is a community of interests. He entreated Mr. Slick to take him into his employment, and vowed eternal fidelity to him and his family if he would receive him as a servant, and procure his manumission from his master.

This arrangement having been effected to the satisfaction of both parties, we proceeded on our journey, leaving the poor negro happy in the assurance that he would be sent to Slickville in the autumn. I feel provoked with that black rascal, said Mr. Slick, for bein' such a born fool as to run away from so good a master as Jewish, for he is as kind-hearted a critter as ever lived,—dat's a fact,—and a playgy covey wick to his niggers. I used to tell him, I guessed he was the only slave on his plantation, for he had to see arter every thin'; he had a dreadful sight more to do than they had. It was all work and no play with him. You forget, said I, that his labour was voluntary, and for his own benefit, while that of the

negro is compulsory, and productive of no advantage to himself. What do you think of the abolition of slavery in the United States? said I: the interest of the subject appears to have increased very much of late. Well, I don't know, said he,—what is your opinion? I ask, I replied, for information. It's a considerable of a snarl, that question, said he; I don't know as I ever unravelled it altogether, and I ain't got quite certain I can—it's not so easy as it looks. I recollect the English gail I met starvellin' in the steamboat, used me that same question. What do you think of slavery, said she, air? Slavery, marm, said I, is only fit for white lovers (and I made the old lady a scrap of the leg),—only fit, said I, for white lovers and black niggers. What an idea, said she, for a free man is a lord of freedom to utter! How that dreadful political evil demoralizes a people! how it deadens our feelin's, how it hardens the heart! Have you no pity for the blacks? said she; for you treat the subject with as much levity as if, to see one of the elegant and fashionable phrases of this country, you thought it all "in my eye." No marm, said I, with a very grave face, I haven't no pity at all for 'em, nor the least rule nor moresel in the world. How dreadful, said she, and she looked ready to expire with sentiment. No feelin' at all, said I, marm, for the blacks, but a great deal of feelin' for the whites, for instead of bein' all in my eye, it's all in my nose, to have them nasty, herid, fragrant critters, agoin' thro' the house like scent-bodies with the stoppers out, sparflemin' of it up, like skunks—it's dreadful! Oh! said I, it's enough to kill the poor critters. Pshaw! it makes me sick, it does. No; I keeps my pity for the poor whites, for they have the worst of it by a long chalk.

The constant contemplation of this painful subject, said she, destroys the vision, and its deformities are devoted of their horrors by their occurring so often as to become familiar. That, I said, Miss, is a just observation, and a profound and a sore one too—it is acutely founded in nature. I know a case in point, I said. What is it? said she, for she seemed mighty fond of anecdotes (she wanted 'em for her book, I guess, for travels without anecdotes is like a puddin' without plums—all dough). Why, said I, marm, father had an English cow, a pet cow too, and a beautiful critter she was, a brindled short-horn; he gave the matter of eighty dollars for her:—she was begot by——. Never mind her pedigree, said she. Well, says I, when the great eclipse was (you've heard tell how a

frightens cattle, haven't you? Brindle stared and stared at it so,—she lost her eye-sight, and she was as blind as a bat ever afterwards. I hope I may be shot if she warn't. Now, I guess, we that see more of slavery than you, are like Brindle; we have stared at it so long we can't see it as other folk do. You are a droll man, said she, very droll; but seriously, now, Mr. Stick, do you not think these unfortunate fellow-critters, our sable brothers, if unanticipated, educated, and civilized, are capable of as much refinement and as high a degree of polish as the whites? Well, said I, joking apart, miss,—there's no doubt on it. I've been considerable down South a-tradin' among the whites,—and a kind-hearted, respectable, liberal race o' men they be, as ever I was among—generous, frank, manly folks. Well, I seed a good deal of the niggers, too; it couldn't be otherwise. I must say your conclusion is a just one,—I could give you several instances; but there is one in particular that settles the question; I seed it myself with my own eyes to Charleston, South Car. Now, said she, that's what I like to hear; give me facts, said she, for I am no visionary, Mr. Stick; I don't build up a theory, and then go a-slookin' for facts to support it; but gather facts candidly and impartially, and then coolly and logically draw the inferences. Now tell me this instance which you think conclusive, for nothin' interests us English so much as what don't concern us; our West India emancipation has worked so well, and improved our islands so much, we are enchanted with the very word emancipation; it has a charm for English ears, beyond any thing you can conceive.—*Then islands will have spontaneous production afore long. But the refinement and polish of these interestin' critters the blacks,—your story if you please, sir.*

I have a younger brother, Miss, said I, that lives down to Charleston;—he's a lawyer by trade—Squire Josiah Stick; he is a considerable of a literary character. He's well known in the great world as the author of the Historical, Statistical, and Topographical account of Cuttyhunk, in five volumes; a work that has raised the reputation of American genius among foreign nations amazin', I assure you. He's quite a self-taught author too. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him. No, said she, adrowin' up her neck like a swan. You needn't look so scared, said I, marm, for he is a married man, and has one white wife and four white children, sixteen black ones— I wanted to hear, sir, said she, quite

unappily, of the negroes, and not of your brother and his domestic arrangements. Well, mam, said I; one day there was a dinner-party to Josiah's, and he made the same remark you did, and instance'd the rich black merchant of Philadelphia, which position was contradicted by some other gentlemen there; so 'Sick offered to bet one thousand dollars he could produce ten black gentlemen, who should be allowed, by good judges, to be more polished than any like number of whites that could be selected in the town of Charleston. Well, the bet was taken, the money staked, and a note made of the terms.

Next day at ten o'clock, the time fixed, Josiah had his ten niggers nicely dressed, paraded out in the streets a *factu'* of the sort, and brought his friends and the umpires to decide the bet. Well, when they got near 'em, they put their hands to their eyes and looked down to the ground, and the tears run down their cheeks like any thing. Whose cheeks! said she; black or white? this is very interestin'. Oh, the whites, to be sure, said I. Then, said she, I will record that mark of feelin' with great pleasure—I'll let the world know it. It does honour to their heads and hearts. But not to their eyes, tho', said I; they swore they couldn't see a bit. What the devil have you got there, 'Sick! says they; it has put our eyes out: damn them, how they shine! they look like black japons and tin-trays in the sun—it's blindin'—it's the devil, that's a fact. Are you satisfied? said 'By. Satisfied of what? says they; satisfied with bein' as blind as buzzards, eh? Satisfied of the high polish niggers are capable of, said Josiah: why shouldn't nigger hide, with lots of Day and Martin's blackin' on it, take as good a polish as cow hide, ah! Oh lord! if you'd heard what a roar of laughter there was, for all Charleston was there a'mout; what a hurra! and cheatin': it was grand fun. I went up and shook hands with Josiah, for I always liked a joke from a boy. Well done, 'By, says I; you've put the snake into 'em this black reel complot; its grand! But, says he, don't look so pleased, Sam; they are cussed rascals, and if we cross I'll have to fight every one on 'em, that's certain, for they are plaguy touchy them Southerners; fight for nothin' a'mout. But, Sam, said he, Connecticut ain't a bad school for a boy after all, is it? I could tell you fifty such stories, Miss, says I. She drew up rather stately. Thank you, sir, said she, that will do; I am not sure whether it is a joke of your brother's or a hoax of your'n, but whosoever it is, it has more practical wit than feelin' in it.

The truth is, said the Clockmaker, nothin' raises my dander more, than to hear English folks and our Eastern citizens walkin' about this subject that they don't understand, and have nothin' to do with. If such critters will go down South a meddlin' with things that don't concern 'em, they deserve what they catch. I don't mean to say I approve of lynchin', because that's horrid; but when a feller gets himself kicked, or his nose pulled, and learns how the cousin feels, I don't pity him one miscal. Our folks won't bear tamperin' with, as you Colonists do; we won't stand no nonsense. The subject is just a complete snarl; it's all tangled, and twisted, and knotted so, old Nick himself wouldn't unravel it. What with private rights, public rights, and State rights, feelin', expediency, and public safety, it's a considerable of a tough subject. The truth is, I ain't master of it myself. I'm no book man, I never was to college, and my time has been mostly spent in the clock trade and tooth business, and all I know is just a little I've picked up by the way. The tooth business, said I; what is that? do you mean to say you are a dentist? No, said he, laughin'; the tooth business is pickin' up experience. Wherever a feller is considerable cute with us, we say he has got his eye tooth, he's tolerable sharp; and the study of this I call the tooth business. Now I ain't able to lay it all down what I think as plain as brother Josiah can, but I have an idea there's a good deal in there, and that slavery is a word that frightens more than it hurts. It's some o' the branches or grafts of slavery that want cuttin' off. Take away corporal punishment from the masters and give it to the low, fished separatin' families and the right to compel marriage and other connexions, and you have slavery nothin' more than servitude in name, and somethin' quite as good in fact.

Every critter must work in this world, and a labourer is a slave; but the labourer only gets enough to live on from day to day, while the slave is traded in infancy, sickness, and old age, and has spare time enough given him to aim a good deal too. A married woman, if you come to that, is a slave, call her what you will, wife, woman, angel, arrogant, or devil, she's a slave; and if she happens to get the upper hand, the husband is a slave, and if he don't lead a worse life than any black nigger, when he's under petticoat government, then my name is not Sam Slick. I'm no advocate of slavery, equivo, nor are any of our folks; it's bad for the niggers, worse for

the masters, and a curse to any country; but we have got it, and the question is, what are we to do with it? Let them answer that know,—I don't pretend to be able to.

The subject was a disagreeable one, but it was a striking peculiarity of the Clockmaker's, that he never dwelt long upon any thing that was not a subject of national concern; he therefore very dexterously shifted both the subject and the scene of it to England, so as to furnish him with a retort, of which he was at all times exceedingly fond. I have heard tell, said he, that you British have 'mancipated your niggers. Yes, said I, thank God! slavery exists not in the British empire. Well, I take some credit to myself for that, said the Clockmaker; it was me that set that agoin' any way. You! said I, with the most unfeigned astonishment;—*you!* how could you, by any possibility be instrumental in that great national act? Well, I'll tell you, said he, tho' it's a considerable of a long story too. When I returned from Poland, via London, in the fair speculation of Jewish Green, I went down to Sheffield to execute a commission; I had to bring some master workmen to go out to America, and if I didn't fix 'em it's a pity. The others wouldn't go at no rate, without the most extravagant unreasonable wages, that no business could afford no more. Well, there was nothin' to be done but to agree to it; but things worked right in the long run: our folks soon learnt the business, and then they had to work for half nothin', or starve. It don't do to drive 'em hard a bargain always.

When I was down there a gentleman called on me one afternoon, one John Carter, by name, and says he, Mr. Slick, I've called to see you to make some inquiries about America; me and my friends think of emigratin' there. Happy, says I, to give you any information in my power, sir, and a respectable dish o' chat is what I do like most a manin',—(it's kind o' natural to me talkin' in. So we sat down and chatted away about our great nation all the afternoon and evenin', and him and me got as thick as two thieves afore we parted.—If you will be to home to-morrow evenin', says he, I will call again, if you will give me leave. Samin, says I, most happy.

Well, next evenin' he came ag'in; and in the course of talk, says he, I was born a quaker, Mr. Slick. Plenty o' 'em with us, says I, and well to do in the world too,—considerable stiff folks in their way them quakers,—you can't no more move 'em than a church steeple. I like the quakers, too, says

I, for there are worse folks than them again' in the world by a long cloft. Well, lately I've discented from 'em, says he.—Curious that too, says I. I was a thinkin' the beaver didn't shade the inner man quite as much as I have used it: but, says I, I live discent; it shows that a man has both a mind, and a conscience too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't discent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church always stands a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate creature that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that. A quaker is a very set man in his way; a discenter therefore from a quaker must be what I call a considerable of n——obstinate man, says he, laughin'. No, says I, not jist exactly that, but he must carry a pretty tolerable stiff upper lip, tho'—tho' that's a fact.

Well, says he, Mr. Slick, this country is an aristocratic country, a very aristocratic country indeed, and it taint easy for a man to push himself when he has no great friends or family interest; besides, if a man has more little talent—says he, (and he squeezed his chin between his forefinger and thumb, as much as to say, tho' I say it that should'n say it, I have a very tolerable share of it on any rate,) he has no opportunity of showin' by bringin' himself where the talent. Every avenue is filled. A man has no chance to come forward,—money won't do it, for that I have,— talent won't do it, for the opportunity is wantin'. I believe I'll go to the States, where all men are equal, and one has neither the trouble of showin' nor the vexation of failin'. Then you'd like to come forward in public life here, would you, said I, if you had a chance? I would, says he; that's the truth. Give me your hand then, says I, my friend, I've got an idea that will make your fortune. I'll put you in a truck that will make a man of you first, and a nobleman afterwards, as soon as that says thee. Walk into the niggers, says I, and they'll help you to walk into the whites, and they'll make you walk into parliament. Walk into the niggers! says he; and he sat and stared like a cat watchin' of a mouse-hole;—walk into the niggers!—what's that? I don't understand you.—Take up 'manicipation, says I, and work it up till it works you up; call meetin's and make speeches to 'em;—get up societies and make reports to 'em;—get up petitions to parliament, and get niggers to 'em. Enlist the women on your side, of all ages, wits, and decorations. Banish 'em first tho', for women

folks are poor fools till you get 'em up: but excite them, an- they'll go the whole figar,—wake up the whole country. It's a grand subject for it,—broken hearted slaves killin' them selves in despair, or dyin' a lingerin' death,—tick-minster's whip austin' into their flesh,—burnin' scars,—days o' toil—nights o' grief—potidential rice-grounds—chains—starvation—crucifixion and death,—grand figar's them for oratory, and make splendid speeches, if well put together.

Says you, such is the spirit of British freedom, that the moment a slave touches our sea-girt shores, his spirit burns its bonds; he stands 'emancipated, disenthralled, and liberated; his chains fall right off, and he walks in all the naked majesty of a great big black be nigger! It sounds Irish that, and Josiah used to say they come up to the Americans a'most in pure eloquence. It's grand, it's sublime that, you may depend. When you get 'em up to the right pitch, says you, we have no power in parliament; we must have abolition members. Certainly, says they, and who so fit as the good, the pious, the christian-like John Carter; up you are put then, and landed free gratis, head over heels, into parliament. When you are in the House o' Commons, at it ag'in, blue-jacket, for life. Some good men, some weak men, and a most a plaguy sight of hypocritical men will join you. Cant carries away always now. A large party in the House, and a wappin' large party out o' the house, must be kept quiet, conciliated, or whatever the right word is, and John Carter is made Lord Lansdown.

I see, I see, said he; a glorious prospect of doin' good, of aidin' my fellow mortals, of bein' useful in my generation. I hope for a more imperishable reward than a coronet,—the approbation of my own conscience. Well, well, says I to myself, if you ain't the most impudent as well as pharisaical villain that ever went onhang, then I never seed a finished rascal,—that's all. He took my advice, and went right at it, tooth and nail; worked day and night, and made a'most a doze of a sin. His name was in every paper;—a meetin' held here to-day,—that great and good man John Carter in the chair;—a meetin' held there to-morrow,—addressed most eloquently by that philanthropist, philosopher, and Christian, John Carter;—a society formed in one place, John Carter secretary;—a society formed in another place, John Carter president;—John Carter every where;—if you went to London, be handed you a subscription list,—if you went to Brigh-

ton, he met you with a petition,—if you went to Sheffield, he filled your pockets with tracts;—he was a complete *'pack-a'-lantern*, here and there, and every where. The last I heard tell of him was in parliament, and agoin' out governor-general of some of the colonies. I've seen a good many superfine saints in my time, squire, but this cuffer was the most oppercust one I ever seed,—he did beat all.

Yes, the English deserves some credit no doubt; but when you subtract electioneerin' party spirit, hypocrisy, ambition, ministerial flourishin', and all the underflow causes that operated in this work, which at best was but shamely contrived, and laughin'ly executed, it don't leave so much to brag on after all, does it now?

CHAPTER VIII.

TALKING LATIN.

Do you see there are country galls there, said Mr. Stick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nine's, a *mincein'* along with parrots in their hands, as if they were afeard the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their faces, like a printed cotton blind? Well, that's just the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty, the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't; they live too extravagant, and dress too extravagant, and won't do what's the only thing that will supply this extravagance: that is, be industrious. Gist go into one of the north's houses, back here in the woods, where there ought to be nothin' but homespun cloth, and home-made stuffs and bonnets, and see the lighouses and palm-trees, and silks and shalleys, muscous, graces, and blonds, ramscbled there, enough to buy the best fern in the settlement. There's *somethin'* not altogether gist right in this; and the worst of these habits is, they ruin the young folks, and they grow up as big gomeys as the old ones, and owd in the same way, by bein' half-starved at last; there's a false pride, *false fashion*, and false education here. I mind once, I was

down this way to Canada, a vendin' o' my clocks, and who should I overtake but Nabal Green, apokin' along in his wagon, half-loaded with notions from the retail shops, at the cross roads. Why, Nabal, said I, are you agoin' to set up for a merchant, for I see you've got a considerable of an assortment of goods there! you've got enough o' them to make a pedlar's fortune w'unst. Who's dead, and what's to pay now?

Why, friend Slick, said he, how do you do? who'd a thought o' seein' you here? You see my old lady, said he, is agoin' for to give our Arabella, that's gits returned from boardin' school to Halifax, a lot off to night. Most all the best-torned dukes in these parts are used, and the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister is invited: it's no skin-milk story, I do assure you, but upper crust, real jam. Ruth intends to do the thing handsome. She says she don't do it often, but when she does, she likes to go the whole figure, and do it genteel. If she hasn't a slice of doughnuts and pears, and apple sauce and pumpkin pie and messages, it's a pity; it's taken all hands of us, the old lady and her galls too, besides the help, the best part of a week just preparin'. I say nothin', but it's sweet turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or tearin' 'em out of that into father, and all in such a confustigation, that I'm glad when they send me off an errand to be out of the way. It's lucky there horeycares don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy-turvy like,—that'sartin. Won't you call in and see us to night, Mr. Slick? folks will be a-makin' glad to see you, and I'll show you some as pitty lookin' galls to my mind, in our settlement here, as you'll see in Connecticut, I know. Well, says I, I don't care if I do; there's nothin' I like more nor a frolic, and the dear little critters I do like to be among 'em too,—that'sartin.

In the evenin' I drives over to Nabal's, and arter puttin' up my beast, Old Clay, I goes into the house, and sure enough, there they was as big as life. The young ladies sittin' on one side, and the men a standin' up by the door, and chatterin' away in great good humour. There was a young chap a holdin' forth to the men about politics; he was a young trader, set up by some merchant in Halifax, to ruinate the settlement with good-for-nothin' trumpery they hadn't no occasion for,—clock full of conceit and affectation, and beginnin' to feel his way with the yardstick to assembly already.

Great dandy was Mr. Bobbin; he looked jist as if he had

came out of the tailor's hands, spin and spun; put out his lips and drew down his brow, as if he had a trick o' thinkin' somethin'—nodded his head and winked, as if he knew more than he'd like to tell—talked of talent quite glib, but dreadful, as if he wouldnt touch some folks with a pair of tongs; a great scholar too was Mr. Bobbin, always spoke dictionary, and used heavy artillery words. I don't entertain no manner o' doubt if government would take him at his own valuation, he'd be found to be a man o' great worth. I never liked the critter, and always gave him a poke when I got a chance. He was a brown meddlin' orator; grand school that to learn public speakin', squire; a nice muddy pool for young ducks to learn to swim in. He was a grand hand to read lectures, in blacksmiths' shops, at vandrums, and the like, and talked politics over his counter at a great stop. He looked big and talked big, and altogether was a considerable big man in his own conceit. He dabbled in reform. He had ballot tape, suffrage ribbon, radical lace, no title hats, and beautiful pipes with a democrat's bend on 'em, and the maxim, "No sinners," under it. Every thing had its motto. No, sir, said he, to some one he was a talkin' to as I came in, this country is strangled to pulverization by its aristocracy—a proud haughty aristocracy; a corrupt, a glibious, and a lapidaceous aristocracy; put them into a parcel, envelope 'em with a panoply of paper, tie them up and put them into the scales, and they will be feared wantin'. There is not a pound of honesty among 'em, nay not an ounce, nay not a penny weight. The article is wanting—it is not in their catalogue. The word never occurs either in their order, or in their invasion. They wont hear the inspection,—they are not marchantable,—nothin' but refuse.

If there is no honesty in the market, says I, why don't you import some, and retail it out? you might make some considerable profit on it, and do good to the country too; it would be quite patriotic that. I'm glad to see, says I, one honest man talkin' politics any how, for there's one thing I've observed in the course of my experience, whenever a man suspects all the world that's above him, of roguery, he must be a pretty considerable superfluous dabbled—(rogue himself, whispered some critter standin' by, loud enough for all an 'em to hear, and to set the whole party achokin' with laughter)—judge of the article himself, says I. Now, says I, if you do import it, gist let us know how you sell it,—by the yard, the quart, or the pound, will you? for it ain't set down in any tradin' tables

I've seen, whether it is for long measure, dry measure, or weight.

Well, says he, atryin' to lart, as if he didn't take the hint, I'll let you know, for it might be some use to you perhaps, in the clock trade. May be, you'll be a customer, as well as the aristocrats. But how is clocks now? said he, and he gave his neighbour a nudge with his elbow, as much as to say, I guess it's my turn now,—how do clocks go? Like some young country traders I've seen in my time, says I: don't go long after they are run down, and have to be wound up again. They are considerable better too, like them, for bein' kept in their own place, and playin' up to go wrong when moved out of it. Thanks I to myself, take your change out o' that, young man, will you? for I'd heard till the poney had said they had cheats enough in Norn Scotia, without havin' Yankee clock-makers to put new wrinkles on their horns. Why, you are quite witty this evenin', said he; you've been masticatin' mustard, I apprehend; I was always fond of it from a boy, said I, and it's a pity the blue noses didn't chew a little more of it, I tell you; it would help 'em, p'raps, to digest their jokes better, I estimate. Why, I didn't mean no offence, said he, I do assure you. Nor I neither, said I; I hope you didn't take it any way personal.

Says I, friend Bobbin, you have talked a considerable hard o' me afore now, and made out the Yankees, most as big rogues as your great men be; but I never thought any thing hard of it: I only said, says I, he puts me in mind of Mrs. Squire Ichabod Birch. What's that? says the folks. Why, says I, Marna Birch was accordin' down stairs one mornin' airly, and what should she see but the stable-help akinda' of the cook in the corner of the entry, and she alookin' off like a brave one. You good-for-nothin' lassy, said Marna Birch, get out of my house this minit: I won't have no such undecent carryin's on here, on no account. You horrid critter, get out o' my sight; and as for you, said she to the Irishman, don't you never dare to show your ugly face here again. I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself,—both on you begone; away with you, bag and baggage!

Hullo! says the squire, as he falked down in his dressin' gown and slippers: hullo! says he, what's all this toom about? Nothin', says Pat, userrachin' of his head, nothin', your honour,—only the mistress says she'll have no kinder in the house, but what she does herself. The cook had my juck-

knife in her pocket, your honour, and wouldn't give it to me, but set off and ran here with it, and I arter her, arid caught her. I gits put my hand in her pocket promise'usly to search for it,—and when I found it I was tryin' to kiss her by way of forfiet like, and that's the long and short o' the matter. The mistress says she'll let no one but herself in the house do that same. Tut,—tut,—tut! says the squire, and larked right out; both on you go and attend to your work then, and let's hear no more about it. Now, you are like Marm Birch, friend Bobbin, says I—you think nobody has a right to be herent but yourself; but there is more o' that arter all agoin' in the world, than you have any notion o', I tell you.

Feelin' a hand on my arm, I turns round, and who should I see but Marm Green. Dear me, said she, is that you, Mr. Slick! I've been lookin' all about for you for ever so long. How do you do?—I hope I see you quite well. Hearty as brandy, marm, says I, tho' not quite so strong, and a great deal heartier for a seein' of you. How be you? Reasonable well, and stirrin', says she: I try to keep aiseevin'; but I shall give the charge of things soon to Ambella: have you seen her yet? No, says I, I haven't had the pleasure since her return: but I hear folks say she is a'most splendid dan gail. Well, come, then, said she, takin' o' my arm, let me introduce you to her. She is a fine gail, Mr. Slick, that's a fact; and tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, she's a considerable of an accomplished gail too. There is no touch to her in these parts: minister's daughter that was all one winter to St. John can't hold a candle to her. Can't she, tho'? said I. No, said she, that she can't, she remained rinz, tho' she does carry her head so high. One of the gentlemen that played at the show of the wild beasts said to me, says he, I'll tell you what it is, Marm Green, said he, your daughter has a beautiful touch—that's a fact; most galls can play a little, but yours does the thing complete. And so she ought, says she, takin' her five quarters into view. Five quarters! said I; well, if that don't beat all! well, I never heard tell of a gail havin' five quarters afore since I was rized! The skin, said I, I must say, is a most beautiful one; but as for the tallow, who ever heard of a gail's tallow!

The fifth quarter!—Oh Lord! said I, marm, you'll kill me,—and I haw hawed right out. Why, Mr. Slick, says she, ain't you ashamed? do, for gracious sake, behave yourself; I meant five quarters' schoolin': what a droll man you be.

Oh! five quarters' schoolin'! says I; now I understand. And, said she, if she don't paint it's a pity! Paint! said I; why, you don't say so! I thought that one beautiful colour was all natural. Well, I never could kiss a gill that painted. Mother used to say it was sailin' under false colours—I 'most wonder you could allow her to paint, for I'm sure there ain't the least morsel of occasion for it in the world: you may say that—it is a pity! Get out, said she, you impudence; you know'd better say that; I meant her pictures. Oh! her pictures, said I; now I see;—does she, tho'? Well, that is an accomplishment you don't often see, I tell you.—Let her alone for that, said her mother. Hens, Arabella, dear, said she, come here dear, and bring Mr. Slick your pictur' of the river that's got the two vessels in it,—Captain Noah Oak's sloop, and Peter Zeeck's schooner. Why, my sakes, mamma, said Miss Arabella, with a toss of her pretty little curly wig, do you expect me to show that to Mr. Slick? why, he'll only laugh at it,—he laugh at every thing that ain't Yankee. Laaf, said I, now do tell: I guess I'd be very sorry to do such an engenteed thing, to any one,—much less, Miss, to a young lady like you. No indeed, not I. Yes, said her mother; do, bella, dear; Mr. Slick will excuse any little defects, I'm sure; she's had only five quarters you know, and you'll make allowances, won't you, Mr. Slick? I dare say, I said, they don't stand in need of no allowances at all, so don't be so backward, my dear. After a good deal of mock modesty, out ships Miss Arabella, and returns with a great large water colour drawin' as big as a window-shutter, and carried it up afore her face as a hookin' now does a board over her eyes to keep her from makin' right at you. Now, said her mother, lookin' as pleased as a peacock when it's in full fig with its head and tail up, now, says she, Mr. Slick, you are a considerable judge of paintin'—seem' that you do broncin' and gildin' so beautiful—now don't you call that splendid? Splendid! says I; I guess there ain't the best of it to be found in this country, any how; I never seed any thing like it: you couldn't ditty it in the provinces I know. I guess not, said her mother, nor in the next province neither. It certainly beats all, said I. And so it did, Squim; you'd adied if you'd named it, for hark! There was two vessels one right above t'other, a great big black cloud on the top, and a church-steeple stardin' under the bottom of the schooner. Well, says I, that is beautiful— that's a fact; but the water, said I, miss; you haven't done

that yet; when you put that in, it will be complete. Not yet, said she; the greatest difficulty I have in paintin' is in makin' water. There you tho't said I; well that is a pity. You, said she, it's the hardest thing in natur'—I can't do it straight, nor make it look of the right colour; and Mr. Aars, our master, said you must always make water in straight lines in painting, or it ain't natural and ain't pleasin'; vessels too are considerable hard; if you make them straight up and down they look stiff and engraveful like, and if you put them onder and then you should know all about fixin' the sails the right way for the wind—if you don't, it's blundersome. I'm terribly troubled with the effect of wind. Oh! says I. You, I am, said she, and if I could only manage wind and water in paintin' landscapes, why it would be nothin'—I'd do 'em in a jiffy; but to produce the right effect these things take a great deal of practice. I thought I should have started right out to hear the little catter run on with such a regular barn. Oh dear! said I to myself, what pains some folks do take to make fools of their children: here's as nice a little heifer as ever was, skittin' of her chopper run away with her like an curly horse; she don't know where it will take her to yet, no more than the man in the moon.

As she carried it out again, her mother said, Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick, for that;—she is throwed away here; but I was determined to have her educated, and so I sent her to hordin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afere she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dulhouse and Sherbrooke: you have combined schools in the States, haven't you, Mr. Slick? I guess we have, said I; boys and girls combined; I was to see on 'em, when I was considerable well grown up: Lord, what fun we had! It's a grand place to learn the multiplication table on, ain't it? I recollect once,—Oh so! Mr. Slick, I mean a sminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they learn Latin and English combined. Oh hatter! said I; they learn hatter there, do they? Well, come, there is some sense in that; I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make hatter; father sent me clean away to New York to learn it. You mix up columine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pen is like another; and then there is another kind o' hatter workin' in ever iron,—it makes a most complete imitation of silver. Oh! a knowledge of hatter has

been of great service to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation right of the genuine metal,—that's a fact.

Why, what on airth are you stakin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latin at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I; I never seed any other kind o' larnin, nor ever heard tell of any. What is it? Why, it's a——it's a——. Oh, you know well enough, said she; only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abersinkin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it any thing in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton warp way? Your head, said she, considerable ruffy, is always a rummin' on a factory. Latin is a——. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin, says he,—why, Latin is——ahem, it's———what they teach at the Combined School. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do, Mr. Wischhead; but what is it? Come here, Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is,—ah-o, I love; am-ah, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is love and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion,—and I got up, and slipped my hand into hers—you hadn't no occasion to go to the Combined School to larn it; for natur', says I, teaches that a—— and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are sayin' of? Talkin' Latin, says I,—swinkin' to Arabella;—ain't we, miss? Oh yes, said she,—returnin' the squeeze of my hand and herin';—oh yes, mother, arter all he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed to the end of the room, and left us a—talkin' Latin.

I hadn't been sittin' there long afore doctor Ivory Hovey come up, amarkin', and amillin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin' very witty; and I observed, the moment he come, Arabella took herself off. She said, she couldn't 'bide him at all. Well, Mr. Slick, said he, how are you? how do you do, upon an average, eh? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of free blossmin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I guess—

(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks laugh all round,)—said he, for you to appreciate for a wife, eh? Well, says I, there is a pretty show o' galls,—that's certain,—but they wouldn't condescend to the like o' me. I was thinkin' there was some on 'em that would gist out you to a T. Mc, says he, admirin' of himself up and lookin' big.—me? and he turned up his nose like a pointer dog when the birds flew off. When I honour a lady with the offer of my hand, says he, it will be a lady. Well, thinks I, if you ain't a contented critter it's a pity; most on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will gist you off in your own coin. Says I, you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicott's dog. What's that? says the folks accordin' round to hear it, for I woe'd plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morned. Says I, he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him every where he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always botherin' of the judges, agittin' between their legs, and they used to order him to be turned out every day, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Pomson said to the constable one day, in a voice of thunder, Turn out that dog! and the judge gave him a kick that sent him half-way across the room, yelpin' and howlin' like any thing. The lawyer was properly scared at this; so says he to the dog, Pompey, says he, come here! and the dog came up to him. Didn't I always tell you, said he, to keep out o' bad company? Take that, said he, givin' of him a most an awful kick,—take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen; and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend. What do you mean by that one story, sir? said he, shristlin' up like a mastiff. Nothin', says I; only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's too good for him, by mistake; and, if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt to get bundled out faster than he came in; and I got up and walked away to the other side.

Folks gave him the nickname of Endicott's dog after that, and I was glad on it; it served him right, the contented one. I heard the critter amuttarin' som'thin' of the Clockmaker illustratin' his own case, but, as I didn't want to be personal, I made as if I didn't hear him. As I went over towards the side table, who should I see sittin' up against it but Mr. Bobbin, pretty considerably well shaved, with a glass o' grog in his hand, lookin' as cross as you please, and so far gone, he was thinkin' aloud, and talkin' to himself. There comes

"soft sower," says he, and "human natur',"—convinced me,—a Yankee brewer,—wooden nutmegs,—crossed surey,—great mind to kick him. Arabella's got her head turned,—convinced mind;—good exterior, but nothin' in her,—like Slick's clocks, all gilded and varnished outside, and soft wood within. Gist do for Ivory Hovey,—same breed,—big head,—long ears,—a pair of donkeys! Shy old creek, that deacon,—joins Temperance Societies to get popular,—slips the gin in, pretends it's water;—I see him. But here goes, I believe I'll slip off. Thinks I, it's gittin' on for mornin'; I'll slip off too; so eat I greens and harknesses up Old Clay, and drives home.

Gist as I came from the barn and got opposite to the house, I heard some one crackin' of his whip, and a-bawlin' out at a great noise, and I looked up, and who should I see but Hobbin in his wagon ag'in the pole fence. Comin' in the air had made him blind drunk. He was a-bickin' away at the top pole of the fence, and a-bawling his horse was there, and wouldn't go.—Who comes there? said he. Clockmaker, said I. Gist take my horse by the head,—that's a good feller,—will you? said he, and lead him out as far as the road. Cuss him, he won't stir. Spikes a good horse to lead him, says I; he always looks for it again. Gist you lay it on to him well,—his horns ain't made o' hickory like mine. Cut away at him; he'll go by and by;—and I drove away and left him scuttin' and a-bawlin' at the fence for dear life. Thinks I, you see not the first ass that has been brought to a puff, any how.

Next day, I met Nath. Well, said he, Mr. Slick, you hit your young tender rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you, tho', for the critter is so full of conceit, it will do him good. He wants to pull every one down to his own level, as he can't rise to theirs, and is for everlastingly spoutin' about House of Assembly business, officials, aristocrats, and such stuff; he'd be a plugay sight better, in my mind, attendin' to his own business, instead of talkin' of other folks'; and usin' his yardstick more, and his tongue less. And between you and me, Mr. Slick, said he,—tho' I hope you won't let on to any one that I said any thing to you about it—but atween ourselves, as we see alone here, I am a-thinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Looie, is very well, I consent, for them who have time for it, and nothin' better to do to home. It's better p'r'aps to be a-doin' of that than a-doin' of nothin'; but

for the like o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were a little out of place. Be candid now, said he, for I should like to hear what your real genuine opinion is touchin' this matter, secin' that you know a good deal of the world.

Why, friend Nath, says I, as you've asked my advice, I'll give it to you; tho' any thin' pertainin' to the spoon-string is what I don't call myself a judge of, and feel delicate of meddlin' with. Woman is woman, says I; that's a fact; and a feller that will go for to provoke horns, is plaguy apt to get himself stung, and I don't know as it does not serve him right too; but this I must say, friend, that you're just about half right,—that's a fact. The proper make for a farmer's house is the spinnin'-wheel—the true paintin' the dye-stuffs,—and the turnin' the loom. Teach Arabella to be useful and not showy, prudent and not extravagant. She is just about as nice a gill as you'll see in a day's ride; now don't spoil her, and let her get her head turned, for it would be a real right down pity. One thing you may depend on for certain, as a maxim in the farmin' line,—a good starter and a good housekeeper, is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SNOW WREATH.

Whoever has read Hakluyt's History of Nova Scotia (which, next to Mr. Josiah Black's History of Coneyhatch, in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen,) will recollect that this good city of Annapolis is the most ancient one in North America; but there is one fact omitted by that author, which I trust he will not think an intrusion upon his province, if I take the liberty of recording, and that is, that in addition to its being the most ancient—it is also the most loyal city of this Western Hemisphere. This character it has always sustained, and "royal," as a mark of peculiar favor, has ever been added to its cognomen by every government that has had dominion over it.

Under the French, with whom it was a great favorite, it

was called Port Royal; and the good Queen Anne, who condescended to adopt it, permitted it to be called Annapolis Royal. A book issuing from Nova Scotia is, as Blackwood very justly observes, in his never-to-be-forgotten, nor ever-to-be-sufficiently-admired review of the first series of this work, one of those unexpected events that from their great improbability, appear almost incredible. Entertaining no doubts, therefore, that every member of the cabinet will read this *lance astore*, I take this opportunity of informing them that our most gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, has not in all her wide-spread dominions more devoted or loyal subjects than the good people of Annapolis Royal.

Here it was, said I, Mr. Stick, that the egg was laid of that American bird, whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent. Well, it is a most beautiful bird too, ain't it? said he; what a plumage it has! what a size it is! It is a whopper—that's certain; it has the courage and the scariness of the eagle, and the colour of the peacock, and his majestic step and keen eye; the world never seed the best of it; that's a fact. How struggled the English mast-fel when they think they once had it in the cage and couldn't keep it there; it is a pity they are so *laxpous* the', I declare. Not at all, I assure you, I replied; there's not a man among them who is not ready to admit all you have advanced in favour of your national emblem; the fantastic strut of the peacock, the melodious and attic tones, the gaudy apparel, the fondness for display which is perpetually exhibiting to the world the extended tail with painted stars, the amiable disposition of the bird towards the younger and feebler offspring of others, the *snickity*.—— I thought so, said he; I had'nt ought to have spoke of it afore you, for it does seem to ryle you; that's certain; and I don't know as it was jist altogether right to allude to a thin' that is so *heraldic* to your national pride. But, squire, ain't this been a hot day? I think it would pass muster among the hot ones of the West Indies a'most. I do wish I could git slip off my flesh and sit in my boxen for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't used such thawy weather this many a year, I know. I calculate I will brew a little lemonade, for Murr Bailey generally keeps the materials for that Temperance Society drink.

This climate of Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very

near freezein' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter end of February, as far as my memory serves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

Says Mamma Barker to me, Mr. Stick, says she, I don't know what under the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax here, and a batch of moose-hunting officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare. Well, says I, I'm no ways particular—I can put up with most anything. I'll gist take a stretch here, arter the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'bout chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come, says I, first served, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now a days. Yes, I'll gist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm birth it is too. Well, says she, I can't think of that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Paines in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.

So arter supper, old Johnny Parochar, the English help, showed me up to the widdler's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gill I ever seed since I was created. There was somethin' or another about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely-looking critter, but her countenance was sad; she was tall and well-made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had was a little fever-like lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble-like; and yet whatever it was,—nature, or consumption, or desartion, or wittin' on the anxious benches, or what not, that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one ounce, but was full formed and well waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for somethin' or another had gone wrong,—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot therabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me, she looked so

streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder am-pu-sitions. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry, and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll gist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks here pretty rare rare in Annapolis; there ain't a crack of a kin that ain't heard all over town in two two's and sometimes they think they hear 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and fancy stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a lart, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chanced away as if there was nothin' above partikilar; but still no smile; her face was cold and clear and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and as transparent too, you could see the veins in it. After awhile, the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it; but oh! my sakes, how cold! it was like goin' down into a well in summer—it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Your tumbler is out, squire; try a little more of that bromide; that iced water is grand. Well, I sat over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin' wood, (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate;) and then I undressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes around me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets,—and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hair. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then, you'd hear some one run along over so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one wink, and the snow crack-in' and crunchin' under his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all flaxy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a certainty. If I go for to drop off asleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks aforesaid now feelin' dozy like, out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and gittin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable nervous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in another,—then I doubled up all on a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend;—at last I began to feel

had melted and trickled down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes, and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad it was all a dream, you may depend—but awarin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks with the 'cute rheumatic,—that's a fact.

But your pale young friend, said I; did you ever see her again? pray, what became of her? Would you believe it? said he; the next mornin', when I came down, there sat Katey by the fire, lookin' as bloomin' as a rose, and as chipper as a canary bird;—the fact is, I was so uncommon cold, and so sleepy too, the night afore, that I thought every body and every thing looked cold and dismal too. Mornin', air, said she, as I entered the keepin' room; mornin' to you, Mr. Stick; how did you sleep last night? I'm mast afeard you found that are room dreadful cold, for little Biney opened the window at the head of the bed to make the fire draw and start the smoke up, and forgot to shut it agin, and I guess it was wide open all night;—I minded it arter I got to bed, and I thought I should be' died a hurfin'. Thank you, said I, for that; but you forget you came and shut it yourself. No! said she; I never did to such a thing. Catch me indeed again into a gentleman's chamber; no, indeed, not for the world! If I wasn't cold, said I, it's a pity,—that's all; I was 'ven a'most frozen as stiff as a poker, and near about frightened to death too, for I seed you or your ghost last night, as plain as I see you now; that's a fact. A ghost! said she; how you talk I do tell. Why, how was that? Well, I told her the whole story from beginning to end. First she larked ready to split at my account of the cold room, and my bein' afeard to go to sleep; but then she stopt pretty short, I guess, and blushed like anything, when I told her about her comin' into the chamber, and looked proper frightened, not knowin' what was to come next; but when she heard of her runnin' fast into an ice-ickle, and then into a snow-drill, she haw-hawed right out. I thought she actilly would have gone into hysterics. You might have frozen, said she, in real right down earnest, afore I'd gone into your chamber at that time a'nigh to see arter you, or your fire either, said she, you may depend: I can't think what an aleck could have put that are crotchet into your head. Nor I neither, said I; and besides, said I, sketchin' hold of her hand, and drawin' her close to me,—and besides, says I,—I shouldn't have felt as awful cold neither, if you —. Hold your tongue, said she, you goosey you, this morn-

nit; I won't hear another word about it, and go right off and get your breakfast, for you was sent for half an hour ago. After bein' mocked all right, says I, by them are icy lips of your ghost. Now I see them are pretty little sunny ones of your'n, I think I must, and I'll be darned if I won't have a —. Well, I estimate you won't, then, said she, you impudence,—and she did fend off like a brave one—that's a fact; she made frill, shirt collar, and dickey, fly like snow; she was as smart as a fox trap, and as wicked as a meat axe;—there was no gettin' near her no how. At last, says she, if there ain't mother scornin', I do declare, and my hair is all epilated, too, like a mop,—and my dress all rumbleheaded, like any thing,—do, for goodness sake, set things to right a little, afore mother comes in, and then cut and run: my heart is in my mouth, I declare. Then she sat down in a chair, and put both hands behind her head a puttin' in her comb. Oh dear, said she, pretendin' to try to get away; is that what you call puttin' things to rights? Don't squeeze so hard; you'll choke me, I vow. It taint me that's achokin' of you, says I, it's the heart that's in your mouth. Oh, if it had only been them lips instead of the ghost! Quick, says she, openin' of the door,—I hear mother on the steps;—quick, be off; but mind you don't tell any one that ghost story; people might think there was more in it than rust the cat. Well, well, said I to myself, for a pale face, and, melancholy lookin' gait, if you hev'n't turned out as rosy a rumpus', larkin', light-hearted a hoifer as ever I seed afore, it's a pity.—There's another kitch left, squire, s'pose we mix a little more sourin' afore we turn in, and take another glass "to the widder's darter."

CHAPTER X.

THE TALISMAN.

It was our intention to have left Annapolis this morning after breakfast, and proceeded to Digby, a small but beautiful village, situated at the entrance of that magnificent sheet of water, once known as Port Royal Basin, but lately by the more euphonious appellation of the "Cut." But Mr. Sick was missing, nor could any trace of him be found; I therefore ordered the horse again to the stable, and awaited his

return with all due patience. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before he made his appearance. Sorry to keep you waitin', said he, but I got completely let in for it this mornin'; I put my foot in it, you may depend. I've got a grand story to tell you, and one that will make you hurr too, I know. Where do you think I've been of all places under the sun? Why, I've been to court; that's a fact. I seed a great crowd of folks about the door, and thinks I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? I think I'll just step in for a minute and see.

What's on the carpet to-day? says I to a blue nose; what's goin' on here? Why, said he, they are agoin' for to try a Yankee. What for? said I. Stealin', says he. A Yankee, says I to myself; well, that's strange too; that beats me anyhow; I never heard tell of a Yankee bein' such a born fool as to steal. If the feller has been such a ravin' distracted poney, I hope they will hang him, the varmint; that's a fact. It's mostly them thick-skulled, wrong-headed, cursed stupid fools the British that do that are; they ain't brought up well, and hev'n't got no education; but our folks know better; they've been better learned than to do the like o' that—they can get most any thing they want by gettin' hold on the right end in a bargain; they do manage beautiful in a trade, a slight o' hand, a loan, a failer, a speculation, swamp, thimble-rig, or some how or another in the regular way within the law; but as for stealin'—never—I don't believe he's a Yankee. No, thinks I, he can't be American, bred and born, for we are too enlightened for that, by a long chalk. We have a great respect for the law, squire; we've been bred to that, and always uphold the dignity of the law. I recollect once that some of our young citizens away above Montgomery got into a scrape with a party of business that lives on the Mississippi; a desperate row it was, too, and three of the Kentuckians were killed as dead as herrins'. Well, they were haid up for it afore Judge Cotton. He was one of our revolutionary heroes, a stern, hard-featured old man, quite a Cato—and he did curry 'em down with a heavy hand, you may depend;—he had no mercy on 'em. There he sat with his hat on a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, lookin' as sour as an orange lemon. Bring up them culprits, said he, and when they were brought up he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners that sit on the oyster patch of darkness, and no high-minded intelligent Americans. You are a diabolical, sin

be, to our great nation, and I hope I shall never hear the like of it ag'in. If I do, I'll put you on trial as sure as you are born, I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats, if I don't. Well, they didn't like this kind o' talk at all, so that night away they goes to the judge's house to teach him a thing or two, with a cowskin, and kicked up a deuce of a row; and what do you think the neighbours did? Why, they gits walked in, seized the ringleaders and lynched them in less than ten minits, on one of the linden trees afore the judge's door.

They said the law must be vindicated—and that courts must be upheld by all quiet, orderly people, for a terror to evil-doers. The law must take its course. No, thinks I, he can't be a Yankee;—if he was, and had cowested the article, he would ha' done him out of it, p'r'aps in a trade, bein' too experienced a man of business for him; but steal it, never, never—I don't believe it, I vow. Well, I walked into the court-house, and there was a great crowd of folks there, a jabberin' and a talkin' away like any thing (for blue nose needsn't turn his back on any one for talkin')—the critter is all tongue, like an old horse;—presently in come one or two young lawyers, in a dreadful hurry, with great piles of books under their arms with white leather covers, and great bundles of papers tied with red tape, and put 'em down on the table afore 'em, lookin' very big with the quantity of larnin' they carried; thinks I, young shavers, if you had more of that in your heads, and less under your arms, you would have the use of your hands to play with your thumbs, when you had nothin' to do. Then came in one or two old lawyers, and sat down and nodded here and there, to some o' the upper-crust folks o' the county, and then shook hands amazin' hearty with the young lawyers, and the young lawyers laughed, and the old ones laughed, and they all nodded their heads together like a flock of geese agin' thro' a gate.

Presently the sheriff calls out at the tip end of his voice, "Clear the way for the judge;"—and the judge walks up to the bench, lookin' down to his feet to see he didn't tread on other folks' toes, and put his arm behind his back, and twists the tail of his gown over it so, that other folks mightn't tread on his'n. Well, when he gets to the bench, he stands up as straight as a liberty pole, and the lawyers all stand up straight too, and clap their eyes on his till he winks, and then both on 'em slowly bend their bodies forward till they nearly touch

the tables with their noses, and then they sat down, and the judge took a look all round, as if he saw every thing in general and nothin' in particular—I never seed anything so queer afore, I vow. It puts me in mind o' the Chinese, but they hob their foreheads clean away down to the very floor.

Well, then, said the crier, "Oh yes! Oh yes! His Majesty's (I mean her Majesty's) court is now opened. God save the King (I mean the Queen,)" Oh! if folks didn't haf it's a pity—for I've often observed it takes but a very small joke to make a crowd haf. They'll haf at nothin' amost. Silence, said the sheriff, and all was as still as moonlight. It looked strange to me, you may depend, for the lawyers looked like so many ministers all dressed in black gowns and white bands on, only they acted more like players than preachers, a playgy sight. But, said I, is not this the case in your country; is there not some sort of professional garb worn by the bar of the United States, and do not the barristers and the court exchange those salutations which the common courtesies of life not only sanction but imperatively require as essential to the preservation of mutual respect and general good breeding? What on aith, said the Clockmaker, can a black gown have to do with intelligence? Them sort of liveries may do in Europe, but they don't convene to our free and enlightened citizens. It's too foreign for us, too unphilosophical, too feudal, and a remnant o' the dark ages. No sir; our lawyers do as they like. Some on 'em dress in black, and some in white; some carry walking-sticks, and some umbrellas, some whistle sticks with pen-knives, and some shave the table, and some put their legs under the desks, and some put 'em a top of them, just as it suits them. They sit as they please, dress as they please, and talk as they please; we are a free people. I guess if a judge in our country was to order the lawyers to appear all dressed in black, they'd soon ax him who elected him director-general of fashions, and where he stored such arbitrary power in the constitution, as that, committed to any man.

But I was ag'in' to tell you 'bout the trial.—Presently one o' the old lawyers got up, and said he, My lord, said he, I move, your lordship, that the prisoner may be brought up. And if it warn't a move it was a pity. The lawyer moved the judge, and the judge moved the sheriff, and the sheriff moved the crowd, for they all moved out together, leavin' hardly any one on them, but the judge and the lawyers; and in a few minits they all moved back ag'in with a prisoner.

They seemed as if they had never seen a prisoner before. When they came to call the jury they didn't all answer; so says the sheriff to me, walk in the box—you air, with the blue coat. Do you indicate me, air? said I. Yes, says he, I do; walk in the box. I give you thanks, air, says I, but I'd rather stand where I be; I've no occasion to sit; and besides, I guess, I must be a movie.' Walk in the box, air, said he, and he roared like thunder. And, says the judge, a lookin' up, and smilin' and speakin' as soft as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, you must walk in the box, air. Well, says I, to oblige you, says I, my lord, I will; but there don't seem much room in it to walk, I vow. You are called upon, sir, says the judge, as a talisman; take your seat in the box, and be silent. If I must, says I, I do suppose I must; but I don't like the office, and I don't believe I've got a marker about me; but if you've got a piece of chalk about you, or could give me or lend me an old pencil, I'll try to cipher it as well as I can, and do my possibles to give you satisfaction, my lord. What are you talkin' about, air? said he—what do you mean by such nonsense? Why, says I, my lord, I've been told that in this country, and indeed I know it is the practice almost all over ourn for the jury to chalk, that is, every man chalks down on the wall his vote; one man ten pounds, one twenty, another thirty, and another five pounds, and so; and then they add them all up, and divide by twelve, and that makes the verdict. Now if I'm to be talisman says I, and keep coast, I'll chalk it as straight as a boot-jack. The judge throwed himself back in his chair, and turning to the sheriff, says he, is it possible, Mr. Sheriff, that such an abominable practice as this exists in this country? or that people, under the solemn obligation of an oath, can conduct themselves with so much levity as to make their verdict depend upon chance, and not upon reason? If I was to know an instance of the kind, said he,—and he looked bottle, murder, and sudden death—I'd both fine and imprison the jury—I would, by ——— (and he gave the corner of his mouth a twist just in time to keep in an oath that was on the tip of his tongue,) and he initiated a little to think how to get out of the scrape—at least I committed so—by and with the full consent of my brethren on the bench.

I have my suspicions, said the Clockmaker, that the judge had heard tell of that practice afore, and was only waitin' for a complaint to take notice of it regular-like, for them old judges are as curmish as fuses; and if he had, I must say he did do

the surprise very well, for he looked all struck up of a heap, like a vessel taken aback with a squall, again' down stern foremost.

Who is that man? said he. I am a clockmaker, sir, said I. I didn't ask you what you were, sir, says he, lookin' up; I asked you who you were. I'm Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, sir, says I, a clockmaker from Onion County, State of Connecticut, in the United States of America. You are except, said he—you may walk out of the bar. Thinks I to myself, old chap, next time you meet a tallman take one of your own folks, will you? Well, when I looked up to the prisoner, sure enough I saw he was one of our citizens, one "Expected Thorne," of our town, an endless villain, that had been two or three times in the State's prison. The case was a very plain one. Captain Billy Blarney produced a watch, which he said was his'n; he said he went out arter dinner, leavin' his watch hangin' up over the mantel piece, and when he returned to see it was gone, and that it was found in Expected Thorne's possession. Long before the evidence was gone through, I saw he was guilty, the villain. There is a sort of freemasonry in hypocrisy, quire, you may depend. It has its signs and tokens by which the brotherhood know each other; and as charity hopeth all things, and forgiveth all things, those appeals of the elect of each other from the lowest depths of woe, whether conveyed by the eye, the garb, or the tongue, are seldom made in vain.

Expected had seen too much of the world, I estimate, not to know that. If he hadn't his go-to-meetin' dress and looks on this day to do the jury, it's a pity. He had his hair combed down as straight as a horse's mane; a little thin white crevet, nicely plaited and tied plain, garnished his neck, as a white towel does a dish of oysters' head—a standin' up collar to his coat gave it the true cut, and the gilt buttons covered with cloth enshrouded the gaudy ornaments of sinful, carnal men. He looked as demure as a harlot at a christianin—drew down the corners of his mouth, as as to contract the trumpet of his nose, and give the right base twang to the voice, and turned up the whites of his eyes, as if he had been in the hold or lookin' in upon the latter man for self-examination and reproach. Oh, he looked like a martyr; jist like a man who would suffer death for conscience sake, and forgive his enemies with his dyin' breath.

Condemned of the jury, says Expected, I am a stranger and

a sojourner in this land, but I have many friends and receive much kindness, thanks be to divine Providence for all his goodness to me a sinner; and I don't make no doubt that tho' I be a stranger, his lordship's honour will, under Providence, see justice done to me. The last time I was to Captain Billy's house I seed his watch, and that it was out of order, and I offered to clean it and repair it for him for nothin', free gratis, that *I* can't prove. But I'll tell you what *I* can prove, and it's a privilege for which I desire to render thanks; that when that gentleman, the constable, came to me, and said he came about the watch, I said to him, right out at once, "She's cleaned, says I, but wants regulatin'; if Captain Billy be in a hurry for her he can have her, but he had better leave her run or three days to get the right beat." And never did I seey havin' it as a guilty man would have done. And, my lord, said he, and gentlemen of the jury (and he turned up his ugly countin' mug full round to the box)—I trust I know too well the awful account I must one day give of the deeds done in the flesh to peril my immortal soul for vain, idle, sinful toys; and he held up his hands together, and looked upwards till his eyes turned to like them are ones in a marble statue, and his lips kept movin' some time as if he was lost in inward prayer.

Well, the constable proved it word for word, and the judge said it did appear that there was some mistake; at all events, it did not appear there was evidence of a felonious takin', and he was acquitted. As soon as it was over, Expected comes in to me in the corner, and, says he, quite bold like, Morris', Slick, how do you do? And then whisperin' in my ear, says he, Didn't I do 'em pretty? euss 'em—that's all. Let old Conventious alone yet—she's too much for any on 'em, I know. The truth is, the moment I seed that rascal critter, that constable scomin', I seed his arse end with half an eye, and had that are story ready-tongued and grooved for him, as quick as wink. Says I, I wish they had changed you, with all my heart; it's such critters as you that lower the national character of our free and enlightened citizens, and degrade it in the eyes of foreigners. The eyes of foreigners be d——d! said he. Who cares what they think?—and as for these blue noses, they ain't able to think. They ain't got two ideas to bless themselves with,—the stupid, punkin-headed, conceited blockheads!—euss me if they have. Well, says I, they ain't such an enlightened people as we are, that's certain, but that

don't justify you a bit; you hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong indeed. You might have traded with him, and got it for half worthin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' merchants saw up the well-born British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and gave your note, and cut stick afore the note came due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally, without resortin', as foreigners do, to stealin'. We are a moral people,—a religious, a high-minded, and a high-spirited people; and can do any, and all the nations of the universal world, out of any thing, in the hundred of millions of clever shifts there are in trade; but as for stealin', I despise it; it's a low, blackguard, dirty, mean action; and I must say you're a disgrace to our great nation. *An American citizen never steals, he only gains the advantage!*

CHAPTER XL

ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

THE next morning we resumed our journey, and travelling through the township of Clements, and crossing Moose and Bear rivers, reached Digby early in the afternoon. It was a most delightful drive. When we left Annapolis, the fog was slowly rising from the low grounds and resting on the hills, to gather itself up for a flight into upper air, disclosing, as it departed, ridge after ridge of the Grandville Mountain, which lay concealed in its folds, and gradually revealing the broad and beautiful basin that extends from the town to Digby.

I am too old now for romance, and, what is worse, I am corpulent. I find, as I grow stout, I grow less imaginative. One cannot ascend two mountains. I longed to climb the mountain-peak, to stand where Champlain stood, and imagine the scene as it then was, when his prophetic eye caught revelations of the future; to visit the holy well where the rite of baptism was first performed in these provinces; to trace the first encampments,—the ruins of the rude fortifications,—the first battle-ground. But, alas! the day is gone. I must leave the field to more youthful competitors. I can gratify my eye as I drive along the road, but I must not venture into the forest. The natural ice-house,—the cascade,—the mountain

lake,—the beaver's dam,—the General's bridge,—the apocryphal Roelgroof,—the iron-ornies,—and last, not least, the Indian antiquities,—in short, each and all of the lions of this interesting place, that require bodily exertion to be seen,—I leave to succeeding travellers. I visit men, and not places. Alas! has it come to this at last,—to great and port wine? Be it so:—I will assume the privilege of old age, and talk.

At a short distance from the town of Annapolis, we passed the Court House, the scene of Mr. Slick's adventures the preceding day, and found a crowd of country people about the door. More than a hundred horses were tied to the fences on either side of the road, and groups of idlers were seen scattered about on the lawn, either discussing the last verdict, or anticipating the jury in the next.

I think, said Mr. Slick, we have a right to boast of the judiciary of our two great nations; for yours is a great nation,—that is a fact; and if all your colonies were joined together, and added on to Old England, she would be most as great a nation as ours. You have good reason to be proud of your judiciary, said I; if profound learning, exalted talent, and inflexible integrity can make an establishment respectable, the Supreme Court of the United States is pre-eminently so; and I have heard, from those who have the honour of their acquaintance, that the judges are no less distinguished for their private worth than their public virtues. I rejoice that it is so, for I consider the judiciary of America as its sheet-anchor. Amidst the incessant change of men and institutions so conspicuous there, this forms a solitary exception. To the permanency and extensive power of this court you are indebted for the only check you possess, either to popular tumult or arbitrary power, affording, as it does, the only effectual means of controlling the conflicts of the local and general governments, and rendering their movements regular and harmonious.

It is so, said he; but your courts and ours are both tarred with the same stick,—they move too slow. I recollect, once I was in Old Kentucky, and a judge was sentenced a man to death for murder; says he, "Sooner or later, punishment is sure to overtake the guilty man. The law moves slow, but it is sure and certain. Justice has been represented with a head of lead, from its slow and measured pace; but its head is a head of iron, and its blow is death." Polke said it was a beautiful idea that, and every chap that you met said, Ain't

that splendid?—did ever old Mansfield or Ellenborough come up to that!

Well, says I, they might come up to that, and not go very far neither. A funny sort o' figure of justice that; when it's so plaguy heavy-looking, most any one can outrun it; and when its great iron foot strikes an uncommon slow, a chap that's any way sly is c'en a'most sure to give it the dodge. No; they ought to clap on more steam. The French courts are the courts for me. I had a case case in Marseilles, and if the judge didn't turn it out of hand ready hooped and headed in less than no time, it's a pity. But I believe I must first tell you how I came far to go there.

In the latter end of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory serves me, I was in my little back studio in Slickville, with off coat, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, abrazin' and gildin' of a clock case, when old Snow, the nigger-help, popped in his head in a most a terrible of a consternation, and says he, master, says he, if there ain't Mass Governor and the General at the door, as I'm alive! what on earth shall I say! Well, says I, they have caught me at a nonplush, that's certain; but there's no help for it as I see,—shew 'em in. Morrin', says I, gentlemen, how do you do? I am sorry, says I, I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is,—I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is all covered with ink, and t'other with copper because. Don't mention it, Mr. Slick, said his excellency, I beg of you;—the fine arts do sometimes require detergents, and there is no help for it. But that's a most a beautiful thing, said he, you are adein' of; may I presume to chitchise what it is? Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two-story house in it, havin' a wakin' tub of apple sauce on one side, and a cart chockful of punkin pie on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialise it Airily Paradise. Well, says he, who is that Ae one on the left?—I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate he at all, said I, tho' I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long Bowle knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles,

are angels enigmistic' from heaven to this country. H and E means 'heavily enigmistic'.

Its alle—go—ry.—And a beautiful alle—go—ry it is, said he, and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our young growin' and great Republic. It is a fine conception, tho'. It is worthy of Woot. How true to life—how much it conveys—how many chords it strikes. It addresses the heart—it's splendid.

Hallo! says I to myself, what's all this? It made me look up at him. Thinks I to myself, you said that soft sweater on pretty thick anyhow. I wonder whether you are in real right down earnest, or whether you are only arier a vote. Says he, Mr. Slick, it was on the subject of pictur's, we called. It's a thing I've enthusiastic upon myself; but my official duties leave me no time to fraternize with the brush. I've been scolly six weeks adoin' of a bunch of grapes on a chair, and it's not yet done. The department of paintin' in our Athenæum,—in this risin' and flourishin' town of Slickville—is placed under the direction of the general and myself, and we propose detalling you to Italy to purchase some originals for our gallery, sartin' that you are a native artist yourself, and have more practical experience than most of our citizens. There is a great aspiration among our free and enlightened youth for perfection, whether in the arts or sciences. Your expenses will be paid, and eight dollars a day while absent on this diplomacy. One thing, however, do pray remember,—don't bring any pictur's that will evoke a blush on female cheeks, or cause various to stand aside 'em with averted eyes or indignant looks. The census imported last year we had to clothe, both male and female, from head to foot, for they scolly came stark naked, and were right down indecent. One of my factory ladies went into fits on seein' 'em, that lasted her a good hour; she took Jupiter for a real human, and said she thought she had got into a bathin' room among the men by mistake. Her nerves received a heavy shock, poor critter; she said she never would forget what she used there the longest day she lived. So none o' your Poliphar's wives, or Semminals, or sleepin' Venuses; such pictur's are repugnant to the high tone o' moral feelin' in this country.

Oh Lord! I thought I should have spik; I durn't look up, for fear I should about out a berfir in his face, to hear him talk so spooney about that aw factory gail. Thinks I to myself, how delicate she is, ain't she? It's a common marble

statue threw her into fits, what would ———. And here he laughed so immoderately it was some time before he resumed intelligibly his story.

Well, says he at last, if there is one thing I hate more nor another it is that crass mock modesty some galls have, pretendin' they don't know nothin'. It always shows they know too much. Now, says his excellency, a pictur', Mr. Slick, may exhibit great skill and great beauty, and yet display very little flesh beyond the face and the hands. You apprehend me, don't you? A neck's as good as a wink, says I, to a blind horse; if I can't see tho' a ladder, I reckon I'm not fit for that mission; and, says I, though I say it myself, that shouldn't say it, I must say, I do account myself a considerable of a judge of these matters,—I won't turn my back on any one in my line in the Union. I think so, said he, the sll—go—ry you jist show'd me displays taste, tact, and a consummate knowledge of the art. Without genius there can be no invention,—no plot without skill, and no character without the power of discrimination. I should like to associate with you Ebenezer Peck, the Slickville Post, in this diplomatic mission, if our funds authorized the exercise of this constitutional power of the executive committee, for the fine arts are closely allied, Mr. Slick. Poetry is the music of words, music is the poetry of sounds, and paintin' is the poetry of colours:—what a sweet, interestin' family they be, ain't they? We must locate, domesticate, acclimatize, and fraternize them among us. Concurin' an elective governor of a free and enlightened people to rank before an hereditary prince, I have given you letters of introduction to the Egyptian princes and the Pope, and have offered to reciprocate their attention should they visit Slickville. Farewell, my friend, farewell, and bid not to sustain the dignity of this great and enlightened nation abroad—farewell!

A very good man, the governor, and a genuine patriot too, said Mr. Slick. He knewed a good deal about paintin', for he was a sign painter by trade; but he often used to trade on too deep, and got over his head now and then afore he knowed it. He warn't the best o' swimmers neither, and sometimes I used to be scared to death for fear he'd go for it afore he'd touch bottom ag'in. Well, off I set in a vessel to Leghorn, and I laid out there three thousand dollars in pictur's. Run-lookin' old cocks them saints, some on 'em too, with their long beards, bald heads, and hard fester's, boss't they? but I got

a lot of 'em of all sizes. I bought two madonnas I think they call them—beautiful little pictur's they were too,—but the child's legs were so naked and indecent, that to please the governor and his factory galls, I had an artist to paint trousers, and a pair of lace boots on him, and they look quite genteel now. It improved 'em amazingly; but the best o' the joke was those Macaroni rascals, seem' me a stranger, thought to do me nicely (most infamous cheats them dealers too,—walk right into you afore you know where you be.) The older a pictur' was and the more it was blacked, so you couldn't see the figur's, the more they asked for it; and they'd talk and jabber away about their Tittyus airs and Guido airs by the hour. How soft are we, ain't we? said I. Catch a woad asleep, will you? Second-hand furniture don't suit our market. We want pictur's, and not things that look a plaguy sight more like the shutters of an old smokehouse than paintin's, and I hope I may be shot if I didn't get him new ones for half the price they asked for them rusty old wretches. Our folks were well pleased with the shipment, and I ought to be too, for I made a trifle in the discount of fifteen per cent. for comin' down handsom' with the cash on the spot. Our Atheneum is worth seein' I tell you; you won't dilo it easy, I know; it's really a sight to behold.

But I was agoin' to tell you about the French court. After I closed the concern about the pictur's, and shipped 'em off in a Cape Codder that was there, I fell in with some of our folks on their way to London, where I had to go to afore I returned home; so, says I, s'pose we hire a vessel in Co. and go by water to Marseilles; we'll get on faster and considerable cheaper too, I calculate, than agoin' by land. Well, we hired an *Epistallano* to take us, and he was to find us in bed, board, and liquor, and we paid him one-third in advance, to enable him to do it genteel; but the everlasting villain, as soon as he got us out to sea, gave us no bed-clothes and nothin' to eat, and we almost perished with hunger and damp, so when we got to Marseilles, Meo friends, says I, for I had picked up a little *Epistallano*, meo friends, *cumens longo alla courts*, will you? and I took him by the scruff of the neck and tossed him into court. Where is de pappia? says a little skip-jack of a French judge, that was chock full of grins and grimaces like a monkey arter a pinch of snuff,—where is de pappia? So I handed him up the pappia signed by the master, and then proved how he cheated us. No sooner said than done, Mount

Shear Bull-frog, gave the case in our favour in two-thirds, said *Eyetallone* had got too much already, cut him off the other two-thirds, and made him pay all costs. If he didn't look harnessed in it's a pity. It took the rust off of him pretty slick, you may depend.

Bagar, he says to the skipper, you keep de bargain next time; you was very grand damno rogue, and he shook his head and grinned like a crocodile, from ear to ear, all mouth and teeth. You may depend, I warn't long in Mamulka after that. I cut stick and off, hot foot for the channel, without stopping to water the horses or liquor the drivers, for fear *Eyetallone* would walk into my ribs with his stick, for he was as savage as a white bear afore breakfast. Yes, our courts move too slow. It was that ruined Expected Thorne. The first time he was taken up and sent to jail, he was as innocent as a child, but they kept him there so long afore his trial, it broke his spirits, and broke his pride,—and he came out as wicked as a devil. *The great secret is speedy justice.* We have too much machinery in our courts, and I don't see but what we prize juries beyond their real value. One half the time with us they don't understand a thing, and the other half they are prejudiced. True, said I, but they are a great safeguard to liberty, and indeed the only one in all cases between the government and the people. The executive can never tyrannize where they cannot convict, and juries never lend themselves to oppression. Tho' a corrupt minister may appoint corrupt judges, he can never corrupt a whole people. Well, said he, far be it from me to say they are no use, because I know and feel that they are in certain cases most invaluable, but I mean to say that they are only a drag on business, and an expensive one too, one half the time. I want no better tribunal to try me or my cases than our supreme judges to Washington, and all I would ask is a reserved right to have a jury when I call for one. That right I never would yield, but that is all I would ask. You can see how the lawyers ruly each by the way they talk to 'em. To the court they are as cool cucumbers,—dry arguments, sound reasons, an application to judgment. To the jury, all fire and tow and declamations,—all to the passions, prejudices, an' feelin's. The one they try to convince, they try to do the other. I never heard tell of judges chalkin'. I know brother Josiah the lawyer thinks so too. Says he to

no, noo, Sam, says he, they ain't waited to the times now in all cases, and are only needed occasionally. If *then furth* *just come* into negus there were no judges, but the devil of it is when public opinion runs all one way, in this country, you might just as well try to swim up Niagara as to go far to stem it,—it will roll you over and over, and squash you to death at last. You may say what you like here, Sam, but other folks may do what they like here too. Many a man has had a grocer's jacket lined with tar here, than he never bought at the tailor's, and a tight fit it is too, considerin' its made without measurin'. So as I'm for Congress some day or another, why, I git full to and flatter the people by chinin' in with them. I get up on a stump, or the top of a whiskey barrel, and talk as big as any on em about that birth-right—that sheet anchor, that mainstay, that blessed shield, that glorious institution—the rich man's terror, the poor man's hope, the people's pride, the nation's glory—*Trial by Jury*.

CHAPTER XII.

SHAMPOING THE ENGLISH.

Bright is a charming little town. It is the Brighton of Nova Scotia, the resort of the valetudinarians of New Brunswick, who take refuge here from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility, and calcareous waters of St. John. About as pretty a location this for business, said the Clockmaker, as I know on in this country. Bright is th' only safe harbour from Blown-down to Briar Island. Then there is that everlasting' long river runnin' away up from the wharves here almost across to Minas Basin, bordered with dikes and interval, and backed up by good upland. A nice, dry, pleasant place for a town, with good water, good air, and the best hercin' fishery in America, but it wants one thing to make it go ahead. And pray what is that? said I, for it appears to me to have every natural advantage that can be desired. It wants to be made a free port, said he. They ought to send a delegate to England about it; but the fact is, they don't understand diplomacy here, nor the English either. They hav'n't got no talents that way.

I guess we may stop the universe in that line. Our statesmen, I repeat, do understand it. They go about so beautifully, tack so well, sail so close by the wind, make so little lee-way, shoot ahead so fast, draw so little water, keep the lead again' constant, and a bright look-out a-head always; it's very seldom you hear o' them remain' aground, I tell yew. Hardly any thing they take in hand they don't succeed in. How glib they are in the tongue too! how they do lay in the soft sawder! They do rub John Bull down so pretty, it does one good to see 'em: they put him on the back, and stroke him on the cheek, and coax and wheedle and flatter, till they get him as good-natured as possible. Then they get what they like out of him; not a word of a threat to him tho', for they know it won't do. He'd as soon fight as eat his dinner, and sooner too, but they tickle him, as the boys at Cape Ann serve the bladder fish. There's a fish comes ashore there at ebb tide, that the boys catch and tickle, and the more they tickle him the more he fills with wind. Well, he get's blowed up as full as he can hold, and then they just turn him up and give him a crack across the belly with a stick, and off he goes like a pop-gun, and then all the little crinices run hoops' and bellowin' like ruin' distracted and—so pleased with feedin' the old fish.

There are no people in the universal world so eloquent as the Americans; they beat the ancients all hollow; and when our diplomats go for to talk it into the British, they do it so pretty, it's a sight to behold. Descended, they say, from a common stock, havin' one common language, and a community of interests, they cannot but hope for justice from a power distinguished alike for its honour and its generosity. Indebted to them for the spirit of liberty they enjoy,—for their laws, literature, and religion,—they feel more like allies than aliens, and more like relatives than either. Though unfortunate occurrences may have drawn them asunder, with that frankness and generosity peculiar to a brave and generous people, both nations have now forgotten and forgiven the past, and it is the duty and interest of each to cultivate these amicable relations, now so happily existing, and to draw closer those bonds which unite two people essentially the same in habits and feelings. Though years have rolled by since they lost the paternal roof, and the ocean divides them, yet they cannot but look back at the home beyond the waters with a grateful remembrance—with veneration and respect.

Now that's what I call dictionary, said the Clockmaker. It's splendid penmanship, ain't it? When John Adams was minister at the Court of St. James's, how his weak eye would have served him waterin' off this galathea, wouldn't it? He'd turn round to hide emotion, draw forth his handkerchief and wipe off a manly tear of genuine feelin'. It is easy enough to stand a woman's tears, for they weep like children, overheatin' sun showers; they cry as bad as if they used a chisel to hurr for an eyestone; but to see the tear drawn from the stern natur' of man, startin' at the lookin' of generous feelin', there's no standin' that. Oh dear! how John Bull swallows this soft sawder, don't he? I think I see him astandin' with his hands in his trousers-pockets, alookin' as big as all out-doors, and as sour as older set out in the sun for vinegar. At first he looks suspicious and sarky, and then one hearty frown relaxes, and then another, and so on, till all sternness is gone, and his whole face wears one great benedict expression, like a full moon, till you can eye him without winkin', and lookin' about as intelligent all the time as a skin-milk cheese. After his stare is gone, a kind o' look comes over his face as if he thought, Well, now, this d——d Yankee was his carer at last, and no mistake; that comes o' that good lickin' I give him last war: there's nothin' like fightin' things out. The orator seems humble enough now tho'; give me your fist, Jonathan, my boy, says he; don't look so crossed down: what is it?

Oh, nothin', says our diplomatist; a mere trifle, and he tries to look as unconcerned as possible all the time; nothin' but what your sense of justice, for which you are always distinguished, will grant; a little strip of land, half hog half hog, between the State of Maine and New Brunswick; it's nothin' but wood, water, and snakes, and no bigger than Scotland. Take it, and say no more about it, says John; I hope it will be accepted as a proof of my regard. I don't think nothin' of half a colony. And then when our chap gets home to the President, doesn't he say, as Expected Thorne did of the Blue-rose jury, "Didn't I do him pretty? ease him, that's all."

Then he takes Mount-Shoer on another tack. He desires to express the gratitude of a free and enlightened people to the French,—their fast ally, their dearest friend,—for establishin' them under Providence, to lay the foundation-stone of their country. They never can forget how kindly, how dis-

interestedly, they step in to aid their infant struggles,—to assist them to resist the unnatural tyranny of England, who, while affectin' to protect liberty abroad, was enslavin' her children to home. Nothin' but the purest feelin', unalloyed by any jealousy of England, dictated that step; it emanated from a virtuous indignation at seein' the strong oppress the weak,—from a love of constitutional freedom,—from pure philanthropy. How deeply is seated in American breasts a veneration of the French character! how they admire their sincerity; their good faith; their stability! Well may they be called the Grand Nation! Religious, not bigoted; brave, not rash; dignified, not valent; great, yet not vain! Magnanimous in victory,—cheerful and resolved under reverses,—they form the best ideal to American youth, who are taught in their first lessons, to emulate, and imitate, and venerate the virtues of their character! Don't it run off the tongue like oil? Soft and slick, ain't it pretty talk?

Lord! how Mount-Sheer slips, and hops, and boxes, and snicks, when he hears that use, don't he? How he claps his hand upon his heart, and makes faces like a monkey that's got a pain in his side from swallowin' a nut without crackin' it. With all other folks, but these great powers, it's a very different tune they slip. They make short metre with them little persons; they never take the trout' to talk much; they just make their demands, and ax them ~~for~~ their answer, right off the reel. If they say, let us hear your reasons,—Oh, by all means, says our diplomatist, just come along with me; and he takes the minister under his arm, walks lock and lock with him down to the harbour, claps him aboard a barge, and rows him off to one of our little hundred-gun sloops of war. Pretty little sloop o' war, that of ours, I reckon, ain't it? says he. Oh! very pretty, very pretty indeed, says foreigner; but if that be your little sloop, what must be your great big man o' war? That's just what I was agin' for to say, says Jonathan,—a Leviathan, a Mammoth, blow all creation to atoms a'round, like a hurricane tip't with lightning, and then he looks up to the captain and nods. Says he, Captain, I guess you may run out your guns, and he runs them out as quick as wish. Those are my reasons, says Jonathan, and pretty strong arguments, too, I guess; that's what I call showin' our teeth; and now you, mister, with a d—n hard name, your answer, if you please. You don't understand us, I see, fir-

signer; we got chaps in our country that can stand on one side of the Mississippi, and kill a nigger on t'other side with a snake,—regular ring-tail roacers; don't provoke us; it wouldn't be over safe, I assure you. We can out talk thunder, outrun a flash of lightning, and outreach all the world—we can whip our weight of wild-cats. The British can lick all the world, and we can lick the British. I believe, I believe, says he, and he claps his name to the treaty in no time. We made these second-class gentry shell out a considerable of cash, these few years past, on one excuse or another, and frightened some on them, as the naked statue did the factory gill, into this a'most. But the English we have to soft answer, for they've got little slogs of war, too, as well as we have; and not only show their teeth, but like bull-dogs. We shampee them,—you know what shampeeing is, squam, don't you? It is an Eastern custom, I think, said I: I have heard of it, but I do not retain a very distinct recollection of the practice. Well, said the Clockmaker, I admire I ought to know what it means any how; for I came plaguy nigh losin' my life by it once. When I was jist twenty years old, I took it into my head I'd like to go to sea,—so father got me a berth of supercargo of a whaler at New Bedford, and away 'e went arter sperm: an amazin' long voyage we had of it too—gone nearly three years. Well, we put into Sandwich Island for refreshments; and says the captain, 'Spese we go and call on the queen! So all us cabin party went and dressed ourselves up full fig, and were introduced in due form to the young queen. Well, she was a real, right down, pretty lookin' beller, and no mistake; well dressed and well demeaned, and a plaguy sight clearer skin'd than some white folks—for they bathe every day a'most. Where you'd see one piece of furniture better than her, you'll see fifty worse ones, I know.

What is your father, Mr. Shick? says she. A prince, morn, said I. And his'n, ugly men's! says she pointin' to the captain. A prince too, said I, and all this party are princes; fathers all sovereigns to home—no bigger men than them, neither there nor any where else in the universal world. Then, said she, you all dine wid me to-day; me proud to have de princes to my table.

If she didn't give us a regular blow-out, it's a pity, and the whole on us were more than half-sen's over; for my part, the

hot milled wine ac'tilly made me feel like a prince, and what put me in tip-top spirits was the idee of the host I played off on her about our bein' prince; and then my rosy cheeks and youth pleased her fancy, so that she was uncommon civil to me—talked to no one else a'most. Well, when we rose from table, (for she stayed there till the wine made her eyes twinkle ag'in,) prince Shloek, said she, wakin' o' my hand, and puttin' her sunny little wag close up to me, (and she really did look pretty, all smiles and sweetness,) Prince Shloek, will you have one shampoo? said she. A shampoo? said I; to be sure I will, and thank you too; you are just the gal I'd like to shampoo, and I clapt my arms round her neck, and gave her a bump that made all ring ag'in. What the devil are you at? said the captain, and he seized me round the waist and legged me off. Do you want to lose your head, you fool, you? said he; you've carried this joke too far already, without this rompin'—go aboard. It was lucky for me she had a wee drop in her eye, herself—for arter the first scum, she larled ready to split; says she, No kinsy, no kinsy—shampoo is shampoo; but kinsy is another ting. The noise brought the servants in, and says the queen, p'inting to me, "shampoo him"—and they up with me, and into another room, and before I could say Jack Robinson, off went my clothes, and I was gettin' shampoo'd in earnest. It is done by a gentle poultice, and rubbin' all over the body with the hand; it is delightful—that's a fact, and I was soon asleep.

I was pretty well cured that afternoon, but still I knew what I was about; and recollected when I awoke the whisper of the captain at partin'—"Mind your eye, Slick, if ever you want to see Cape Cod ag'in." So, airy next mornin', while it was quite moony yet, I went aboard, and the captain soon put to sea, but not before there came a boat-load of pigs and two bullocks off to "Prince Shloek." So our diplomats shampoo the English, and put 'em to sleep. How beautiful they shampoo'd them in the fishery story! It was agreed we was to fish within three leagues of the coast; but then, says Jonathan, wood and water, you know, and shelter, when it blows like great guns, are rights of hospitality. You wouldn't refuse us a port in a storm, would you? no noble, no human, no liberal, no confidin' as you be. Certainly not, says John Bull; it would be inhuman to refuse either shelter, wood, or water. Well then, if there was one a wag little case not set-

fied, deserted life, would you have any objection to our dryin' our fish there!—they might spile, you know, so far from home—a little net of kindness like that would bind us to you for ever, and ever, and amen. Certainly, says John, it's very reasonable that—you are perfectly welcome—happy to oblige you. It was all we wanted an excuse for enterin', and now we are in and out when we please, and smuggle like all vengance: got the whole trade and the whole fishery. It was splendidly done, wasn't it?

Well, then, we did manage the boundary line capitally too. We know we her'n't got no title to that land—it wasn't given to us by the treaty, and it wasn't in our possession when we declared independence or made peace. But our maxim is, it is better to get things by treaty than by war; it is more Christian-like, and more intellectual. To gain that land, we asked the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the St. John, which we knew would never be granted; but then it gave us something to concede on our part, and brag on as liberal, and it is natural and right for the English to concede on their side something too—so they will concede the disputed territory.

Ah, squire, said he, your countrymen may have a good heart, and I believe they have; indeed, it would be strange if a full purse didn't make a full heart; but they have a most plaguy poor head, that's a fact. This was rather too bad. To be first imposed upon and then ridiculed, was paying rather too heavy a penalty for either negligence or ignorance. There was unhappily too much truth in the remark for me to join in the laugh. If your diplomats, said I, have in one or two instances been successful by departing from the plain intelligible path, and resorting to flattery and cunning, (acts in which I regret to say diplomats of all nations are but too apt to indulge,) it is a course which carries its own cure; and, by raising suspicion and distrust, will hereafter impose difficulties in their way even when their objects are legitimate and just. I should have thought that the lesson read on a celebrated occasion (which you doubtless remember) by Mr. Canning, would have dictated the necessity of caution for the future. Recollect that confidence once withdrawn is seldom restored again. You have, however, omitted to state your policy with Russia. Oh! said he, Old Nick in the North is served in the same way.

Excuse me, said I, (for I felt piqued,) but if you will per-

mit me I will suggest some observations to you relative to Russia that may not have occurred to you. Your diplomats might address the Emperor thus: 'Say it please your Majesty, there is an astonishing resemblance between our two countries; in fact there is little or no difference except in name,—the same cast of countenance, same family-likeness, same Tartar propensity to change shade. All extremes meet. You take off folk's heads without law, so do our nobles. You send fellows to Siberia, our nobles send them to the devil. No power on earth can restrain you, no power on earth can restrain our nobles. You make laws and break 'em as suits your convenience, so do our lynchons. You don't allow any one to sport opinions you don't hold, or you stifle them and their opinions too. It's just so with us; our folks forbid all talking about niggers; and if a man forgets himself, he is reminded of it by his head supporting his body instead of his heels. You have got a liquorish mouth for fertile lands beyond your borders, so have we; and yet both have got more land than tenants. You foment troubles among your neighbours, and then step in to keep the peace, and hold possession when you get there, so do we. You are a great slave holder, so are we. Folks accuse you of stealin' Poland, the same libellin' villains accuse us of stealin' Texas, and a desire to have Canada too; and yet the one is as much without foundation as the other. You plant colonies in Tartar lands, and then drive out the owners: we serve the Indians the same way. You have exterminated some of your enemies, we've exterminated some of ours. Some folks say your empire will split to pieces—it's too big; the identical same prophecy they make of us, and one is just as likely as the other. Every man in Russia must bow to the pictur' of his Emperor; every man must bow to the pictur' of our great nation, and swear through thick and thin, he admires it more for any thing on the face of the earth. Every man in Russia may say what he likes if he dare, so he may in the United States. If foreign newspapers abuse' Polish matters get into the Russia mail, the mail is broken open and they are taken out; if abolition papers get into the Southern mail, our folks break open the bags and burn 'em, as they did at Charleston. The law institutes no inquiry in your decisions as to your acts of execution, spoliation, and exile; neither is there any inquest with us on similar acts of our nobles. There is no freedom of the press

with you, neither is there with us. If a paper offends you, you stop it; if it offends our sovereigns, they break the machinery, put the house, and throw the types into the street; and if the printer escapes, he may thank God for giving him a good pair of legs. In short, they may say to him—It's generally allowed the freedom of one country is as like the despotism of the other as two peas—no soul could tell the difference; and therefore there ought to be an actual as there is a natural alliance between us. And then the currier's critics, if they catch him alone where they won't be overheard, they may soft sawder him, by tellin' him they never knew before the blessed' of havin' only one tyrant instead of a thousand, and that it is an amendment they intend to propose to the constitution when they return home, and hope they'll yet live to see it. From this specimen, you may easily perceive that it requires no great penetration or ability to deceive even an acute observer whenever recourse is had to imagination for the facts. How far this parallel holds good I leave you to judge; I desire to offer you no offence, but I wish you to understand that all the world are not in love with your republican institutions or your people, and that both are better understood than you seem to suppose. Well, well, says he, I did'n't mean to ryle you, I do assure you; but if you hasn't made a good story out of a Southern mob or two, neither of which are half as bad as your Bristol riot or Irish drays, it's a pity. After all, said he, I don't know whether it wouldn't comport more with our dignity to go straight ahead. I believe it is in politics as in other matters, *forward is the best policy*.

CHAPTER XIII.

PUTTING A FOOT IN IT.

One amusing trait in the Clockmaker's character, was his love of contradiction. If you suggested any objection to the American government, he immediately put himself on the defensive; and if hard pressed, extricated himself by changing the topic. At the same time he would seldom allow me to pass a eulogy upon it without affecting to consider the praise as misapplied, and as another instance of "our not

understanding them." In the course of our conversation, I happened to observe that the American government was certainly a very cheap one; and that the economy practised in the expenditure of the public revenue, though in some instances carried so far as to border on meanness, was certainly a very just subject of national pride. Ah, said he, I always said, "you don't understand us." Now it happens that that is one of the few things, if you were only availed of it, that you could fault us in. It is about the most costly government in the world, considering our means. We are scitilly set up by it—it is a most plaguy worn, and has spread so like staves that it has got its root into the very core. Cheap government!—well, come that beats all!!

I should like to know, said I, how you can make that appear, for the salaries paid to your public officers are not only small, but absolutely mean; and, in my opinion, wholly inadequate to procure the services of the best and most efficient men. Well, said he, which costs most, to keep one good horse well, or half a dozen poor ones ill, or to keep ten real complete good servants, or fifty litty, litty, do-nothin' critters? because that's gist our cost,—we have too many of 'em all together. We have twenty-four independent states, beside the general government; we have therefore twenty-five presidents, twenty-five secretaries of state, twenty-five treasurers, twenty-five senators, twenty-five houses of representatives, and fifty attorney generals, and all our legislators are paid, every soul of 'em; and so are our magistrates, for they all take fees and seek the office for pay, so that we have as many paid legislators as soldiers, and as many judges of all sorts and sizes as sailors in our navy. Put all these expenses together, of state government and general government, and see what an awful sum it comes to, and then tell me it's a cheap government. True, said I, but you have not that enormous item of expenditure known in England under the name of half pay. We have more officers of the navy on half pay than you have in your navy altogether. So much the better for you, says he, for ours are all on full pay, and when they ain't employed, we set them down as absent on leave. Which costs the most do you suppose? That comes of not callin' things by their right names, you see. Our folks know this, but our popularity-makin' patriots have all their own interest in multiplying these offices; yea, our folks have put

their foot in it, that's a fact. They cling to it as the bear did to Jack Fogler's mill-saw; and I guess it will serve them the same way. Did I never tell you that one story? for I'm most afraid sometimes I've got father's fashion of tellin' my stories over twice. No, said I, it's new to me; I have never heard it. Well, says he, I will tell you how it was.

Jack Fogler lives to Nicotian-wood, and he keeps a saw-mill and tavern; he's a stouter than filler; he's near hand to seven feet high, with shoulders as broad as a barn-door; he is a giant, that's a fact, and can twitch a mill-log as easy as a yoke of corn cows—nothin' never stops him. But that's not all, for I've seen a man as big as all cut-throats afore him; but he has a foot that beats all—folks call him the man with the foot. The first time I seed him I could not keep my eyes off of it. I actilly could not think of any thing else. Well, says I, Jack, your foot is a whopper, that's a fact; I never seed the best of it in all my born days,—it beats Giesper Zwicker's all hollow, and his is so big, folks say he has to haul his trousers on over his head. Yes, says he, lawyer Yale says it *possibly* all understandin'. Well, he has a darter most as big as he is, but for all that she is near about as pretty a gail as I ever laid eyes on, but she has her father's foot; and, poor thing, she can't bear to hear tell of it. I mind once when I came there, there was no one to home, and I had to see to old Clay myself; and arter I had done, I went in and set down by the fire, and lighted a cigar. After a while, in come Lucy, lookin' pretty fixed. Why, said I, Lucy, dear, where on earth have you been? you look pretty well beat out. Why, says she, the hours are plaguy thick this while past, and have killed some of our sheep, so I went to the woods to drive the flock home ag'in night-fall, and fogs! I lost my way. I've been gone ever so long, and I don't know as I'd ever alound my way out ag'in, if I hadn't a met Bill Zisk shokin' up his sheep, and he showed me the way out.

Thinks I to myself, let the galls alone for an excuse; I see how the cat jumps. Well, says I, Lucy, you are about the luckiest gail I ever seed. Possibly, says she;—how's that? Why, says I, many's the gail I've known that's lost her way with a sweetheart afore now, and got on the wrong track; but you're the first one ever I seed that got put on the right way by one, any how. Well, she larked, and says she, you men always suspect evil; it shows how bad you must be your-

advice. Perhaps it may be so, says I, but mind your eye, and take care you don't put your foot in it. She looked at me the matter of a minute or so without sayin' a word, and then burst out scryin'. She said, if she had such an awful big foot, it wasn't her fault, and it was very unkind to laff at it to her face—that way. Well, I felt proper sorry too, you may depend, for I vow she was so uncommon handsome I had never noticed that big foot of hers till then. I had hardly got her pacified when in come Jack, with two halves of a hen, and threw 'em down on the floor, and laffed ready to kill himself. I never seen the best o' that, said he, since I was raised from a seedlin'. I never see a feller so taken in all my life—that's a fact. Why, says I, what is it? It was some time afore he could speak ag'in for laffin'—for Jack was considerable in the wind, pretty nearly half shaved. At last, says he, you know my failin', Mr. Stick; I like a drop of grog better than it likes me. Well, when the last rain come, and the brook was pretty considerable full, I lag'd for a month, (that is, said the Clockmaker, he had taken an oath to abstain from drawing liquor from the lag—they call it kaggin',) and my lag was out to-day at twelve o'clock. Well, I had just got a lag on the ways when the sun was on the twelve o'clock line, so I stoppe the mill and takes out my dinner, and sets it down on the lag, and then runs up to the house to draw off a bottle of rum. When I returned, and was just about to enter the mill, what should I see but that ere horse a sittin' on the pine stick in the mill actin' of my dinner, so I git backs out, takes a good swig out of the bottle, and lays it down to run off home for the gun, when, says I to myself, says I, he'll make a plaguy sight shorter work of that ere dinner than I would, and when he's done he'll not wait to wipe his mouth with the towel neither. May be he'll be gone afore I gets back, so I git crawls under the mill—pokes up a stick through the fies and starts the plug, and sets the mill again'. Well the motion was so easy, and he was so busy, he never moves, and arter a little the saw just gives him a scratch on the back; well, he grooels and shoves forward abit on his ramp; presently it gives him another scratch, with that he wheels about round and lays right hold of it, and gives it a most devil of a hug with his paws, and afore he knowed what he was about it plased him down and saved him right in two, he squealin' and kickin' and singin' out like a good feller the whole blessed time. Thinks I, he put his foot in it that feller, any how.

Yes, our folks have put their foot in it; a cheap article ain't always the best; if you want a real right down first chop, genuine thing, you must pay for it. Talent and integrity ain't such common things any where, that they are to be had for half nothin'. A man that has them two things can go ahead any where, and if you want him to give up his own concerns to see after those of the public, and don't give him the fair market price for 'em, he is plaguy apt to put his integrity in his pocket, and put his talents to work. What he loses one way he makes up another: if he can't get it out of his pay, he takes it out of paragonin', jobs, patronage, or somethin' or another. Folks won't serve the public for nothin' no more than they will each other free-gratis. An honest man won't take office, if it won't support him properly, but a dishonest one will, 'cause he won't stand about trifles, but goes the whole figure—and where you have a good many critters, as public servants—why, a little slip of the pen or drip of the foot, ain't thought nothin' of, and the tone of public feelin' is lowered, till at last folks judge of a man's dishonesty by the 'outeness of it. If the slight-o-hand ain't well done, they say, when he is detected, he is a fool—cuss him, it serves him right; but if it is done so slick that you can hardly see it even when it's done afore your eyes, people say, a fine bold stroke that—splendid business talent, that was—considerable powers—a risin' character—and by bein' a great man in the long run.

You recollect the story of the quaker and his insurance, don't you? He had a vessel to sea that he hadn't heard of for a considerable time, and he was most plaguily afeard she had gone for it; so he sent an order to his broker to insure her. Well, next day he learnt for certain that she was lost, so what does he do but writes to his broker as if he meant to save the premium by recalling the order: If thee hast not insured, thee needst not do it, esteemed friend, for I have heard of the vessel. The broker, thinkin' it would be all clear gain, falls right into the trap; tells him his letter came too late, for he had effected the insurance half an hour afore it arrived. Verily, I am sorry for thee, friend, said the quaker, if that be the case, for a heavy loss will fall on thee; of a certainty I have heard of the vessel, but she is lost. Now that was what I call harden'; it showed great talents that, and a knowledge of human natur' and soft swedge.

I thought, said I, that your annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and system of rotation of office, had a tendency to prevent corruption, by removing the means and the opportunity to any extent. Well, it would, perhaps, to a certain point, said the Clockmaker, if you knew where that point was, and could stop there; but wherever it is, I am afraid we have passed it. Annual parliaments bring in so many new hands every year, that they are gist like pawns in the game of chess, only fit for fools to move about and count while the game is played by the bigger ones. They get so pointed—the critics, with the firms o' the house, that they put me in mind of a fellow standin' up for the first time in a quadrille. One tells him to cross over here, and afore he gets there another calls him back ag'in; one pushes him to the right and another to the left; he runs ag'in every body, and every body runs ag'in him; he treads on the heels of the galls and takes their skin and their shoes off, and they tread on his toes, and return the compliment to his ears; he is no good in natur', except to bother folks and put them out. The old hands that have been there afore, and cut their eye-teeth, know how to turn these critics, and make 'em believe the moon is made of green cheese. That gives great power to the master movers, and they are enabled to spikebate handstern in land stock, bank stock, or any other corporate stock, for they can raise or depress the article gist as they please by legislative action.

There was a grand legislative speck made not long since, called the preemption speck. A law was passed, that all who had settled on government lands without title, should have a right of preemption at a very reduced price, below common upset, s'arh if application was made on a particular day. The jobbers watched the law very sharp, and the moment it passed, off they set with their gangs of men and a magistrate, camped out all night on the wild land, made the affidavits of settlement, and ran on till they went over s'most—a deuce of a tract of country, that was all picked out afore-hand for them; then returned their affidavits to the office, got the land at preemption rate, and turned right round and sold it at market price—pocketed the difference—and netted a most handsome thing by the spec.

There put banks was another splendid affair; it deluged the land with corruption then,—it was too bad to think on. When

the government is in the mass, as with us, and rotation of office is the order of the day, there is a natural tendency to multiply offices, so that every one can get his share of 'em, and it increases expenses, breeds office-seekers, and corrupts the whole mass. It is in politics as in farms',—one large farm is worked at much less expense and much greater profit, and is better in many ways than half a dozen small ones; and the head farmer is a more 'sponsible man, and better to do in the world, and has more influence than the small fry. Things are better done too on his farm—the tools are better, the teams are better, and the crops are better: it's better altogether. Our first-rate men ain't in politics with us. It don't pay 'em, and they won't go thro' the mill for it. Our principle is to consider all public men rogues, and to watch 'em well that they keep straight. Well, I ain't jist altogether certified that this don't help to make 'em rogues; where there is no confidence, there can be no honesty; locks and keys are good things, but if you can't never trust a servant with a key, he don't think the better of his master for all his suspicious, and is plaguy apt to get a key of his own. Then they do get such a drill thro' the press, that no man who thinks any great shakes of himself can stand it. A feller must have a hide as thick as a bull's to bear all the lashing our public men get the whole blessed time, and if he can bear it without winking, it's more perhaps than his family can. There's nothin' in office that's worth it. So our best men ain't in office—they can't submit to it.

I know a judge of the state court of New York, a first class man too, give it up, and take the office of clerk in the identical same court. He said he couldn't afford to be a judge; it was only them who couldn't make a livin' by their practice that it would suit. No, equivo, it would be a long story to go through the whole thing; but we ain't the cheapest government in the world—that's a fact. When you come to visit us and go deep into the matter, and see general government and state government, and local taxes and general taxes, although the items are small, the sum total is a most a swingin' large one, I tell you. You take a shop account and read it over. Well, the thing appears reasonable enough, and cheap enough; but if you have been *swindled* in and out pretty often, and got' the whole figure', add it up to the bottom, and if it don't make you stare and look corner ways, it's a pity.

What made me first of all think o' these things, was seein' how they got on in the colonies; why, the critters don't pay no taxes at all a'most—they actilly don't deserve the name o' taxes. They don't know how well they're off, that's certain. I mind when I used to be agramblin' to home when I was a boy about knee-high to a goose or so, father used to say, Barn, if you want to know how to valy home, you should go ahead for a while among strangers. It ain't all gold that glitters, my boy. You'd soon find out what a nice home you've got; for mind what I tell you, home is home, however home(s)—that's a fact. These blue-coats ought to be jist sent away from home a little while; if they were, when they returned, I guess, they'd learn how to valy their location. It's a lawfal colony this,—things do go on reg'lar,—a feller can rely on law here to defend his property, he needn't do as I seed a squatter to Ohio do once. I had stopt at his house one day to bait my horse; and in the course o' conversation about matters and things in general, says I, What's your title? is it from government, or purchased from settlers?—I'll tell you, Mr. Stick, he says, what my title is,—and he went in and took his rifle down, and brought it to the door. Do you see that are hen, said he, with the cock-knot on, afeelin' by the fence there? Yes, says I, I do.—Well, says he, see that; and he put a ball right through the head of it. That, said he, I reckon, is my title; and that's the way I'll serve any trespassion arounded that goes for to meddle with it. Says I, if that's your title, depend on't you won't have many fellers trouble you with claims. I rather guess not, said he, larin'; and the lawyers won't be over forward to buy such claims on speculation,—and he wiped his rifle, reloaded her, and hung her up ag'in. There's nothin' of that kind here.

But as touchin' the matter o' cheap government, why it's as well as not for our folks to hold out that even is so; but the truth is, between you and me, though I wouldn't like you to let on to any one I said so, the truth is, somewhere or other, we've put our foot in it—that's a fact.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY AND YANKEE DEMOCRACY

When we have taken our tower, said the Clockmaker, I estimate I will return to the United States for good and all. You had ought to visit our great nation, you may depend; it's the most splendid location between the poles. History can't show nuthin' like it; you might tile all creation down to an essence, and not get such a concrete as New England. It's a sight to behold twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens, and I guess we shall have all these provinces, and all South America. There is no end to us; old Rome that folks make such a to-do about, was nothin' to us—it warn't fit to hold a candle to our federal government,—that's a fact. I intend, said I, to do so before I go to Europe, and may perhaps avail myself of your kind offer to accompany me. Is an Englishman well received in your country now? Well, he is now, said Mr. Stick; the last war did that; we liked the British into a respect for us; and if it warn't that they are so plucky jealous of our factories, and so invidious of our freedom, I guess we should be considerable sociable, but they can't stomach our glorious institutions no how. *They don't understand us.* Father and our Minister used to have great arguments about the British. Father hated them like pyes, as most of our revolutionary heroes did; but minister used to stand up for 'em considerable stiff.

I mind one evenin' arter hay harvest, father said to me, Sam, said he, 'sposn we go down and see minister; I guess he's a little miffy with me, for I brought him up all standin' 'tother night by sayin' the English were a damned overboardin' tyrannical race, and he hadn't another word to say. When you make use of such language as that are, Colonel Stick, said he, there's an end of all conversation. I allow it is very disrespectful to swear afore a minister, and very awkward to do so at all, and I don't appreciate such talk at no rate. So we will drop the subject if you please. Well, I got pretty grumpy too, and we parted in a huff. I think myself, says father, it warn't pretty to swear afore him; for, Sam, if there

is a good man agoin' it is minister,—that's a fact. But, Sam, says he, we military men,—and he straightened himself up considerable stiff, and pulled up his collar, and looked as fierce as a lion,—we military men, says he, have a habit of rappin' out an oath now and then. 'Very few of our heroes didn't swear; I recollect that taxation fire-eater, General Oakes, when he was in our service, ordered me once to attack a British outpost, and I didn't much more than half like it. General, says I, there's a plaguy stone wall there, and the British have lined it, I guess; and I'm athinkin' it ain't altogether gist safe to go too near it. D—n—n,—Captain Slick, says he,—(I was gist made a captain then)—d—n—n, Captain Slick, says he, ain't there two sides to a stone wall? Don't let me hear the like ag'in from you, said he, Captain, or I hope I may be tetotally and effectually d—d if I don't break you—! I will, by gosh! He warn't a man to be trifled with, you may depend; so I drew up my company, and made at the wall double quick, expectin' every minute would be our last.

Gist as we got near the fence, I heerd a scribbin' and a quaddin' behind it, and I said, now, says I, fer'ard my boys, fer' your lives! hot foot, and down under the fence on your bellies! and then we shall be as safe as they be, and p'rhaps we can loophole 'em. Well, we gist hit it, and got there without a shot, and down on our faces as flat as flounders. Presently we heerd the British run for dear life, and take right back across the road, full split. Now, says I, my hearties, up and let drive at 'em, right over the wall! Well, we got on our knees, and cocked our guns, so as to have all ready, and then we jump'd up an' send; and woeis' nothin' but a great cloud o' dust, we fired right into it, and down we heerd 'em tumble; and when the dust cleared off, we saw the matter of twenty white benches turned up to us sprawlin' on the ground. Gist at that moment we heerd three cheers from the enemy at the fort, and a great shout of harkin' from our army too; they haw-hawed like thunder. Well, says I, as soon as I could see, if that don't bang the bush. I'll be darn'd if it ain't a flock of sheep belongin' to Elder Solomon Longstaff, after all,—and if we ain't killed the matter of a score of 'em too, as dead as mutton; that's a fact. Well, we returned considerable down in the mouth, and says the ginecal, captain, says he, I guess you made the enemy look pretty sheepish,

did'nt you? Well, if the officers didn't huf, it's a pity; and says a Vargoy officer that was there, in a sort of half-whisper, that well was well lined, you may depend; sleep on one side and snore on the other! Says I, stranger you had better not say that are ag'in, or I'll — Gentlemen, says the general, reserve your heat for the enemy; no quarrels among ourselves—and he rode off, havin' first whispered in my ear, Do you hear, captain, d—n you! there are two sides to a wall. Yes, says I, general, and two sides to a story too. And don't for gracious' sake, say any more about it. Yes, we military men all swear a few,—it's the practice of the camp, and seems kinder official. But I'll go and make friends with ministers.

Well, we walked down to Mr. Hapewell's, and we found him in a little summer house, all covered over with honeysuckle, as busy as you please with a book he was studyin', and as soon as he read us, he laid it down, and came out to meet us. Colonel Stick, says he, I owe you an apology, I believe; I couldn't I spoken too abrupt to you 'tother evenin'. I ought to have made some allowance for the ardour of one of our military heroes. Well, it took rather all shock that, for he know'd it was him that was to blame, and not minister, so he began to say that it was him that ought to ask pardon; but minister wouldn't hear a word,—(he was all humility was minister—he had no more pride than a babe,)—and says he, Come, colonel, walk in and sit down here, and we will see if we cannot transfer a bottle of cider for you, for I take this visit very kind of you. Well, he brought out the cider, and we sat down quite sociable like. Now, says he, colonel, what news have you.

Well, says father, neighbour Dearbourn tells me that he heard from excellent authority that he can't doubt, when he was in England, that King George the Third has been dead these two years; but his ministers darren't let the people know it, for fear of a revolution; so they have given out that he took the loss of these States so much to heart, and fretted and carried on so about it, that he ain't able to do business no more, and that they are obliged to keep him included. They say the people want to have a government just like ours, but the lords and great folks won't let 'em,—and that if a poor man buys by a few dollars, the nobles send send take it right away, for fear they should buy powder and shot with it. It's

awful to think on, ain't it? I allow the British are about the most enslaved, oppressed, ignorant, and miserable folks on the face of creation.

You musn't believe all you hear, said minister; depend upon it, there ain't a word o' truth in it. I have been a good deal in England, and I do assure you, they are as free as we be, and a most plaguy sight richer, stronger, and wiser. Their government concerns them better than corn would, and I must say there be some things in it I like better than corn too. Now, says he, colonel, I'll pint out to you where ^{they} have a'most an amazin' advantage over us here in America. First of all, there is the King on his throne, an hereditary King,—a born King,—the head of his people, and not the head of a party; not supported, right or wrong, by one side because they chose him,—nor hated and opposed, right or wrong, by t'other because they don't vote for him; but loved and supported by all because he is their King; and regarded by all with a feelin' we don't know nothin' of in our country,—a feelin' of loyalty. Yes, says father, and they don't care whether it's a man, woman, or child; the ignorant, benighted critters. They are considerable sure, says minister, he ain't a rogue, at any rate.

Well, the next link in the chain—(Chairs enough, poor wretches! says father; but it's good enough for 'em tho', I guess)—Well, the next link in the chain is the nobility, independent of the crown on one side, and the people on the other; a body distinguished for its wealth,—its learnin',—its munificence,—its high honour,—and all the great and good qualities that ennoble the human heart. Yes, says father, and yet they can asly eat o' their castles, seize travellers, and rob 'em of all they have; hav'n't they got the whole country enslaved?—the debauched, profligate, effeminate, tyrannical gang as they be;—and see what mean offices they fill about the King's person. They put me in mind of my son Elhad when he went to learn the doctors' trade,—they took him the first winter to the dissectin' room. So in the spring, says I, Elhad, says I, how do you get on? Why, says he, father, I've only had my first lesson yet. What is that? says I. Why, says he, when the doctors are dissectin' of a carcass of cold meat, (for that's the name a subject goes by,) I have to stand by 'em and keep my hands clean, to wipe their noses, give 'em snuff, and light cigars for 'em;—and the snuff sets 'em a

meanin' no, I have to be a wiggin' of their noses overhastily. It's a dirty business, that's a fact;—but disastin' is a dirty affair, I guess, altogether. Well, by all accounts the nobility fill offices as mean as the doctors' apprentices do the first winter.

I tell you, these are more than, says minister, got up here by a party to influence us ag'in the British. Well, well! said father, go on, and he throw one leg over the other, tilted back in his chair, folded his arms over his breast, and looked as determined as if he thought—now you may git talk till you are hoarse, if you like, but you won't convince me, I can tell you. Then there is an Established Church, containin' a body o' men distinguished for their piety and learnin', uniform piety, Christian lives, and consistent conduct: git a bench that keeps off the assaults of the waves o' infidelity and enthusiasm from the Christian harbour within—the great bulwark and breakwater that protects and shelters Protestantism in the world. Oh dear, oh dear! said father, and he looked over to me, quite stretched, as much as to say, Now, Sam, do only hear the nonsense that are old cotton is walkin' of: ain't it horrid! Then there is the gentry, and a fine, honourable, ready, hospitable, independent race they be; all on 'em sits in their life spheres, illuminatin', warmin', and cheerin' all within their reach. Old families, attached to all around them, and all attached to them, both them and the people respectin' that there have been twenty generations of 'em kind landlords, good neighbours, liberal patrons, indulgent masters; or if any of 'em went abroad, become by field and by blood. Yes, says father, and they carried back somethin' to brag on from Bunker's Hill, I guess, didn't they? We spoilt the pretty faces of some of their landlords, that hitch, any how—ay, and their tenants too; hang me if we didn't. When I was at Ben—

Then there is the professional men, rich merchants, and opulent factorists, all so many out-works to the king, and all to be beat down afore you can get at the throne. Well, all these blend and mix, and are combined and interwoven together, and make that great, harmonious, beautiful, social and political machine, the British constitution. The children of nobles ain't nobles—(I guess not, says father—why should they be? ain't all men free and equal? read Jefferson's declaim—)—but they have to mix with the commons, and be-

come commoners themselves, and part of the great general mass,—(and enough to pyrex the whole mass too, said father, gist yeast enough to ferment it, and spile the whole batch). Quite the reverse, says minister; to use a homely simile, it's like a piece of fat pork thrown into a boiler' kettle of maple syrup; it checks the bubbles' and renders the boiler' outside, and not run over. Well, you see, by the House o' Lords getting recruits from able commoners, and the commoners gettin' recruits from the young nobility, by intermarriage—and by the gradual branchin' off of the young people of both sexes, it becomes the people's nobility, and the king's nobility, sympathizin' with both, but independent of either. That's gist the difference 'tween them and foreigners on the Continent; that's the secret of their power, popularity and strength. The king leans on 'em, and the people leans on 'em—they are the key-stone of the arch. They don't stand alone, a high cold snowy peak, a' overlookin' of the world beneath, and throwin' a dark deep shadow o'er the rich and fertile regions below it. They ain't like the cornish of a room, pretty to look at, but of no earthly use whatever; a thing you could pull away, and leave the room standin', gist as well without, but they are the pillars of the state—the fluted, and grooved, and carved, and ornamental, but solid pillars—you can't take away the pillars, or the state comes down—you can't cut out the floutin', or groovin', or carvin', for it's in so deep you'd have to cut the pillars away to nothin' almost to get it out. Well, says father, arisin' of his voice till he screamed, have you nothin', sir, to propose to home, sir? I think you whitewashed that British sepulchre of rottenness and corruption, that House o' Lords, pretty well, and painted the harlot's eldest daughter, till she looks as flimty as the old one of Babylon herself; let's have a touch o' your brush to home now, will you? You don't understand me yet, Colonel Blisk, said he; I want to show you somethin' in the workin' o' the machinery you ain't thought of, I know. Now, you see, colonel, all these parts I described are checks, we ain't got,—(and I trust in God we never shall, says father—we want no check—nothin' can never stop us, but the limits o' creation,) and we ain't provided any in their place, and I don't see what on earth we shall do for these drag-chains on popular opinion. There's nothin' here to make it of—nothin' in the natur' of things to substitute—nothin' invented, or capable of the wear-and-tear,

if invented, that will be the least moral of use in the world. Explain what you mean, for gracious sake, says father, for I don't understand one word of what you are sayin' of; who dares talk of claims to popular opinion of twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens? Well, says minister, gist see here, colonel, instead of all these graduations and circles, and what not, they've got in England—each havin' its own principle of action, harmonizin' with one another, yet essentially independent—we got but one class, one mass, one people. Some nater' has made a little smarter than others, and some education has distinguished; some are a little richer, some a little poorer—but still we have nothin' but a mass, a populace, a people; all alike in great essentials, all havin' the same power, same rights, same privileges, and of course same feelin's:—call it what you will, it's a populace, in fact.

Our name is Legion, says father, sjarpin' up in a great rage. Yes, sir, legion is our name—we have twelve millions of freemen, ready to march to the utmost limits o' creation, and fight the devil himself if he was there, with all his hosts; and I'm the man to lead 'em, sir; I'm the boy that gist will do it. Bear rank, take open order, right shoulders for'ard—march! And the old man began to step out as if he was aladdin' of 'em on their way ag'in old Nick—whistling Yankee-doodle all the time, and lookin' as fierce as if he could whip his weight in wild cats. Well, says minister, I guess you won't have to go quite so far to find the devils to fight with as the end of creation neither; you'll find them nearer to home than your athinkin' on some o' these days, you may depend. But, colonel, our people present one smooth, unbroken surface—do you see?—of the same uniform materials, which is acted on all over alike by one impulse. It's like a lake. Well, one gust o' wind sweeps all over it, and puts all in agitation, and makes the waters look angry and dangerous—(and smaller waters makes the ugliest seas always.) Well, as soon as the squall is over, what a most a beautiful picture! and heavin' there is for a while, and then down it all comes as calm and as stagnant and timorous as you please. That's our case.

There is nothin' to check popular commotion here, nothing to influence it for good, but much to influence it for evil. There is one tone and one key here: strike the octaves where you like, and when you like, and they all accord.

The press can lash us up to a fury here in two two any day, because a shard struck at Maine vibrates in Florida, and when once roused, and our dunder fairly up, where are the bodies above all this commotion, that can soften, moderate, control, or even influence it? The law, we see, is too feeble; people disregard it; the clergy can't, for if they dare to disagree with their flocks, their flocks drive 'em out of the parson' in little less than half an hour; the legislature can't, for they are parts of the same turbid water themselves; the president can't, for he is nothin' but a heap of froth thrown up by conflictin' eddies at the central point, and floats with the stream that generated him. He has no motion of himself, no locomotive power. It ain't the drift-log that directs the river to the sea, but the river that carries the drift-log on its back. Now in England, a lyin', agitatin', wicked press, demagogues and political jugglers, and them sort o' cattle, finds a check in the Executive, the great, the learned, the virtuous, the prudent, and the well established nobility, church, and gentry. It can't deceive them, they are too well informed;—it can't agitate them, for they don't act from impulse, but from reason. It can't overturn 'em, for they are too strong. Nothin' can move so many different bodies but somethin' genuine and good, somethin' that comes recommended by common sense for the public weal by its intrinsic excellence. Then the clergy bless it, the nobles sanction it, and the king executes it. It's a well-constructed piece o' machinery that, colored, and I hope they won't go addlin' too much with it;—there's nothin' like *leaving* all's well alone.

I'll suppose a case now:—If the French in Canada were to rebel—as they will, like that priest that walked on crutches all they elected him Pope, and when he got into the chair he up crutches and let 'em fly at the heads of the cardinals, and told 'em to clear out, or he'd kick 'em out—they'll rebel as soon as they can walk alone, for the British have made 'em a French colony instead of an English one, and then they'll throw away their crutches. If they do rebel, see if our people don't go to war, tho' the government is to peace. They'll do just as they please, and nothin' can stop 'em. What do they care for a President's proclamation, or a marshal's advertisements? they'd lynch one, or tar and feather the other of those shops as quick as wish, if they dared to stand in the way one minit. No; we want the influence of an indepen-

dent united clergy—of a gentry, of an upper class, of a permanent one too—of a something or another, in short, we hav'n't got, and I fear never will get. What little cheek we had in Washington's time is now lost; our senate has degenerated into a mere second house of representatives; our legislators are nothin' but speakin' trumps for the mobs outside to yell and howl thro'. The British Government is like its oak; it has its roots spread out far and wide, and is supported and nourished on all sides, besides its tap-roots that run right straight down into the ground—(for all hard-wood trees have tap-roots, you know.) Well, when a popular storm comes, it bends to the blast, do you see? till its fury is spent;—it gets a few leaves shook down, and perhaps a rotten branch or two twisted off; but when the storm is o'er there it is ag'in bolt upright—as straight and as stiff as a poker. But our government is like one of our forest trees—all top and no branches, or downward roots, but a long, slim stalk with a broom-head, fed by a few superficial fibrous, the air and the rain; and when the popular gust comes it blows it right over—a great, on-widly windfall, smashin' all afore it, and breakin' itself all up to pieces. It's too hollow and knotty to saw or to split, or to rip, and too shaky to plane, or do anythin' with—all it's strength lies in growin' close alongside of others; but it grows too quick, and too thick to be strong. It has no intrinsic strength—some folks to England ain't up to this themselves, and rasy talk like fools. They talk as if they were in a republic instead of a limited monarchy. If ever they get upset, mark my words, colored, the squall won't come out of royalty, aristocracy, or prelacy, but out o' democracy—and a plaguy squally new democracy is, I tell you; wind gets up in a mist; you can't show a rag of sail to it, and if you don't keep a bright look-out, and shorten sail in time, you're wrecked or swamped afore you know where you be. I'd rather live under an absolute monarchy any day than in a democracy, for one tyrant is better nor a thousand; oppression is better nor anarchy, and hard law better nor no law at all. Minister, says father, (and he put his hand on his knees, and rose up slowly, till he stretched himself all out,) I have not here and heard more abuse of our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens, from you this ev'nin', than I ever thought I could have taken from any livin' soul breathin'; it's more than I can cleverly swallow, or digest either, I tell you.

Now, sir, says he, and 'he brought his two hands close together, and taking hold of his coat tail with his left hand, brought his right hand slowly round to it, and then lifted it gradually up as if he was drawin' out a sword,—and now, sir, said he, makin' a lunge into the air with his arm,—now, sir, if your were not a clergyman, you should answer it to me with your life—you should, I know. It's nothin' but your cloth protects you, and an old friendship that has subsisted atween us for many years. You revolutionary heroes, colonel, says minister, wellin', are covered with too much glory to require any aid from private quarrels: put up your sword, colonel, put it up, my good friend, and let us see how the cider is. I have talked so much, my mouth feels considerable rusty about the hinges, I vow. I guess we had, says father, quite mollified by that are little revolutionary heroes,—and I will sheath it; and he went thro' the form of puttin' a sword into the scabbard, and fetched his two hands together with a click that sounded awarin'ly like the reel thing. Fill your glass, colonel, says minister, fill your glass, and I will give you a toast:—*May our government never degenerate into a mob, nor our mob grow strong enough to become our government.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEPOSED MINISTER.

SEVEN I parted with you, squire, at Windsor, last fall, I've been to home. There's been an awful smash among the backs in the States—they've been blowed over, and snapped off, and torn up by the roots like the pines to the southward in a tornado!—awful work, you may depend. Everything prostrated as flat as if it had been chopped with an axe for the fire; it's the most dismal sight I ever beheld. Shortly after I left you I got a letter from Mr. Hopewell, a tellin' of me, there was a storm shrewin', and advisin' of me to come home as soon as possible, to see after my stock in the Stickville bank, for they were carryin' too much sail, and he was a'm almost certain it would capsize when the squall struck it. Well, I rode night and day; I nearly killed Old Clay and

myself too (I left the old horse to the St. John's) but I got there in time, sold out my shares, and jist secured myself, when it failed totally,—it won't pay five cents to the dollar; a total wreck, stock and flocks. Poor old minister, he is nearly used up; he is small potatoes now, and few in a hill. It made me feel quite startled to see him, for he is a real good man, a genuine primitive Christian, and one of the old school. Why, Sam, says he, how do you do, my boy? The sight of you is actidly good for sore eyes. Oh! I am glad to see you once more; when I go, it does me good—it happiness me, it does, I vow—for you always seem kind o'natural to me. I didn't think I should ever take any interest in anything ag'in;—but I must have a talk with you—it will do me good—it revives me. And now, Sam, said he, open that are cupboard there, and take the big key off the nail on the right hand side—it's the key of the collar; and go the north bin, and bring up a bottle of the old genuine cider—it will refresh you arter your fatigue; and give me my pipe and tobacco, and we will have a talk as we used to do in old times.

Well, says I, when I returned and uncerked the bottle,—minister, says I, it's no use in a talkin',—and I took a heavy pull at the cider—it's no use a talkin', but there's nothing like that among the Blue-noses any how. I believe you might stamp the universe, for cider—that caps all—it's super-excellent—that's a fact.

I shall stamp out of the universe soon, Sam, said he; I'm c'en a'most done; my body is worn out, and my spirits are none of the best now,—I'm a lene man. The old men are droppin' off fast into the grave, and the young men are troopin' off fast to the far West; and Slickville don't seem the place to me it used to do no more. I'm well stricken in years now; my life stretches over a considerable space of the colony time, and over all our republic: my race is run, my lamp is out, and I am ready to go. I often say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace. Next birth-day, if the Lord spares me to see it, I shall be ninety-five years old. Well, says I, minister, you've seen great changes in your time, that's certain; haven't we grown cruel fast? There ain't such a nation as our p'haps strones the poles, jist at this present time. We are a'most through to the Pacific, and spreadin' all over this great Continent; and our flag floats over every part of the world. Our free and enlightened people do present a'most

a glorious spectacle—that's a fact. Well, he sat still and said nothin'; but takin' the pipe out of his mouth, he let go a great long puff of smoke, and then replaced his pipe ag'in, and arter a space, says he, Well, Sam, what of all that? Why, said I, minister, you remind me of Josh Hester; he whipped every one that daunt try him, both in Slickville and its vicinity; and then he sat down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeard of him, and none on 'em would fight him.

It's a law of natur', Sam, said he, that things that grow too fast, and grow too big, go to decay soon. I am afeard we shall be rotten afore we are ripe. Precocity ain't a good sign in any thing. A boy that outgrows his strength, is seldom healthy; an old head on young shoulders is plaguy apt to find afore long the shoulders too old and weak for the head. I am too aged a man to be led away by names—too old a bird to be caught by chaff. Tinsel and glitter don't deceive me into a belief that they are solid, genuine metals. Our eagle, that we chose for our emblem, is a fine bird; and an aspirin' bird; but he is a bird of prey, Sam,—too fond of blood,—too prone to pounce on the weak and warry. I don't like to see him hoverin' over Texas and Canada so much. Our flag that you talk of is a good flag; but those stripes, are they prophetic or accidental? Are they the stripes of the slaves run' up to humble our pride by exhibitin' our shame on our banner? Or what do they mean? Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is! Is it havin' no king and no nobles? Then we are certainly free. But is that freedom? Is it havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough; gracious knows. Is it in havin' no hereditary government, or vigorous executive? Then we are free, beyond all doubt.

Yes, we know what we are stakin' about; we are wiser in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is, p'rhaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and so glibly; but it may not be so free to all corners as our country is. But what is freedom? My little grandson, little Sammy, (I had him named arter you, Sam,) told me yesterday I was behind the enlightenment of the age; perhaps you, who are ahead of it, will answer me. What is freedom? A colt is free,—he is uncontrolled,—he acknowledges no master,—no law, but the law of natur'. A man may get his brains kicked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that

of the wild horses or the wild men? If not, what is it?—Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular spirits? Is it in the absence of all subordination, or the insufficiency of all legal or moral restraints? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. *That is freedom.*

Why, minister, said I, what on earth ails you, to make you talk arter that fashion? If you *had* a-bin drinkin' any of that, are old cider, I do think I should have believed it had got into your brain, for it's pretty considerable stiff that, and creation heady. How can you go far to say we have no government, no law, and no religion, when it's generally allowed we are the most free and enlightened people on the face of the earth?—I didn't say that, Sam; I was definin' freedom in its general acceptation. We have got a government somewhere, if folks could only find it. When they searched for it at Texas, they said it was to Canada lines; and when they go to Canada lines to seek it, they say it is gone to the Seminole war; and when they get those, they'll tell 'em they've been lookin' for it; but it hasn't arrived yet, and they wish to gracious it would make haste and come, for if it was there, three thousand Indians couldn't beat us three years runnin', and defy us yet. We've got law too; and when the judges go on the circuit, the mob holds its courts, and keeps the peace.—Whose commission does the mob hold?—The people's commission. And whose commission does the supreme judge hold?—The President's. Which is at the top of the pot then? Can the judges punish the mob?—No; but the mob can punish the judges. Which is the supreme court, then? No; we have law. Yes, said I, and the prophets too; for if you ain't a prophet of evil, it's a pity. I fairly felt ryled, for if there is any thing that raises my dander, and puts my Ebenezer up, it is to hear a man say any thing ag'in the glorious institutions of our great, splendid country.

There you go ag'in, said he; you don't know what you are talkin' about; a prophet used to be a person who foretold future events to come. What they be now in Webster's new dictionary, I don't know; but I guess they now be those who foretell things arter they happen. I warn't apophonyin'—I

was speakin' of things afore my eyes. Your ideas of prophets are about as clear as your ideas of freedom. Yes, we've got law, and written law too, as well as written constitutions—(for we despise that unwritten law, the common law of the ignorant British; we despise it as a relic of barbarism, of the age of darkness and fable,)—and as soon as our cases that are tried afore the rash courts are collected and reported by some of our crissent mob orators, these state trials will have great authority. They'll be quoted in England with great respect, I know; for they've got centers of the same breed there too,—the same gentle, mild, Christian-like philanthropists. Pity you 'heda'n't sported that kind of doctrine, says I, minister, afore our glorious revolution. The British would have made a bishop of you, or a Carter Barry, or whatever they call their Protestant pope. Yes, you might have had the common law and the tythe law enforced with the biggest law. Alas! the British don't help us, Sam. I am not their advocate, but the advocate for law, just and equal law, impartially administered, voluntarily obeyed, and, when infringed, duly enforced. Yes, we have religion, too, from the strict good old platform, through every variety and shade of tinker, monomaniac, and mountebank, down to the infidel,—men who preach peace and good will, but who fight and hate each other like the devil. Idolatry like ours you won't find even among the heathen. We are image worshippers: we have two images. There's the golden image, which all men worship here, and the American image. The American image! said I; do tell: what on earth is that? I do believe in my heart, minister, that you have taken leave of your senses. What order the sun is the American image! An image of perfection, Sam, said he; fine physiognomical head—high forehead—noble countenance—intelligent face—limbs Herculean, but well proportioned—graceful attitude—a figure of great elegance and beauty,—the personification of every thing that is great and good,—that is the American image,—that we set up and admire, and every body thinks it is an image of himself. Oh! it is 'humiliatin'', it is 'degradin''; but we are all brought up to this idolatry from our cradle: we are taught first to worship gold, and then to idolize ourselves.

Yes, we have a government, have a law, and have a religion,—and a precious government, law, and religion, it is. I

was once led to believe we had made a great discovery, and were tryin' a great experiment in the art of self-government, for the benefit of mankind, as well as ourselves. Oh, delusion of delusions!—It had been tried before and signally failed, and tried on our own ground too, and under our own eyes. We are copies and not originals—base imitators. When he got this far, I said how it was—he was delirious, poor old gentleman; the sight of me was too much for him; his nerves was excited, and he was aravin'; his face was flushed, his eye glazed, and looked quite wild-like. It reached me to the heart, for I loved him like a father, and his intellects were of the first order afore old age, like a cloud, had overshadowed 'em. I thought I should have boo-hooed right out. So, instead of condemnin' him, I humoured him. Where was it tried, minister I said I; who had the honour afore us? for let us give the credit where it is due. The North American Indians, said he, had tried it afore in all its parts. They had no king, no nobles, no privileged class, no established religion. Their mohe made laws, Lynch law too, for they had burned people before the citizens at Mobile were ever born, or were even thought on, and invaded also other folks' territory by stealth, and then kept possession. They, too, elected their presidents and other officers, and did all and every thing we do. They, too, had their federal government of independent states, and their congress and solemn lookin' boundin' ratifiers. They, too, had their long knives as well as Arkansas folks have, and were as fond of blood. And where are they now? Where is their great experiment?—their great spectacle of a people governin' themselves? Gone! where eorn will go; gone with the years that are fled, never to return! Oh, Sam, Sam! my heart is sick within me. Where now is our beautiful republic bequeathed to us by Washington, and the sages and heroes of the revolution? Overwhelmed and destroyed by the mighty waters of democracy. Nothin' is now left but a dreary waste of angry waters, moved and excited by every wind that blows, and agitated by every conflictin' current, unsafe to navigate, fearful even to look upon.

This is is too excitin' a subject, said I, minister, and admits of great deal bein' said on both sides. It a'n't worth our while to get warm on it. As for an established church, said I, you know what an hubbub they made in England to get clear of that one. I don't think we need envy 'em, unless they'd

establish our platform. If they did that, said I, and I looked up and winked, I don't know as I wouldn't vote for it myself. Sam, said he, we are goin' to have an established church; it may be a very good church, and is a great deal better than many we have; but will it ain't the church of the Pilgrims. What church, said I, minister? Why, said he, the Catholic Church; before long it will be the established church of the United States. Poor old man, only think of his getting such a frank as that are in his head; it was unlaughably to hear him talk such nonsense, wasn't it? What makes you think so? said I. Why, said he, Sam, the majority here do everything. The majority voted at first against an establishment; a majority may at last vote for it; the voice of the majority is law. Now the Catholics are fast gainin' a numerical majority. Don't you believe census or other tables? I know it, and I could easily correct the errors of the census.

They gain constantly—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets—as soon as they have the majority this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes, and Persians, of Europe, the numerous legions of men. What then will the natural order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this—I don't dread it; I hope, and trust, and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don't, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold, speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. We shall be a Catholic country.

Sam, my heart is broken—my last tie is severed, and I am now descendant to the grave full of years and full of sorrows! I have received my dismissal; my elders have

waited upon me with the appalling information that they have given a call to a Unitarian, and have no further need of my services. My labours, Sam, were not worth having—that's a fact; I am now old, grey-headed, and infirm, and worn out in the service of my minister. It was time for me to retire. *Tempsus abire tibi est.* (I hope you haven't forgot what little Latin you had, Sam.) I don't blame 'em for that;—but a Unitarian in my pulpit! It has killed me—I cannot survive it; and he cried like a child. I looked on 'em, said he, as my children—I loved 'em as my own—taught 'em their infant prayers—I led 'em to the altar of the Lord, I fed 'em with the bread of life, encouraged 'em when they was right, reproved 'em when they was wrong, and watched over 'em always. Where now is my flock? and what account shall I give of the shepherd? Oh, Sam, willin'ly would I offer up my life for 'em as a sacrifice, but it may not be. My poor flock, my dear children, my lost sheep, that I should have lived to have seen this day!—and he hid his face in his hands, and mourned bitterly.

Poor old gentleman, it had been too much for him; it was evident that it had affected his head as well as his heart. And this I will say, that a better head and a better heart there ain't this day in the United States of America than minister Joshua Hopewell's of Slickville. I am glad to hear you speak so affectionately of him, said I. It shows there are good and warm hearts in Slickville besides his: but do you really think he was delirious? No doubt in the world on it, said he. If you had seen him and heard him, you would have felt that his troubles had swamped him. It was gone gone with him,—that's a fact. That he spoke under the influence of excited feelings, I replied, and with a heart filled with grief and indignation, there can be no doubt; but I saw no evidence of delirium; on the contrary, his remarks strike me as most elegant and original. They have made a great impression upon me, and I shall long remember the *confessions of a departed minister.*

CHAPTER XVI.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

Ten next day we reached Clare, a township wholly settled by descendants of the Acadian French. The moment you pass the bridge at Schisiboo, you become sensible that you are in a foreign country. And here I must enter my protest against that American custom of changing the old and appropriate names of places, for the new and inappropriate ones of Europe. Schisiboo is the Indian name of this long and beautiful river, and signifies the great deep, and should have been retained, not merely because it was its proper name, but on account of its antiquity, its legends, and, above all, because the river had a name, which the minor streams of the province have not. A country, in my opinion is robbed of half of its charms when its streams, like those of New Scotia, have no other names than those of the proprietors of the lands through which they pass, and change them as often as the soil changes owners. Schisiboo sounded too savage and uncouth in the ears of the inhabitants, and they changed it to Weymouth, but they must excuse me for adopting the old reading.

I am no democrat; I like old names and the traditions belonging to them. I am no friend to novelties. There has been a re-action in Upper Canada. The movement party in that colony, with great form and ceremony, conferred the name of Little York upon the capital of the colony; but the Conservatives have adopted the ancient order of things, and with equal taste and good feeling have restored the name of Toronto. I hope to see the same restoration at Schisiboo, at Titamagooche, and other places where the spoiler has been.

There is something very interesting in these Acadians. They are the literal descendants of those who made the first effective settlement in North America, in 1604, under De Monts, and have retained to this day the dress, customs, language, and religion of their ancestors. They are a peaceable, contented, and happy people; and have escaped the temptations of English agitators, French schismatics, and domestic demagogues.

I have often been amazed, said the Clockmaker, when travelling among the Canadians, to see what curious critters they be. They leave the marketin' to the women, and their business to their notaries, the care of their souls to the priests, and of their bodies to their doctors, and reserve only *faisabilité*, *dancein'*, *singin'*, *fidlin'*, and *gaseconadin'* to themselves. They are as merry as crickets, and as happy as the day is long. Don't care a straw how the world jogs, who's up or who's down, who reigns or who is deposed. Ask 'em who is King, and they believe Papineau is; who is Pope, and they believe their bishop is; who is the best off in the world, and they believe Mount-Sharp Chatterbox Habitan is. How is it then, said I, they are just on the eve of a rebellion? If they are so contented and happy as you represent them, what can induce them to invade the country in all the horrors of a civil war; and voluntarily incur all the penalties of treason, and the miseries of a revolution?

Because, said he, they are just what I have described them to be—because they don't know nothin'. They are as weak as Tootton water, and all the world knows that that won't even run down hill. They won't do nothin' but just as they are bid. Their notaries and doctors tell 'em,—these sacra diable's fosters English are agoin' by and by to ship 'em out of the country; and in the mean time rob 'em, plunder 'em, and tax 'em;—hang their priests, seize their goods, and play ball and Tommy with them, and all because they speak French. Hay hearg, says Habitan, up and at them then, and let 'em have it! But how can we manage all them redcoats? Oh! says their leaders, old France will send a fleet and soldiers, and Yankees will send an army. Yankees very fond of us,—all larnin' French a-purpose;—very fond of Catholics too, all thro' New England;—great friend of ours,—hate English like the diable. Along dong, then, they say; up and cut their throats! and when winter comes, hang 'em up, hang 'em up,—use 'em up! One grand French nation we shall have here then; all French, and no sacra English.

But do they really talk such nonsense to them as that, or are they such fools to believe it? Fact, I assure you; they are so ignorant they believe it all, and will believe anything they tell 'em. It is a comfortable ignorance they are in too, for they are acilly the happiest critters on the face of the earth,—but then it is a dangerous ignorance, for it is so easily

imposed upon. I had been always led to believe, I said, that it was a great constitutional question that was at stake,—the right to stop the supplies; and from hearing there were so many speculative and theoretical points of dispute between them and the English, as to the machinery of the local government, I thought they were at least an enlightened people, and one that, feeling they had rights, were determined to maintain those rights at all hazards. Oh, dear, said the Clockmaker, where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that? They don't know nothin' about the matter, nor don't want to. Even them that talk about those things in the Assembly, don't know much more; but they git know enough to ax for what they know they can't get, then call it a grievance, and pick a quarrel about it. Why, they've got all they want, and more nor they could have under us, or any other power on the face of the earth than the English,—ay, more than they could have if they were on their own hook. They have their own laws,—and plaguy queer, old-fashioned laws they are too,—Old Scratch himself couldn't understand 'em; their parly too language, religion, old customs and usages, and everything else, and no taxes at all.

If such is the case, what makes their leaders discontented? There must be something wrong somewhere, when there is so much dissatisfaction. All that is the matter may be summed up in one word, said the Clockmaker, *French*,—devil anything else but that—*French*. You can't make an Englishman out of a Frenchman, any more than you can make a white man out of a nigger; if the skin ain't different, the tongue is. But, said I, though you cannot make the Ethiopian change his skin, you can make the Frenchman change his language. Ay, now you have it, I guess, said he; you've struck the right nail on the head this time. The reform they want in Canada is to give 'em English laws and English language. Make 'em use it in courts and public matters, and make an English and not a French colony of it; and you take the sting out of the snake,—the critter becomes harmless. Them doctors pyon 'em. Them chaps go to France, get inoculated there with infidelity, treason, and republicanism, and come out and spread it over the country like small pox. They get a bad set of doctors in a general way, I tell you, and when rebellion breaks out there, as you'll see it will to a certainty by and by, you'll find these doctors leadin' them on everywhere,—the

very worst fellows among 'em,—boys of the glorious July days to Paris. Well, it is no use *avilkin'*, squire, about it; it is a pity, too, to see the poor simple critters so imposed upon as they be, for they'll catch it, if they do *whisk*, to a certainty. Gist as sure as Pappinoe takes that step he is done for,—he's a refugee in six weeks in the States, with a price set on his head, for the critter won't fight. The English all say he wants the clear grit—ain't got the stuff—no ginger in him—it's all talk.

The last time I was to Montreal, I seed a good deal of the leaders of the French; they were very civil to me, and bought ever so many of my clocks,—they said they liked to trade with their American friends, it was proper to keep up a good *feelin'* among neighbours. There was one Doctor Jodite there, a'most warstin'ly at my beck *introducin'* of me to his countrymen, and *recommenin'* them to trade with me. Well, I went to his shop one night, and when he heard my voice, he come out of a back room, and, said he, walk in here, Mount-Sheer Slick, I want you for one particular use; come along with me, my good fellow, there are some friends here takin' of a glass o' grog along with me, and a pipe;—won't you join us? Well, said I, I don't care if I do; I won't be starved. A pipe wouldn't be arrim gist now, says I, nor a glass of grog neither; so in I went; but my mind misgived me there was some mischief a'berwin' in there, as I seed he belted the door arter him, and so it turned out.

The room was full of chaps, all doctors, and notaries, and members of assembly, with little short pipes in their mouths, *schattin'* away like so many *weakeys*, and each man had his noddler o' hot rum and water afore him on the table. Sons o' liberty, says he, here's a brother, Mount-Sheer Slick, a hand o' jaw clockmaker. Well, they all called out, Five Clock-maker! No, says I, not five clockmakers, but only one; and hardly trade enough for him neither, I guess. Well, they hawhawed like any thing, for they beat all *water'* for *torris'*, these French. Five is same as hurrah, says he,—long life to you! Oh! says I, I understand now. No fear of that, any how, when I am in the hands of a doctor. Yankee hit him hard that time, he gar! said a little under-sized parchment-skinned lookin' lawyer. May be so, said the doctor; but a fellow would stand as good a chance for his life in my hands, I guess, as he would in yours, if he was to be defended in

count by you. The critics all yelled right out at this joke, and struck the table with their fists till the glasses all rang ag'in. Now, hear, says they. Says the Doctor, Don't you understand French, Mr. Slick? No, says I, not one word; I wish to goodness I did though, for I find it very awkward sometimes stickin' without it. (I always said so when I was aerd that are question, as to hear what was agoin' on; it helped me in my business considerable. I could always tell whether they sctilly wanted a clock or not, or whether they had the money to pay for it: they let out all their secrets.) Would you like to see a bull-bait? said he; we are goin' to bait a bull winter arter next,—grand fun, said he; we'll put fire to his tail,—stick squibs and matches into his hide,—make him kick, and roar, and toss, like the dabble: then we'll put the dogs on, worry him so long as he can stand,—then, turn him, kill him, skin him, and throw his stinkin' carcass to the dogs and de crows. Yes, said the other fellows, kill him, damn him,—kill him! and they got up and waved their glasses over their heads:—death to the beast "à la française."

Says one of them in French to the doctor, Frenez garde,—are you sure, are you clear he is not English? Oh, sertain, said he in the same lingo; he is a Yankee clockmakin' chieftin' vagabond from Boston, or thereabouts; but we must court him,—we must be civil to them if we expect their aid. If we once get clear o' the English we will soon rid ourselves of them too. They are chips of the old block, them Yankees; a bad breed on both sides o' the water. Then turnin' to me, says he, I was just desirin' these gentlemen, Mr. Slick, to drink your health, and that of the United States. Thank you, says I, I believe our people and the French understand each other very well; a very disinterested friendship on both sides. Oh, sertain, says he, sperrin' of his hand on his heart, and lookin' sponsey. One sentiment, one grand sympathy of feelin', one real unity yes. Your health, sir, said he; and they all stood up ag'in and made a deuce of a roar over it. Five Américaines!

I hope you have good dogs, said I, for your bull-bait? Oh, true breed and no mistake, said he. It takes a considerable of a stiff dog, says I, and one of the real grit, to face a bull. Them fellows, when they get their danders up, are plaguy small critters; they'll toss and gore the common kind like nothin',—make all fly ag'in: it ain't over-safe to come too

near 'em when they are once fairly raised. If there is any-thing in natur' I'm afraid on, it's a bell when he is ryled. On you, said he, we got the dogs, plenty of 'em too!—genuine breed from old France, kept pure ever since it came here, except a slight touch of the fox and the wolf; the one makes 'em run faster, and t'other bite sharper. It's a grand breed. Thinks I to myself, I understand you, my hearties. I see your doil; go the whole figur', and do the thing gentool. Try your head at it, will you! and if John Bull don't send you aflyin' into the air sky-high, in little less than half no time, it's a pity. A pretty set o' yelpin' eves you be to face such a critter as he is, ain't you! Why, the very moment he begins to paw and to roar, you'll run sneakin' off with your tails between your legs, a yelpin' and a squealin' as if Old Nick himself was arter you.

Great man, your Washington, says the doctor. Very, says I; no greater ever lived—p'raps the world never seed his dits. And Papinowis a great man, too, said he. Very, said I, especially in the talking line—he'd beat Washington at that game, I guess, by a long chalk. I hope, says he, some day or another, Mr. Bick, and not far off neither, we shall be a free and independent people, like you. We shall be the France of America afore long—the grand nation—the great empire. It's our destiny—everything foretells it—I can see it as plain as can be. Thinks I to myself, this is a good time to broach our interest; and if there is to be a break-up here, to put in a spoke in the wheel for our folks—a stitch in time saves nine. So, says I, you needn't flatter yourselves, doctor; you can't be a distinct nation; it ain't possible, in the natur' o' things. You may jine us, if you like, and there would be some sense in that move—that's a fact; but you never can stand alone here—no more than a born man can without crutches, or a child of six days old. No, not if all the colonies were to unite, you couldn't do it. Why, says I, gint see here, doctor; you couldn't show your noses off the folks' ground for one minit—you can hardly do it now, even tho' the British have you under their wing. Our folks would drive you off the banks, seize your fish, tear your nets, and lick you like a sack—and then go home and swear you attacked them first, and our government would seize the fisheries as an indemnification. How could you support an army and a navy, and a diplomacy, and make fortifications. Why you

couldn't build and support one frigate, nor maintain one regiment, nor garrison Quebec itself, let alone the out-ports. Our folks would navigate the St. Lawrence in spite of your teeth, and the St. John River too, and how could you help yourselves? They'd struggle you out of your eye-teeth, and swear you never had any. Our fur traders would attack your fur traders, and drive 'em all in. Our people would enter here, and settle—then kick up a row, call for American volunteers, declare themselves independent, and ask admission into the Union; and when you know'd where you were, you'd find yourselves one of our states. Glet look at what is goin' on to Texas, and what has gone on to Florida, and then see what will go on here. We shall own clean away up to the North and South Pole, when we're done.

Says the doctor, in French, to the other chaps, that would be worse than heli' a colony to the English. Then Yankoo volunteers would break up our laws, language, and customs; that our wouldn't jump at all, would it? *Jamais, Jamais!* says the company. We must have aid from old France; we must be the great nation, and the great empire, ourselves—and be stop't, went to the door, unlatched it, looked round the shop, and then turned the bolt ag'in. Would your folks, says he, help us, if we was to revolt, Mr. Slick. Certainly, said I; they'd help you all they could, and not go to war with the British. They'd leave all the armories on the line unguarded, so you could run over and pretend to rob 'em, and leave all the cannon in the forts without any body to see after them, so you might have them if you wanted them. Lots o' chaps, would volunteer in your ranks, and our citizens would subscribe hardware'. They'd set up a chain pretty fierce, at the same time, about the New Brunswick boundary line, so as to make a diversion in your favour in that quarter. We can't go to war glet now; it would ruin us, stock and shoon. We should lose your trade and shippin', and our niggers and Indians are ugly customers, and would take a whole army to watch them in case of a war. We'd do all we could to help you as a people, but not as a government. We'd furnish you with arms, ammunition, provisions, money, and volunteers. We'd let you into our country, but not the British. We'd help you to arrange your plans and to derange them. But we'd have to respect our treaties, for we are a high-minded, right-minded, sound-minded, and religious people. We ac-

proudly fulfil our engagements. What we undertake we perform—there's no mistake in us—you always know where to find us. We are under great obligations to the British—they saved us from the expense and miseries of a war with France—they have built us up with their capital and their credit, and are our best customers. We could not, consistently with our treaties or our conscience, send an army or a navy to help you; but we will hire you or lend you our steam-boats, and other craft; send you men to make an army, and the stuff to feed, clothe, arm, and pay them. In short, the nations of the earth will look on with admiration at the justice and integrity of our dealings. We shall respect the treaty with the British on one side, and prove ourselves a kind, a liberal, and most obliging neighbour to you on the other. Government will issue proclamations against interference. The press of the country will encourage it. The nation will be neutral, but every soul in it will aid you. Yes, we are as straight as a string in our dealings, and do things above board business'. We do lose a fair deal above all things—that's a fact. *Alas, alas!* says they, *Les aristocrates à la lanterne*—and they broke out a singin', *à la lanterne*.

It was now twelve o'clock at night when we quit, and just as we got into the street, I heard the word *Doric, Doric*,—and says I, what on earth is that? what sort o' critter is a Doric? A Doric is a loggaller, says they,—a diable hull,—*assés fatre*—kill him,—and they seter him, full split like the wind, caught him, knocked him down, and most finished him—they e'en a'most beat him to a jelly, and left him for dead. That's the way, says they, we'll serve every Englishman in Canada.—*exterminate 'em, damn 'em*. Time for me to be off, says I, a'most, I'm a thinkin'; it's considerable well on towards mornin'. Good night, Mount Shoop. *Ben more!* *Banmore!* says they, singin'—

*Oh! ga la, ga la, ga la,
Les aristocrates, à la lanterne."

And the last I heard of them, at the end of the street, was an everlastin' almighty shout, *Five Papineau—five Papineau!*

Yes, I pity them poor Canadians, said the Clockmaker. They are a loyal, contented, happy people, if their serpents of doctors and lawyers would leave 'em alone, and let 'em be, and not poison their minds with all sorts of lies and lozings

about their government. They will speak 'em to rebellion at last, and when it does come to the scratch they will desert 'em as sure as eggs is eggs, and leave 'em to be shot down by the soldiers; they ain't able of themselves to do nothin', them Canadians; they ain't got the means, nor the energy, nor the knowledge for it; they ain't like the descendants of the Pilgrims!—that's a fact. The worst of it is, too, the punishment won't fall on the right heads neither, for them critters will cut and run to a certainty;—I know it, I'm a'most sure of it,—if they'd shad the true blues in 'em, they wouldn't have half murdered and maimed that poor defenceless Doris, as they did. None but cowards do 'em *arn* things;—a brave man fights,—a coward sticks a bowie knife into your ribs; but p'rhaps it will all turn out for the best in the end, said he; for if there is a blow up, Paginor will off to the States full chisel with the other leaders,—the first shot, and then that they catch and hang can never show their faces in Canada ag'in. It will clear the country of them, as they clear a house of rats,—frighten 'em out of their seven senses by *lets*' off a gun.

A thunderstorm, 'quiere, said the Clockmaker, must always cool the air, clear the sky, lay the dust, and make all look about right ag'in.

Every thing will depend on how the English work it afterwards; if they blunder ag'in, they'll never be able to set it to rights. What course ought they to adopt? said I, for the subject is too in which I feel great interest. I'll tell you, said he. First, they should —, and he suddenly checked himself, as if doubtful of the propriety of answering the question;—and then smiling, as if he had discovered a mode of escaping the difficulty, he continued—They should make you *plisip*, and appoint me your secretary.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING.

Wherever nature does least, man does most, said the Clock-maker. Gist see the difference between these folks here to Liverpool and them up the bay of Fundy. There nature has given them the finest country in the world,—she has taken away all the soil from this place, and chucked it out there, and left nothin' but rocks and stones here. There they gist vegetate, and here they go ahead like anything. I was creditably informed, when Liverpool was first settled, folks had to carry little light ladders on their shoulders to climb over the rocks, and now they've got better streets, better houses, better gardens, and a better town than any of the baymen. They carry on a considerable of a fishery here, and do a good stroke in the timber-business.

I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a freelo him and me had with a tide-writer. Ichabod had a large store o' goods, and I was in there one evenin' adrinkin' tea along with him, and we got stakin' about smugglin'. Says he, Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they do smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable of a sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' delights of money from the West Indies, warn't employed more a protectin' of our fisheries and our trade. Why don't you smuggle them too, says I, and meet 'em in their own way?—tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize them;—free trade and sailors' rights is our maxim. Why, says he, I ain't gist altogether certified that it's right; it goes agin' my conscience to do the like o' that ere, and I must say I like a fair deal. in a general way a'most I've observed whar's got over the devil's back is commonly lost under his belly. It don't seem to wear well. Well, that's convenient, too, to be so thin skinned, said I; the conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the soul of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without any thing

over it. Now, says I, I will put you on a track that will save you without bringin' come on your conscience either. Do you git pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer, and fell out as profitable as the real thing, and besides there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait that. Now always unload your vessels at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place between two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the sales so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and onsey. Says you, (when a chap says, I guess you were up late last night,) ax me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimple's eyes about now, a body has to be cautious if he don't want to get into the centre o' a hobble. If I'm up late I guess it's nobody's business but my own I'm about any how; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you seed or heard.

Well, when a feller sees arter a thing, do you git stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, enquirin' like with a duberwain' look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then git wink, put your finger on your nose, and say mum is the word. Take a candle and light it, and say, feller me now, and take him into the cellar. Now, says you, friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to any one about this place;—people will never think o' suspectin' me if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things, says you, that will please you, I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article, says you, wakin' up one that cost three pounds, I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds, and that one as cheap as six pounds, as one condition,—but mind you, it's on them terms only,—and that is that you don't tell any one, not even your wife, where you got it; but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man. The critter will fall right into the trap and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his wife, and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear; it will run right thro', and she'll go a braggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole country in the same way, as a secret, of the cheap things Ishabod Gates has. Well, the exiles folks

will soon hear o' this, and come and search your house from top to bottom, and the search will make your fortin', for, as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style.

Well, well, said Ichabod, if you Yankees don't beat all nater'. I don't believe in my soul there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would athought o' such a scheme as that, but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it parallels pretty close with the truth: I'll try it. Try it, says I, to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night, and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar,—put some in the garret and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell to-morrow, and all the time I'm in Liverpool I'll keep a-watchin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll gît come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back ag'in as if I didn't want folks to see me, and sometimes I'll make as if I was agoin' out, and if I see any one a-comin', I'll spring back and hide behind the door; it will not the whole town on the look-out,—and they'll say ag's me that's smugglin' either on my own hook or yours. In three days he had a great run o' custom, particularly after night-fall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bewitched by that house.

On the fifth day the tide-waiter came. Mr. Slick, says he, I've got information th—— Glad to hear it, says I; an officer without information would be a poor tool—thats a fact. Well, it brought him up all standin'. Says he, do you know who you are stalkin' to? Yes, says I, guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information; and that bein' the case, I'll be so bold as to ax you one question,—have you any thing to say to me? for I'm in a considerable of a hurry. Yes, said he, I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house. Well, then, says I, you can say what many galls can't boast on at any rate. What's that? says he. Why, says I, that you are misinformed.

Mr. Gates, said he, give me a candle, I must go to the cellar. Certainly, sir, said Ichabod, you may search where you please: I've never smuggled yet, and I am not agoin' now to commence at any time of life. As soon as he got the candle, and was agoin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod. Here, says I, Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time; and off we ran up stairs as fast as we could leg it, and locked the door; the searcher hearin' that, up too and enter us hot

feet, and burst open the door. As soon as we heard him shout of that, we cut o' the other door and looked that also, and down the back stairs to where we started from. It was noon time afore he broke in the second door, and then he followed us down, lookin' like a pepper foot. I'll pay you up for this, said he to me. I hope so, said I, and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this, when folks can run and race over a decent man's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it! Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to nothin', you may depend;—a joke is a joke, but there, no joke. After that he took his time, searched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize; he was all out up, and amain' voted, and put out. Says I, friend, if you want to catch a wessel you must catch him asleep; now if you want to catch me strugglin', rise considerable sirty in the mornin', will you? This story made Ichabod's skin a'most: he had struggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where under the sun he hid 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up strugglin' on the whole shore. That story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

There's nothin' a'most, said the Clockmaker, I like so much as to see folks about themselves. I don't know as I ever cheated a man myself in my life: I like to do things above board handum', and go strick ahead; but if a chap seems bent on cheatin' himself, I like to be neighbourly, and help him to do it. I mind once, when I was to the eastward of Halifax stradin', I bought a young horse to use while I gave Old Clay a run to grass. I do that most every fall, and it does the poor old critter a deal of good. The kinder seems to take a new lease every time, I sets him up so. Well, he was a most especial horse, but he had an infernal temper, and it required all my knowledge of horse flesh to manage him. He'd kick, balk, back, bite, refuse to draw, or run away, git as he took the notion. I mastered him, but it was git as much as a bargain too; and I don't believe, tho' I say it myself, there is any other gentleman in the province could have managed him but me. Well, there was a parron livin' down there that took a great fancy to that horse. Wherever he seed me drivin' by he always stooped to look at his action and gait, and admired him amazin'ly. Thinks I to myself, that

man is incited—it'll break out soon—he is determined to cheat himself, and if he is, there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. One day I was drivin' out at a meet a dace of a size, and he stopped me. Hallo! says he, Mr. Slick, where are you agin' in such a desperate hurry? I want to speak a word to you. So I pulls up short. Mornin', says I, person, how do you do to-day? That's a very clever horse of yours, says he. Middlin', says I; he does my work, but he's nothin' to brag on; he ain't gist equal to Old Clay, and I doubt if there's are a blue-nose horse that is either. Fine action that horse, said he. Well, says I, people do say he has considerable fine action, but that's better for himself than me, for it makes him travel easier.

How many miles will he trot in the hour? said he. Well, says I, if he has a mind to and is well managed, he can do fifteen handsum'. Will you sell him? said he. Well, said I, person, I would sell him, but not to you; the truth is, said I, smilin', I have a regard for ministers; the best friend I ever had was one, the reverend Joshua Hopewell, of Slickville, and I wouldn't sell a horse to one I didn't think would suit him. Oh! said he, the horse would suit me exactly; I like him amazingly; what's your price? Fifty pounds to any body else, said I, but fifty-five to you, person, for I don't want you to have him at no price. If he didn't suit you, people would say I cheated you, and cheatin' a person is, in my mind, pretty much of a piece with robbin' of a church. Folks would think considerable hard of me sellin' you a horse that warn't quite the thing, and I shouldn't blame them one mome if they did. Why, what's the matter of him? said he. Well, says I, minister, says I, startin' right out, every thing is the matter of him. Oh! said he, that's all nonsense; I've seen the horse in your hands often, and desire no better. Well, says I, he will run away with you if he gets a chance, to a certainty. I will drive him with a curb, said he. He will kick, says I. I'll put a back strap on him, said he. He will go backwards faster than forward, said I. I will give him the whip and teach him better, says he. Well, says I, hakin' like any thing, he wont go at all sometimes. I'll take my chance of that, said he; but you must take off that five pounds. Well, says I, person, I don't want to sell you the horse—that's a fact; but if you must have him I suppose you must, and I will subtract the five pounds on one condition, and

that is, if you don't like the beast, you tell folks that you would have him, tho' I tried to set him out as bad as I could, and said every thing of him I could lay my tongue to. Well, says he, the horse is mine, and if he don't suit me, I acquit you of all blame.

Well, he took the horse, and cracked and boasted most prodigiously of him; he said he wouldn't like to take a hundred pounds for him; that he liked to buy a horse of a Yankee, for they were such capital judges of horse flesh they hardly ever a'most had a bad one, and that he knew he was agoin' to get a first chop one, the moment he found I didn't want to sell him, and that he never saw a man so loath to part with a beast. Oh dear! how I laughed in my sleeve when I heard tell of the gamey talkin' such nonsense: thinks I, he'll live to learn yet some things that ain't writ down in Latin when he dies, or I'm mistakened—that's all. In the course of a few days the horse began to find he'd changed hands, and he thought he'd try what sort o' stuff his new master was made on; so he gait took the bit in his mouth one fine mornin' and ran off with him, and kicked his gig all toinders, and nearly broke the parson's neck; and findin' that answer, he took to all his old tricks ag'in, and got worse than ever. He couldn't do nothin' with him,—even the helps were frightened out of their lives to go into the stable to him.

So he come to me one day lookin' quite stumped, and says he, Mr. Slick, that horse I bought of you is a perfect devil; I never saw such a crotter in my life; I can neither ride him nor drive him. He gait do as he pleases with us, and we can't help ourselves no how. He actilly beats all the crotly animals I ever seed in my life. Well, says I, I told you so, minister—I didn't want to sell him to you at all; but you would have him. I know you did, said he; but you laughed so all the time I thought you was in jest. I thought you didn't care to sell him, and gait said so to put me off, jokin' like: I had no idee you were in earnest: I wouldn't give ten pounds for him. Nor I neither, said I; I wouldn't take him as a gift, and he bound to keep him. How could you then, said he, have the conscience to ask me fifty pounds for him, and pocket it so easily? To prevent you from buyin' him, parson, said I, that was my reason. I did all I could for you; I used you five times as much as he was worth, and said all I could think on to run him down too; but you took yourself in.

There's two ways of tellin' a thing, said he, Mr. Blick,—in almost and in jest. You told it as if you were in jest, and I took it so; you may call it what you like, but I call it a deception still. Parson, says I, how many ways you may have of tellin' a thing I don't know; but I have only one, and that's the true way: I told you the truth, but you didn't choose to believe it. Now, says I, I feel kinder sorry for you too; but I'll tell you how to get out o' the scrape. I can't take him back, or folks would say it was me and not you that cheated yourself. Do you ship him. You can't sell him here without doin' the fair thing, as I did, tellin' all his faults; and if you do no soul would take him as a present, for people will believe you, tho' it seems they won't always believe a Clock-maker. Got send him off to the West Indies, and sell him at auction there for what he will fetch. He'll bring a good price, and if he gets into a real right down genuine horse-man's hands, there'd no better horse. He said nothin', but shook his head, as if that cat wouldn't jump.

Now, says I, there's another bit of advice I'll give you free gratis for nothin'—*never buy a horse on the dealer's judgment, or he will cheat you if he can; never buy him on your own, or you will cheat yourself as sure as you are born.* In that case, said he, larin', a man will be sure to be cheated either way: how is he to guard ag'in bein' taken in, then? Well, says I, he stands a fair chance any way of havin' the leake put into him—that's certain, for next to women kind there is nothin' so deceitful as horse-flesh that ever I seed yet. Both on 'em are apt to be spoiled in the breakin'; both on 'em possib' the best judges sometimes to tell their age when well rumped up, and it takes some time when you find out all their tricks. Pedigree must be attended to in both cases, particularly on the mother's side, and both require good trainin', a steady hand, and careful usage. Yee: both branches require great experience, and the most knowin' ones do get bit sometimes most beautifully. Well, says he, as touchin' horses, how is a man to avoid being deceived? Well, says I, I'll tell you—*never buy a horse of a total stranger on no account,—never buy a horse of a gentleman, for—* Why, said he, he's the very man I should like to buy of, above all others. Well, then, says I, he's not the man for my money anyhow; you think you are safe with him, and don't inquire enough, and take too much for granted: you are apt to cheat yourself

In that case. Never buy a truck horse; he's done too much. Never buy a colt; he's done too little; you can't tell how he'll turn out. In short, says I, it's a considerable of a long story to go all through with it; it would take me less time to teach you how to make a stock, I calculate. If you buy from a man who ain't a dealer, he awfully don't know whether his horse is a good one or not; you must get advice from a friend who does know. If you buy from a dealer, he's too much for you or your friend either. If he has no honour, don't trade with him. If he has, put yourself wholly and entirely on it, and he'll not deceive you, there's no mistake—he'll do the thing gentoo. If you'd a' used me candidly now about that one horse, says I,—At that he looked up at me quite hard for a space, without sayin' a word, but pressed his lips together quite stiff like, as if he was a striver' for to keep old Adam down, and turned short off and walked away. I felt kinder pity for him too; but if a man will cheat himself in spite of all you can do, why there is no help for it as I see, but to let him. Do you, squire?

CHAPTER XVIII.

TAKING OFF THE FACTORY LADDER.

THESE are few countries in the world, squire, said the Clockmaker, got such fine water powers as these provinces; but the folks don't make no use of 'em, tho' the materials for factories are spread about in abundance everywhere. Perhaps the whole world might be stamped to produce such a factory stand as Niagara Falls; what a nation sight of machinery that would carry, wouldn't it!—supply all Birmingham a'most.

The first time I returned from there, minister said, Sam, said he, have you seen the falls of Niagara? Yes, sir, said I, I guess I have. Well, said he, ain't it a'most a grand sight that? I guess it is a sight, says I, and it would be a grand spec to get up a joint stock company for factory purposes, for such another place for mills ain't to be found across the pole. Oh dear! said I, only think of the cardin' mills, fallin' mills, cotton mills, grain mills, saw mills, plaster mills, and granicos knows what sort o' mills might be put up there, and never fail

for water; say tell you like, and any power you want, and yet them geevys the British let all run away to waste. It's a dreadful pity, isn't it? Oh Sam! said he,—and he jumped as if he was bit by a serpent right up an' ebbin,—now don't talk so profane, my sakes!—don't talk so sacrilegious. How that dreadful thirst o' gain has absorbed all other follies! in our people, when such an idea could be entertained for a moment. It's a grand spectacle,—it's the voice of nature! in the wilderness, proclaimin' to the untutored tribes thereof the power and majesty and glory of God. It is consecrated by the visible impress of the great invisible architect. It is sacred ground—a temple not made by hands. It cannot be viewed without fear and tremblin', nor contemplated without wonder and awe. It proclaims to man, as to Moses of old, "Draw not nigh hither, put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." He who appeared in a flame of fire in the bush, and the bush was not consumed, appears also in the rush of water, and the water diminishes not. Talk not to me of mills, factories, and machinery, sir, nor of introducin' the money-changers into the temple of the Lord. Talk not.—You needn't go, said I, minister, for to work yourself up that way ag'in me, I do assure you, for I didn't mean to say anything out o' the way at all, so come now. And now you do mention it, says I, it does seem kinder grand-like—that are great big lakes down seem like an everlastin' large milk pan with a lip for pourin' at the falls, and when it does fall head over heels, all white froth and spray like Frodo's syllabub, it does look grand, no doubt, and it's interest! for a minister to think on it as you do; but still for all that, for them that ain't preachers, I defy most any man to see it without thinkin' of a cotton mill.

Well, well, said he, awayin' of his hand; say no more about it, and he walked into his study and shut to the door. He warn't like other men, minister. He was full of catches that way, and the sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky, or even a mere flower, would make him fly right off at the hinds! that way when you warn't a thinkin' on it at all; and yet for all that he was the most cheerful critter I ever heerd, and nothin' s'most pleased him so much as to see young folks enjoyin' themselves as merry as crickets. He used to say that youth, innocence, and cheerfulness was what was meant by the three graces. It was a curious kink, too, he took about these falls,

—it's it! fir, after all, stream you and me, it's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff fell split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way:—I never hear tell of ~~any~~ ~~think~~ of that taintum of him.

Our factories in New England are one of the best fruits of the last war, squire, said he; they are acilly worth aacin'. I know I have reason' to speak well of 'em any how, for it was them gave me my first start in life, and a pleasant start it was too, as well as a profitable one. I spent upwards of a year there among the gulls, aakin' of them off in the portrait line, and in that time I cleared three hundred pounds of your money good: it wasn't so bad that, was it?

When I was down to Rhode Island larnin' brownin', gildin', and steechin' for the clock business, I worked at odd times for the Honourable Eli Wad, a foundationalist—a painting for him. A foundationalist, said I; what is that?—is it a religious sect? No, said he, it's a bottom maker. He only made bottoms, he didn't make arms and legs, and he sold these wooden bottoms to the chair-makers. He did 'em by a sarcular saw and a turnin' lathe, and he turned 'em off amazing' quick; he made a flurin' out of the invention, for he shipped 'em to every part of the Union. The select men objected to his sign of bottom maker; they said it didn't sound pretty, and he altered it to foundationalist. That was one reason the speak turned out so well, for every one that used it a'most stops to inquire what it meant, and it brought his patent into great reque; many's the lurf folks had over that sign, I tell you.

So, said he, when I had done, Slick, said he, you've a considerable of a knack with the brush, it would be a grand speak for you to go to Lowell and take off the factory ladies: you know what the women are,—most all of 'em will want to have their likeness taken. The whole art of portrait paintin', says he, as far as my observation goes, lies in a few sketch of the leadin' featur'. Give it good measure: do you take? No, says I, I don't understand one word of it. Well, says he, what I mean is this; see what the leadin' feature is, and exaggerate that, and you have a striking likeness. If the nose be large, just make it a little more so; if there is a slight crook o' the eye, give it a squint; a strong line in the face, deepen it; a big mouth, enlarge it; a set smile, make it a smile; a high cheek bone, square it out well. Reciprocate

this by paintin' the rest o' the face a little handsomer, and you have it complete; you'll never fail—there's no mistake. Dead colorin', with lots of varnish, will do for that market, and six dollars a piece for the pictur's is about the fair deal for the price. If you don't succeed, I will give you my head for a flat-hell. You'll hear 'em all say, Oh! that's her nose to a hair,—that's her eye exactly; you could tell that mouth anywhere, that smile you could swear to as far as you can see it,—it's a'most a beautiful likeness. She's taken off complete—it's as natural as life. You could do one at a sittin', or six a week, as easy as kiss my hand, and I'm a-thinkin' you'd find it answer a good end, and put you in funds for a start in the clock line.

But, Sam, says he, sputtin' of his hand on my shoulder, and lookin' me strong in the face, mind your eye, my boy; mind you don't get tangled in the deep sea grass, so you can't clear hand or foot. There are some plaguy pretty galls there, and some as 'em have served a considerable round with you; don't let 'em walk into you now afore you know where you be. Young gentlemen are scarce in New England, sweet-harts ain't to be had for love nor money, and a good-lookin' fellow like you, with five hundred pair of pretty little good-natured longin' eyes on him, is in a fair way o' gettin' his fist fixed, I tell you. Marriages won't do for you, my hearty, till you've used the world and made somethin' handsome. To marry for money is mean, to marry without it is folly, and to marry both young and poor is downright madness; so hands off, says you; love to all, but none in particular. If you find yourself agettin' spooney, throw brush, galter, and paint over the falls, and off full spile; change of air and scene to cure love, consumption, or the blues, must be taken early in the disease, or it's no good. An ounce o' prevention is worth a pound o' cure. Recollect, too, when you are married, you are tied by the leg, Sam; like one of our sodger disasters, you have a chain adanglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the end of it. It keeps you in one place most all the time for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothin' with it.

If you think you can trust yourself, go; if not, stay where you be. It's a grand school, tho', Sam; you'll know somethin' of human natur' when you leave Lowell, I estimate, for '—? I'll learn you how to cut your eye-teeth them galls; you'll

see how wonderful the ways of woman-kind is, for they do beat all—that's certain. Well, down I went to Lowell, and arter a day or two spent a visitin' the factories, and gettin' introduced to the ladies, I took a room and set up my esoch, and I had as much work as ever I could cleverly turn my hand to. Most every gull in the place had her likeness taken; some wanted 'em to send to home, some to give to a sweet-heart to admire, and some to hang up to admire themselves. The best of the joke was, every gull had an excuse for bein' there. They all seemed as if they thought it warn't quite genteel, a little too much in the help style. One said she came for the benefit of the lectur's at the Lyceum, another to carry a little sister to dancin' school, and a third to assist the fund for foreign missions, and so on, but none on 'em to work. Some on 'em lived in large buildings belongin' to the factory, and others in little cottages—three or four in a house.

I recollect two or three days arter I arrived, I went to call on Miss Naylor, I know down to Squantum, and she axed me to come and drink tea with her and the two ladies that lived with her. So in the evenin' I put on my bestmost clothes and went down to tea. This, says she, introducin' of me to the ladies, is Mr. Bick, a native artist of great promise, and one that is self-taught too, that is come to take us off; and this is Miss Jermina Potts of Mildum, in Unhageg; and this is Miss Elsie Dooly, a lady from Indian Sculp, Vermont. Your servant, ladies, says I; I hope I see you well. Beautiful factory this, it whips English all helter; our free and enlightened citizens have exhibited so much skill, and our intelligent and enterprisin' ladies, says I, (with a smile and a bow to each,) so much science and taste, that I reckon we might stamp the universal world to dinto Lowell. It certainly is one of the wonders of the world, says Miss Jermina Potts; it is astonishin' how jealous the English are, it makes 'em so ryld they can't bear to praise it at all. There was one on 'em again thro' the large cotton factory to-day with Judge Beler, and, says the Judge to him, now don't this astonish you? said he; don't it exceed any idea you could have formed of it? you must allow there is nothin' like it in Europe, and yet this is only in it's infancy—it's only jist begun. Come now, confess the fact, don't you feel that the sun of England is set for ever? her glory departed to set up its standard in the new world? Speak candidly now, for I should like to hear what you think.

It certainly is a respectable effort for a young country with a thin population, said he, and a limited capital, and is creditable to the skill and enterprise of New England; but as for rivalry, it's wholly out of the question, and he looked as much as if he could swallow a wild-cat alive. Well, well, said the Judge, larin', for he is a sweet-tempered, dear man, and the politest one too I ever knew, I don't altogether know as it is just fair to ask you to admit a fact so humblin' to your national pride, and so mortifyin' to your feelin's as an Englishman; but I can easily conceive how thunderstruck you must have been on enterin' this town at its prodigious power, its great capacity, its wonderful promises. It's generally allowed to be the first thing of the kind in the world. But what are you alookin' at, Mr. Slick? said she; is there anything on my cheek? I was only athinkin', says I, how difficult it would be to paint such a'most a beautiful complexion, to infuse into it the softness and richness of nature's colorin'; I'm most afeard it would be beyond my art—that's a fact.

Oh, you artists do flatter so, said she; tho' flattery is a part of your profession I do believe; but I'm s'en a'most sure there is somethin' or another on my face,—and she got up and looked into the glass to satisfy herself. It would a' done you good, squire, to see how it did satisfy her too. How many of the ladies have you taken off? said Miss Deely. I have only painted them said I, yet; but I have thirty bespoken. How would you like to be painted, said I, miss? On a white horse, said she, accompanyin' of my father, the general, to the review. And you, said I, Miss Naylor? Astudyin' Judge Naylor, my uncle's specimens, said she, in the library. Says Miss Lettims, I should like to be taken off in my brother's livery. What is he? said I, for he would have to have his uniform on. He? said she;—why, he is a—and she looked away and coloured up like anything—he's an officer, sir, said she, in one of our national ships. Yes, miss, said I, I know that; but officers are dressed accordin' to their grade, you know, in our service. We must give him the right dress. What is his grade? The other two ladies turned round and giggled, and miss Lettims hung down her head and looked foolish. Says Miss Naylor, why don't you tell him, dear? No, says she, I won't; do you tell him. No, indeed, said Miss Naylor; he is not my brother; you ought to know best what he is;—do you tell him yourself. Oh, you know very well, Mr. Slick,

said she, only you make us if you didn't, to poke fun at me and make me say it. I hope I may be shot if I do, says I, miss; I never heard tell of him afore, and if he is an officer in our navy, there is one thing I can tell you, says I, you needn't be ashamed to call one of our naval heroes your brother, nor to tell his grade neither, for there ain't an office in the service that ain't one of honour and glory. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British.

Well, says she, shokin' down and takin' up her handkerchief, and furrin' it eend for eend to read the marks in the corner of it, to see if it was hern or not,—if I must, then I suppose I must; he's a rooster swain then, but it's a shame to make me. A rooster swain! says I; well, I vow I never heard that grade afore in all my born days; I hope I may die if I did. What sort of a swain is a rooster swain? How you do act, Mr. Stick, said she; ain't you ashamed of yourself? Do, for gracious sake, behave, and not carry on so like Old Scratch. You are gale' too far now; ain't he, Miss Naylor? Upon my word I don't know what you mean, said Miss Naylor, affectin' to look as innocent as a female fox; I'm not used to sea-terms, and I don't understand it no more than he does; and Miss Dooty got up a look, and began to read and rock herself backward and forward in a chair, as regular as a Mississippi sawyer, and as demure as you please. Well, thinks I, what onder the sun can she mean! for I can't make head or tail of it. A rooster swain!—a rooster swain! says I; do tell— Well, says she, you make me feel quite spunky, and if you don't stop this minute, I'll go right out of the room; it ain't fair to make game of me so, and I don't thank you for it one mite or more. Says I, miss, I beg your pardon; I'll take my davy I didn't mean no offence at all; but, upon my word and honour, I never heard the word ~~rooster~~ swain afore, and I don't mean to luff at your brother or tease you neither. Well, says she, I suppose you never will ha' done, so turn away your face and I will tell you. And she got up and turned my head round with her hands to the wall, and the other two ladies started out, and said they'd go and see after the tea.

Well, says I, are you ready now, miss! You, said she;—a rooster swain, if you must know, you wicked eritor you, is a cockswain; a word you know'd well enough warn't fit for a lady to speak: so take that to remember it by,—and she

snatched me a dounce of a clip on the side of the face, and ran out of the room. Well, I swear I could hardly keep from laffin' right out, to find out arter all it was nothin' but a con-sarn she made such a tosse about; but I felt kinder sorry, too, to have bothered her so, for I recollect there was the same difficulty among our ladies last war about the name of the English officer that took Washington; they called him always the "British Admiral," and there warn't a lady in the Union would call him by name. I'm a good friend to decency,—a very great friend indeed, squire,—for decency is a manly virtue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine virtue; but as for squeamishness, rat me if it don't make me sick.

There was two little rooms behind the keepin' room; one was a pantry, and t'other a kitchen. It was into the fardest one the ladies went to get tea ready, and presently they brought in the things and set them down on the table, and we all got sociable once more. Gist as we began conversation ag'in, Miss Jerrina Potts said she must go and bring in the cream-jug. Well, up I jumps, and follows her out, and says I, pray let me, miss, wait upon you; it ain't fair for the ladies to do this when the gentlemen are by,—is it? Why didn't you call on me? I overtook her giet at the kitchen door. But this door-way, said I, is so plaguy nower,—ain't it? There's hardly room for two to pass without their lips stouchin', is there? Ain't you ashamed? said she; I believe you have broke my comb in two,—that's a fact;—but don't do that ag'in, said she, wethersia',—that's a dear man; Miss Dooly will hear you, and tell every lady in the factory, for she's plaguy jealous;—so let me pass now. One more to make friends, said I, miss. Hush! said she,—there—let me go; and she put the jug in my hand, and then whipped up a plate herself, and back in the parlour in no time.

A curtain, says I, ladies, (as I set down ag'in,) or a book-shelf, I could introduce into the pictur', but it would make it a work o' great time and expense, to do it the way you speak of; and besides, said I, who would look at the rest if the face was well done? for one thing, I will say, these prettier faces never was seen painted on canvass. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how you ham!—ain't you ashamed? Fact, says I, ladies, upon my honour,—a fact, and no mistake. If you would allow me, ladies, said I, to suggest, I think hair done up high, long tortoise-shell comb, with flowers on the top, would become

you, Miss Naylor, and set off your fine Grecian face grand. A fashionable morris' cap, lined with pink, and trimmed with blue bows, would set off your portent, Miss Dooty, and become your splendid Roman profile complete. And what for me? said Jemima. If I might be so bold, said I, I would advise leavin' out the comb in your case, miss, said I, as you are tall, and it might perhaps be in the way, and be broke in two, (and I pressed her foot under the table with mine) and I would throw the hair into long loose natural curls, and let the neck and shoulders be considerable bare, to give room for a pearl necklace, or coral beads, or any little splendid ornament of that kind.—Miss Jemima looked quite delighted at this idea, and, jumpin' up, exclaimed, Dear me, said she, I forgot the sugar-songs! I'll gist go and fetch 'em. Allow me, says I, miss, follerin' her; but ain't it funny, tho', says I, too, that we should gist get accoused ag'in in this very identical little narrow door-way,—ain't it? How you act, said she; now this is too bad; that curl is all squashed, I declare; I won't come out ag'in to-night, I vow. Nor I neither then, said I herin'; let them that wants things go for 'em. Then you couldn't introduce the specimens, could you? said Miss Naylor. The judge, my uncle, has a beautiful collection.—When he was in business as a master-mason, he built the great independent Democratic Sovereignty Hall at Sam Patchville, (a noble buildin' that, Mr. Slick,—it's generally allowed to be the first piece of architecture in the world.) He always broke off a piece of every kind of stone used in the building, and it makes a'most a complete collection. If I could be taken off at a table scatchin' and aartin' 'em into primary formations, secondary formations, and trap, I should like it a'mazin'ly.

Well, says I, I'll do the best I can to please you, miss, for I never hear of secondary formations without pleasure,—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed after man, and as for trap, says I, if they ain't up to that, it's a pity. Whe, as I'm alive, said I, if that ain't the nine o'clock bell: well, how time has flowned, hasn't it? I suppose I must be a'movin', as it is gettin' on considerable late, but I must say I've had a most delightful evenin' as ever I spent in my life. When a body, says I, finds himself in a circle of literary and scientific ladies, he takes no note of time, it passes so smooth and quick. Now, says I, ladies, excuse me for mentionin' a little bit of business, but it

is usual in my profession to be paid one-half in advance; but with the ladies I dispense with that rule, says I, on one condition,—I receive a kiss as almost. Oh, Mr. Slick, says they, how can you! No kiss, no pictur', says I. Is that an inviolable rule! says they. I never deviated from it in my life, said I, especially where the ladies are as beautiful as my kind friends here to-night are. Thank you, my sweet Miss Naylor, said I. Oh, did you ever—I said she. And you also, dear Miss Dooly. Oh, my sakes, said she, how indecent! I wish I could take my pay altogether in that coin, said I. Well, you'll get no such stimulant from me, I can tell you, said Miss Jemima, and off she got and darted out o' the room like a kitten, and I arter her. Oh, that dear little narrow door-way seems made on purpose, said I, don't it? Well, I hope you are satisfied now, said she, you forward, impudent critter; you've taken away my breath a'most. Good night, ladies, said I. Good night, Mr. Slick, says they; don't forget to call and take us off to-morrow at intermission. And, says Miss Jemima, waitin' Out as far as the gate with me, when not better engaged, we shall be happy to see you sociably to tea. Most happy, miss, said I; only I fear I shall call oftener than still be agreeable; but, dear me! says I, I've forgot somethin' I declare, and I turned right about. Perhaps you forgot it in the little narrow door-way, said she, slakin' and outsteppin' backwards, and holdin' up both hands to fend off. What is it? said she, and she looked up as awry and as rumpy as you please. Why, said I, that dreadful, horrid name you called your brother. What was it? for I've forgot it, I now. Look about and find out, said she; it's what you ain't, and never was, and never will be, and that's a gentleman. You are a nasty, dirty, indecent man,—that's flat, and if you don't like it you may lump it, so there now for you—good night. But stop—shake hands afore you go, said she; let's part friends, and she held out her hand. Gist as I was agoin' to take it, it slipped up like flash by my face, and tipped my hat off over my shoulder, and as I turned and stooped to pick it up, she up with her little foot and let me have it, and pitched me right over on my knees. It was done as quick as wink. Even and quit now, said she, as good friends as ever. Done, said I. But hark, said she; that critter has the ears of a mole, and the eyes of a lynx. What critter? said I. Why, that frightful, ugly varment witch, Bessie Dooly, if she ain't accomin' out

here, as I'm a livin' sinner. Come again soon—that's a dear!—good night!—and she sailed back as demure as if nothin' had happened. Yes, squire, the Honourable Eli Wad, the foundationist, was right when he said I'd see worthin' of human natur' among the factory galls. The ways of women kind are wonderful indeed. This was my first lesson, that *specimenshans* and *indelicacy* are often found united; in short, that in manners, as in other things, extremes meet.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABOARD.

THE road from Chester to Halifax is one of the worst in the province; and daylight failing as before we made half our journey, we were compelled to spend the night at a small unlicensed house, the occasional resort of fishermen and coasters. There was but one room in the shanty, besides the kitchen and bed-room; and that one, though perfectly clean, smelt intolerably of smoked salmon that garnished its rollers. A musket, a light fowling-piece, and a heavy American rifle, were slung on the beams that supported the floor of the garret; and snow-shoes, fishing-rods, and small dip-nets with long ash handles, were secured to the wall by iron hooks. Altogether it had a sporting appearance, that indicated the owner to be one of those amphibious animals to whom land or water is equally natural, and who prefer the pleasures of the chase and the fishery to the severer labour but more profitable employment of tilling the soil. A few fancy articles of costly materials and superior workmanship that ornamented the mantel-piece and open closet, (probably presents from the gentlemen of the garrison at Halifax,) showed that there were sometimes visitors of a different description from the ordinary customers. As the house was a solitary one, and situated at the head of a deep, well-sheltered inlet, it is probable that smuggling may have added to the profits, and diversified the pursuits of the owner. He did not, however, make his appearance. He had gone, his wife said, in his boat that afternoon to Margaret's bay, a distance of eight miles, to procure some salt to cure his fish, and would probably not return before the morning.

I've been here before, you see, again, said Mr. Slick, pointing to a wooden clock in the corner of the room; folks that have nothin' to do like to see how the time goes,—and a man who takes a glass of grog at twelve o'clock is the most punctual feller in the world. The draft is always honoured when it falls due. But who have we here? As he said this, a man entered the room, carrying a small bundle in his hand, tied up in a dirty silk pocket-handkerchief. He was dressed in an old suit of rusty black, much the worse for wear. His face bore the marks of intemperance, and he appeared much fatigued with his journey, which he had performed alone and on foot. I hope I don't intrude, gentlemen, said he; but you see Dalhousie, poor fellow, has but one room, and poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows sometimes. Brandy, my little girl, and some cold water; take it out of the north side of the wall, my dear,—and,—do you hear,—be quick, for I'm choked with the dust. Gentlemen, will you take some brandy and water? said he. Dalhousie always keeps some good brandy,—some o' your wretched Yankee peach brandy, that's enough to pyrex a horse, but real Cogniak. Well, I don't care if I do, said Mr. Slick. Arter you, sir. By your leave, the water, sir. Gentlemen, all your healths, said the stranger. Good brandy that, sir; you had better take another glass before the water gets warm,—and he helped himself again most liberally. Then, taking a survey of the Clock-maker and myself, observed to Mr. Slick that he thought he had seen him before. Well, it's not unlikely;—where?

Ah, that's the question, sir; I cannot exactly say where.

Nor I neither.

Which way may you be travellin'? Down east I expect.

Which way are you from then? Some where down South.

The traveller again applied himself to brandy and water.

Ahem! then you are from Lauenburg.

Well, I won't say I warn't at Lauenburg.

Ahem! pretty place that Lauenburg; but they speak Dutch. D—n the Dutch; I hate Dutch; there's no language like English.

Then I suppose you are going to Halifax?

Well, I won't say I won't go to Halifax afore I return, neither.

A nice town that Halifax—good fish-market there; but they are not like the English fish a'ter all. Halibut is a poor

substitute for the good old English turbot. Where did you say you were from, sir?

I don't gist altogether mind that I said I was from any place in particular, but from down south fast.

Ah! your health, sir; perhaps you are like myself, sir, a stranger, and have no home; and, after all, there is no home like England. Pray what part of England are you from?

I estimate I'm not from England at all.

I'm sorry for you, then; but where the devil are you from? In a general way folks say I'm from the States.

Knock them down then, d—n them. If any man was to insult me by calling me a Yankee, I'd kick him; but the Yankees have no sort of honour to kick. If I hadn't been thinkin' more of my brandy and water than your answers, I might have known you were a Yankee by your miserable evasions. They never give a straight answer—there's nothing straight about them, but their long backs,—and he was asleep in his chair, overcome by the united effects of the heat, the brandy, and fatigue.

That's one o' their schoolmasters, said Mr. Slick; and it's no wonder the Blue-locks are such 'cute chaps when they got such masters as that not to teach the young idea how to shoot. The critter has asked more questions in ten minutes than if he was a full-blooded Yankee, tho' he does hate them so passionately. He's an Englishman, and, I guess, has seen better days; but he's ruined by drink now. When he is about half shaved he is an everlasting quarrelsome critter, and carries a most plaguy uncivil tongue in his head; that's the reason I didn't let on where I come from, for he hates us like pyres. But there ain't many such critters here; the English don't emigrate here much,—they go to Canada or the States; and it's strange, too, for, square, this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it.

It will have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactures, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The resources, natural advantages, and political position of this place beat all. Take it altogether, I don't know gist such a country in the universal world a'most. What! Nova Scotia! said I; this poor little colony, this Ultima Thule of America,—what is ever to make it a place of any consequence? Everything, squire, said he, every-

thing that constitutes greatness. I wish we had it,—that's all; and we will have it too, some o' these days, if they don't look sharp. In the first place it has more nor twice as many great men-o'-war harbours in it, capable o' holdin' the whole navy in it, stock, lock, and barrel, than we have from Maine to Mexico, besides innumerable small harbours, island bays, and other shelters, and it's jist all but an island itself; and most all the best o' their harbours don't freeze up at no time. It aint shut up like Canada and our back country all winter, but you can in and out as you please; and its so intersected with rivers and lakes, most no part o' it is twenty miles from navigable water to the sea,—and then it is the nearest point o' our continent to Europe. All that, said I, is very true; but good harbours, though necessary for trade, are not the only things requisite in commerce. But it's in the midst o' the fisheries, squire,—all sorts o' fisheries, too. River fisheries o' shad, salmon, gaspereaux, and herring—shore fishery o' mackerel and cod—bank fishery and Labrador fishery. Oh dear! it beats all, and they don't do nothin' with 'em, but leave 'em to us. They don't seem to think 'em worth havin' or keepin', for the government don't protect 'em. See what a school for seamen that is, to man the ships to fill the harbours.

Then look at the becoms o' the north; only think o' the coal; and it's no use speakin', that's the only coal to supply us that we can rely on. Why, there ain't nothing like it. It extends all the way from bay o' Fundy right out to Pictou, thro' the province, and then under all the island o' Cape Breton; and some o' them seams are the biggest, and thickest, and deepest ever yet discovered since the world began. Beautiful coal it is too. Then water has given 'em most grand abundant iron-ore, here and there and every where, and wood and coal to work it. Only think o' them two things in such abundance, and a country possessed o' first class-water powers everywhere, and then tell me Providence hasn't laid the foundation o' a manufacturing nation here. But that ain't all. Jist see the plaster o' Paris, what mighty big heaps o' it there is here. We use already more nor a hundred and fifty thousand tons o' it a-year for masonry, and we shall want ten times that quantity yet,—we can't do without it; it has done more for us than steam; it has made our bare islands fertile, and whole tracts habitable, that never would have been worth a cent an acre without it. It will go to South America

and the West Indies yet—it is the magic wand—it's the philosopher's stone; I hope I may be shot if it ain't: it turns all it touches into gold. See what a sight of vessels it takes to carry a great bulky article like that—what a sight of men it employs, what a host of folks it feeds, what a batch of sailors it takes, what hardy tars for the wooden walls of Old England. But Old England is as blind as a bat, and Blue-nose is a puppy only nine days old; he can't see yet. If the critter was well trained, had his ears cropped and tongue wormed, he might turn out a decent-lookin' whelp yet, for the old one is a good nurse and feeds well. Well, then, look at the lead, copper, slate, (and as for slate, they may strip Wales, I know, to produce the like,) granite, gneiss, freestone, lime, manganese, salt, sulphur. Why, they've got everything but enterprise, and that I do believe in my soul they expect to find a mine of, and dig up out of the ground as they do coal. But the soil, squire, where will you find the like o' that? A considerable part of it along the coast is poor, no doubt; but it's the fishin' side of the province, and therefore it's all right; but the bay side is a tracin', rippin' fine country. Them dyke marshes have raised hay and grain year after year now for a whole century without manure, and I guess will continue to do so from July to eternity. Them reeds' has given them that sea-mud, salt sand, sea weed, and river sludge for dressin' their upland, so that it could be made to carry wheat till all's blue again.

If it possesses all these advantages you speak of, said I, it will doubtless be some day or another both a populous and rich country; but still it does not appear to me that it can be compared to the country of the Mississippi. Why, squire, said he, if you was gone to New Orleans, I think you wouldn't say so. That is a great country, no doubt, too great to compare to a small province like this; great resources, great river, fertile land, great trade; but the climate is awful, and the emigrant people ain't much better than the climate. The folks at New Orleans put me in mind of children playing in a churchyard, jumpin' over the graves, hidin' behind the tomb, a larkin' at the emblems of mortality, and the queer old rhymes under 'em, all full of life, and glee, and fun above ground, while underneath it is a great charnel-house, full of ~~wailing~~ wailing sheets, skeletons, and generations of departed citizens. That new place is built in a bar in the harbor, made of snags,

soft-wood, and choked, heaped up by the river, and then filled and covered with the sediment and alluvial of the rich bottoms above, brought down by the freshets. It's peopled in the same way. The ebbes and tides of business of all that country centre there, and the froth and scum are washed up and settle at New Orleans. It's filled with all sorts of people, black, white, and ladgers, and their different shades, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch; English, Irish, and Scotch, and then people from every state in the Union. These last have all nicknames. There's the bootlers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinois, the pulers of Missouri, the buckeyes of Ohio, the red horses of Kentucky, the mudheads of Tennessee, the Wolverine of Michigan, the sibs of New England, and the corn crackers of Virginia. All these, with many others, make up the population, which is mottled with black and all its shades; 'most all too is supplied by emigration. It is a great caravansary filled with strangers, disolute enough to make your hair stand on end, drinkin' all day, gamblin' all night, and fightin' all the time. Death pervades all nature there; it breathes in the air, and it floats on the water, and rises in the vapours and exhalations, and rides on the whirlwind and tempest: it dwells on the drought, and also in the inundation. Above, below, within, around, everywhere is death; but who knows, or misses, or mourns the stranger? Dig a grave for him, and you plunge him into the water,—the worms eat the coffin, and the crocodiles have the body. We have mills to Rhode Island with circular saws, and apparatus for makin' packin' boxes. At one of these factories they used to make 'em in the shape of coffins, and then they served a double purpose; they carried out living to New Orleans, and then carried out the dead to their graves.

That an city was made by the freshets. It's a chance if it ain't carried away by them. It may yet be its fate to be swept clean off by 'em to mingle once more with the stream that deposited it, and form new land farther down the river. It may chance to be a spot to be pointed out from the steam-boats as the place where a great city once stood, and a great battle was once fought, in which the genius and valour of the new world triumphed over the best troops and best generals of Europe. That place is jist like a hot-bed, and the folks like the plants in it. People do grow rich fast; but they look kinder spindlin' and weak, and they are s'en a'most choked

with woods and bond-woods, that grow every bit and grain as fast,—and twice as natural. The Blue-roses don't know how to value this location, squire,—that's a fact, for it's n't most a grand one.

What's a grand location? said the school-master, waking up. Nonsense, said Mr. Slick. I was just telling of the squire, it's a grand location. D—n the location, said he; I hate the word; it ain't English; there are no woods like the English woods.—Here, my little girl, more brandy, my dear, and some fresh water; mind it's fresh,—take it out of the bottom of the well—do you hear?—the coldest spot in the well; and be quick, for I'm burnt up with the heat to-day. Who's for a pull of grog? suppose we have a pull, gentlemen—a good pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, eh? Here's to you, gentlemen—ah, that's good! you are sure of good brandy here. I say, Mister Location, won't you moisten the clay, eh?—come, my honest fellow! I'll take another glass with you to our better acquaintance:—you won't, eh? well, then, I'll supply your deficiency myself; here's luck! Where did you say you were from, sir? I don't mind that I indicated where I was from just in pettishness. No, you didn't; but I twig you now, my boy, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker! And so you say this is a nice location, do you? Yes, it is a nice location indeed for a gentleman this,—a location for pride and poverty, for ignorance and assumption, for folly and vice. Curse the location! I say; there's no location like old England. This is a poor man's country, sir; but not a rich man's or a gentleman's. There's nothing this side of the water, sir, approaching to the class of gentry. They have neither the feelings, the sentiments, nor the breeding. They know nothing about it. What little they have here, sir, are second hand airs copied from poor models that occasionally farrow out here. It is the force of high life below stairs, sir, played in a poor theatre to a provincial audience. Poor as I am, humble as I am, **and** degraded as I am,—for I am now all three,—I have seen better days, and was not always the homeless wanderer you now see me. I know what I am talking about. There is nothing beyond respectable mediocrity here; there never can be, there is no material for it, there is nothing to support it. Some fresh water, my dear; that horrid water is enough to sould one's throat. The worst of a colony is, sir, there is no field for ambition, no room for talents, no reward for distin-

gushed exertions. It is a rich country for a poor man, and a poor country for a rich one. There is no permanent upper class of society here or any where else in America. There are rich men, learned men, agreeable men, liberal men, and good men, but very few gentlemen. The breed ain't pure; it is not kept long enough distinct to refine, to obtain the distinctive marks, to become generic. Dry work this talkin';—your health, gentlemen!—a good fellow that Dullbony,—suppose we drink his health? he always keeps good brandy,—there's not a head-ache in a gallon of it.

What was I talking about?—Oh! I have it—the location, as those drowsing Yankees call it. Yes, instead of importing horses here from England to improve the breed, they should import gentlemen; they want the true breed, they want blood. Yes, said the Clockmaker, (whom I had never known to remain silent so long before,) I guess. Yes, d——a you! said the stranger, what do you know about it!—you know as much about a gentleman as a cat does of music. If you interrupt me again, I'll knock your two eyes into one, you clock-making, pumpkin-headed, peckling, cheating Yankee vagabond. The sickly waxwork imitation of gentility here, the faded artificial flower of fashion, the vulgar pretensions, the contemptible struggle for precedence, make one look across the Atlantic with a longing after the freshness of nature, for life and its realities. All North America is a poor country with a poor climate. I would not give Ireland for the whole of it. This Nova Scotia is the best part of it, and has the greatest resources, but still there is no field in a calvary for a man of talent and education. Little ponds never hold big fish, there is nothing but pollywogs, tadpoles, and minnows in them. Look at them as they swim thro' the shallow water of the margins of their little muddy pool, following some small fellow an inch long, the leader of the shoal, that thinks himself a whale, and if you do not despise their pretensions, you will, at least, be compelled to laugh at their absurdities. Go to every legislature this side of the water from Congress to Halifax, and hear the stuff that is talked. Go to every press and see the stuff that is printed; go to the people, and see the stuff that is uttered or swallowed, and then tell me this is a location for any thing above mediocrity. What keeps you here, then? said Mr. Blick, if it is such an overcastin' miserable country as you lay it out to be. I'll tell you sir, said he,

and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort. I will tell you what keeps me, and he played his hands on his knees, and looking the Clockmaker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—I'll tell you, sir, if you must know—my misfortune. The effort and the brandy overpowered him; he fell from his chair, and we removed him to a bed, loosened his cravat, and left him to his repose.

It's a considerable of a trial, said the Clockmaker, to sit still and listen to that cursed old critter, I tell you. If you hadn't been here I'd agiv'n him a real good quinin'. I'd stunned his jacket for him; I'd alarmed him to carry a civil tongue in his head, the nasty, drunken, ornamental good-for-nothin' beast; more nor often, I felt my fingers itch to give him a sockdologer under the ear; but he ain't worth mindin', I guess. Yes, squire, I won't deny but New Orleans is a great place, a wonderful place; but there are resources here beyond all conception, and its climate is as pleasant as any we have, and a plaguy sight more healthy. I don't know what more you'd ask, almost an island indented everywhere with harbours, surrounded with fisheries. The key of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and the West Indies;—prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant and healthy. If that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity—that's all.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WRONG ROOM.

THIS next morning, the rain poured down in torrents, and it was ten o'clock before we were able to resume our journey. I am glad, said Mr. Stick, that cursed critter that schoolmaster hasn't yet woke up. I'm most afeard if he had turned out afore we started, I should have quitted him, for that talk of his last night sticks in my crop considerable hard. It ain't over easy to digest, I tell you; for nothin' a'most raises my dander so much as to hear a benighted, ignorant, and enslaved foreigner, belittle our free and enlightened citizens. But, see there, squire, said he, that's the first ladgian compartment we've

fell in with on our journey. Happy folks, them Indians, he'n't they!—they have no wants and no cares but food and cloathin', and fishin' and huntin' supply them things easy. That tell one you see spearin' fish down in that are creek there, is Peter Paul, a most aploguy one chap. I mind the last time I was to L'nsenburg, I send him to the magistrate's, John Robas's: he laid down the law to the justice better than any a lawyer I have met with in the province yet; he talked as clever a'stout as Mr. Clay. I'll tell you what it was:—Peter Paul had made his wigwam one winter near a brook on the farm of James M'Nutt, and employed his time in coopering, and used M'Nutt's timber when he wanted any. Well, M'Nutt threatened to send him to jail if he didn't move away, and Paul came to Robas, to ask him whether it could be done. Says he, squire,—M'Nutt he came to me, and says he, Peter, what whetl you do here, d—n you? I say, I make 'em bucket, make 'em tub, may be basket, or ax handle, to buy me some blanket and powder and shot with—you no want some? Well, he say, this my head, Peter, and my wood; I bought 'em and pay money for 'em; I won't let you stay here and cut my wood; if you cut another stick, I send you to jail. Then I tell him I see what governor say to that: what you plant, that yours; what you sow, that yours too; but you no plant 'em woods; God—he plant 'em dot; he make 'em river, too, for all man, white man and Indian man—all same. God—he no give 'em river to one man,—he make him run thro' all the woods. When you drink, he run on and I drink, and then when all drink he run on to de sea. He no stand still—you no catch him—you no have him. If I cut down your apple-tree, then send me to jail, cause you plant 'em; but if I cut down ash-tree, oak-tree, or pine-tree in woods, I say it's mine. If I cut 'em first—for me in big woods like river—first cut him, first have him. If God give 'em all to you, where is your writin', or bring somebody say he hear him say so, then I stop. I never kill your hog, and say I thought him one bear, nor your hen, and say him one partridge; but you go kill my stock, my caribou, and my moose. I never frighten away your sheep; but you go chop wood, and make one d—n noise and frighten away bear; so when I go to my trap I no find him there, and I lose him, and de skin and de meat too. No two laws for you and me, but all same. You know Jeffery—him big man to Halifax?—well, him very good

man's that; very kind to poor Indians (when that man go to heaven, God will give him plenty backy to smoke, for that I know.)—Well, he say, Peter Paul, when you want ash-tree, you go cut 'em down on my land when you like; I give you leave. He very good man dat, but God give 'em a fore Jeffery was born. And by and by, I say, M'Nott, you have 'em all. Indian all die soon; no more wood tall—no more hunt left; he starve, and then you take all. Till then I take 'em wood that God plant for us, where I find 'em, and no thanks to you. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer that—I guess, said Mr. Slick. That feller cyphered that out of human natur',—the best book a man can study after all, and the only true one;—there's no two ways about it—there's never no mistake there. Queer critter, that Peter; he has an answer for every one; nothin' ever da'n'ts or poses him; but here we are at the end of our journey, and I must say, I am sorry for it, too, for though it's been a considerable of a long one, it's been a very pleasant one.

When we returned to Halifax we drove to Mrs. Spicer's boarding-house, where I had bespoken lodgings previously to my departure from town. While the servants were preparing my room we were shown into the parlour of Mrs. Spicer. She was young, pretty, and a widow. She had but one child, a daughter of six years of age, which, like all only children, was petted and spoiled. She was first shy, then familiar, and ended by being troublesome and rude. She amused her mother by imitating Mr. Slick's pronunciation, and herself by using his hat for a foot-ball.

Entertainin' that, ain't it? said the Clockmaker, as we entered our own apartments. The worst of women is, said he, they are for everlastin'ly steamin' folks with their children, and take more pains to spoil 'em and make 'em disagreeable than anything else. Why the plague wants to hear 'em repeat a yard o' poetry like that are little serpent?—I am sure I don't. The Hon. Eli Wad was right, when he said the ways o' womankind are wonderful. I've been afeard to venture on matrimony myself, and I don't altogether think I shall speculate in that line for one while. It don't git suit a covin' man like me. It's a considerable of a tie, and then it ain't like a horse deal, where, if you don't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle, or a trade, or swap and suit yourself better; but you must make the best of a bad bargain, and put up with

in. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle; spirited, yet gentle; easy on the bit, sure-footed and spry; no bitin', or kickin', or sulkin', or racin' off, or refusin' to go or runnin' back, and then clean-limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest piece of business I know on.

Our great cities are most the only places in our Union where a man may marry with comfort, root right down genuine comfort and no drawback. No furnishin' a house; and if you go far to please a woman in that line, there's no end o' the expense they'll go to, and no trouble about helps; a considerable of a plague there in the States, you may depend; then you got nothin' to provide, and nothin' to see arter, and it ain't so plaguy lonely as a private house neither. The ladies, too, have nothin' to do all day but dress themselves, gossip, walk out, or go ashoppin', or receive visits to home. They have a'most a grand time of it, you may depend. If there be any children, why, they can be sent up garret with the helps, out o' the way and out o' hearin' till they are big enough to go to school. They ain't half the plague they be in a private house. But one o' the best things about it is, a man needn't stay to home to entertain his wife's avengings, for she can find company enough in the public rooms, if she has a mind to, and he can go to the political clubs and coffee-houses, and see arter politics, and enquire how the nation's agoin' on, and watch over the doin's of Congress. It takes a good deal of time that, and a man can't discharge his duties right to the State or the Union either, if he is for everlastin'ly tied to his wife's spinn-strings. You may talk about the domestic hearth, and the pleasures o' home, and the family circle, and all that sort o' thing, squire: it sounds very clever, and reads dreadful pretty; but what does it end in at last? why, a scoldin' wife with her shoes down to heel, a-see-movin' in a rocking chair; her hair either not done up at all, or all stuck down full of paper and pins, like porcupine quills; a smoky chimbley spoutin' of your eyes out; cryin' children murrainin' of your ears out; extravagant, wasteful helps, a-empting of your pockets out, and the whole thing awarin' of your patience out. No, there's nothin' like a great boardin' house, for married folks; it don't cost nothin' like keepin' home, and there's plenty o' company all the time, and the women folks never feel lonely like, when their husbands are not to home. The only thing is to turn the geography of the house well,

and know their own number. If they don't do that, they may get into a most adzeded of a scrape, that it ain't so easy to back out of. I recollect a most serious accident that happened that way once, agittin' into the wrong room.

I had gone down to Boston to keep 4th of July, our great Anniversary-day. A great day that, squire; a great national festival; a splendid spectacle; fifteen millions of free men and three million of slaves celebrating the birth-day of liberty; rejoicin' in their strength, their freedom and enlightenment. Perhaps the sun never shone on such a sight afore, nor the moon, nor the stars, for their planetary system ain't more perfect than our political system. The sun typifies our splendour; the moon in its changes figures our rotation of office, and eclipses of Presidents,—and the stars are emblems of our states, as painted on our flags. If the British don't catch it that day, it's a pity. All over our Union, in every town and village, there are oratories made, gist about as beautiful pieces of workmanship, and as nicely dove-tailed and mortised, and as prettily put together as well can be, and the English catch it everywhere. All our battles are fought over ag'in, and you can s'en s'most see the British allyin' shore them like the wind, full sp'it, or layin' down their arms as humble as you please, or marchin' off as prisoners tied two and two, like runaway niggers, as plain as if you was in the engagements, and Washington on his great big war-horse aridin' over them, and our free and enlightened citizens ankiverin' of them; or the proud important officers ankroovin' down to him, givin' up their swords, and steggin' for dear life for quarter. Then you think you can s'en s'most see that infernal w'y Andre robbed and marched, and the scene that set on the browes of our heroes as they threw into the dirt the money he offered to be released, and heerd him beg like an Indian to be shot like a gentleman, and not hanged like a thief, and Washington's noble and magnanimous answer,—“I guess they'll think we are afraid if we don't,”—so simple, so sublime. The hammerin' of the carpenters seems to strike your ears as they erect the gallus; and then his struggles, like a dog tuck'd up for sheep-stealin', are as natural as life. I must say I do like to hear them orations,—to hear of the deeds of our heroes by land and by sea. It's a bright page of history that. It exasperates the young—it makes their blood boil at the wrongs of their forefathers; it makes them clean their rifles, and run their bullets. It pre-

pass there for that great day, that comin' day, that no distant day neither, that must come and will come, and can't help a comin', when Britain will be a colony to our great nation, and when her colonies will be states in our Union.

Mary's the disputes, and pretty hot disputes too, I've had with minister about these notions. He never would go near on 'em; he said they were in bad taste—(a great phrase of his'n that, poor dear good old man; I believe his heart yams arter old times, and I must think sometimes he ought to have joined the refugees.)—bad taste, Barn. It smells o' braggin', it's organferrary; and what's worse—it's sectarian.

But ministers don't know much of this world;—they may know the road to the next; but they don't know the cross-roads and by-paths of this one—that's a fact. But I was agoin' to tell you what happened that day—I was stayin' to General Peep's boardin' house to Boston, to enjoy, as I was sayin', the anniversary. There was an awmain' crowd of folks there; the house was chock full of strangers. Well, there was a gentleman and a lady, one Major Ebenezer Sprout and his wife, aboardin' there, that had one child, the most cryinest critter I ever seed; it howled all night a'most, and the boarders said it must be sent up to the garret to the helps, for no soul could sleep a'most for it. Well, most every night Mrs. Sprout had to go up there to quiet the little varmint,—for 't wouldn't give over yellin' for no one but her. That night, in partikular, the critter scowched and screamed like Old Scratch; and at last Mrs. Sprout slipped on her dancin' gown, and went up stairs to it,—and left her door ajar, so as not to disturb her husband acomin' back; and when she returned, she pushed the door open wolly, and shut it to, and got into bed. He's asleep, now, says she; I hope he won't disturb me ag'in. No, I ain't asleep, nyether stranger, says old Zwicker, a Dutch merchant from Albany, (for she had got into the wrong room, and got in his bed by mistake,) nor I don't dank you, nor General Peep needer, for pudlin' you into my bed mid me, widout my leave nor license, nor abberation, needer. I likah your place more better as your company! Oh, I got no givulet! Het's jannier, it is a pity! Oh! dear, if she didn't let go, it's a pity; she kicked and screamed, and carried on like a ravin' distracted bed-bug. Thousand tyevels, said he, what ails te man? I believe he is bewitched. Murder! murder! said she, and she cried out at

the very tip end of her voice, murder! murder! Well, Zwicker, he jumped out o' bed in an all-fired hurry, most properly frightened, you may depend; and axin' her dressin' gown, instead of his trousers, he put his legs into the arms of it, and was arruinin' out of the room sheddin' up of the skirts with his hands, as I came in with the candle. De ferry teyv't himself is in to man, and in de trouser too, said he; for I believe de coat has grow'd to it in te night, it is so tern long. Oh, yes! what a pity. Stop, says I, Mister Zwicker, and I pulled him back by de gown (I thought I should adied lasin' to see him in his red night-cap, his eyes startin' out o' his head, and those short-legged trousers on, for the shew of the dressin' gown didn't come further than his knees, with a good long tail to 'em.) Stop, says I, and tell us what all this everlastin' hubbub is about: who's dead and what's to pay now?

All this time Mrs. Sprout lay curled up like a cat, covered all over in the bed clothes, axellin' and axerassin' like mad; 'most all the house was gathered there, some undressed, and some half-dressed—some had sticks and poles, and some had swords. Hullo! says I, who on sirth is makin' all this noise? Gotta Hymel, said he, old Saydus Hymel, I do believe; he came tru de door and jumped right into bed, and yelled so loud in mine ear as to deafen my head a'most; pull him out by de cloven foot, and kill him, tare him! I had no ginslet no more, and he know'd it, and dat is te reason, and nothin' else. Well, the folks got hold of the clothes, and pulled and heated away till her head showed above the sheet. Dear, dear, said Major Ebenezer Sprout:—If it ain't Mrs. Sprout, my wife, as I am alive! Why, Mary dear, what brought you here?—what on sirth are you axin' of in Mr. Zwicker's room here? I take my oath, she pronght herself here, said Zwicker, and peg she takes herself away ag'in so fast as she came, and more faster too. What will Frow Zwicker say to this women's tale?—was te licksch ever heard afore? Teer, teer, but 'is too pod! Well, well, says the folks, who'd atthought it!—such a steady old gentleman as Mr. Zwicker,—and young Marin Sprout, says they,—only think of her!—ain't it horrid! The honey! says the women house-helpers: she's nicely caught, ain't she? She's no great things any how to take up with that nasty smoky old Dutchman: it serves her right,—it does, the good-for-nothin' jode!

I wouldn't shed it happen, says the major, for fifty dollars, I vow; and he walked up and down, and wrung his hands, and looked stretched enough, you may depend;—no, nor I don't know, said he, as I would for a hundred dollars s'most. Have what happened, says Zwicker; upon my oath and honour and soul, nothin' happened, only I had no gimblet. Hat is junner; it is a pity. I went to see the baby, said Mrs. Sprout,—noddin' ready to kill herself, poor thing!—and—Well, I don't want, nor have occasion, nor require a nurse, said Zwicker.—And I mistook the room, said she, and come here athinkin' it was even. Couldn't be possible, said he, to take me for te pappy, dat has pappys himself,—but it was to ruin my character, and name, and reputation. Oh, Gosh Hymel! what will Vron Zwicker say to de wooman's tale? but then she knowed I had no gimblet, she did. Folks quickened and lurked a good deal, I tell you; but they soon cleared out and went to bed ag'in. The story ran all over Boston like wild fire; nothin' else s'most was talked of; and like most stories, it grew worse and worse every day. Zwicker returned next mornin' to Albany, and has never been to Boston since; and the Sprouts kept close for some time, and then moved away to the western territory. I acally believe they changed their name, for I never heard tell of any one that ever seed them since.

Mr. Slick, says Zwicker, the mornin' he started, I have one little gimblet; I always travel with my little gimblet; take it mid me wherever I go; and when I goes to ped, I takes my little gimblet out and borcs wid it over de latch of de door, and dat scares it, and keeps out de thief and de villain and de wooman. I left it to home dat time mid the old vron, and it was all because I had no gimblet, de row and de noise and de rumpush wash mode. Turn it! said he, Mr. Slick, 'tis no use talkin', but tere is always de tryvil to pay when tere is a woman and no gimblet.

Yes, said the Clockmaker, if they don't mind de number of de room, they'd better stay away,—but a little attention dat way cures all. We are all in a hurry in de States; we eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry. We all go ahead so hat it keeps one full spring to keep up with others; and one must go it hot foot, if he wants to pass his neighbours. Now, it is a great comfort to have your dinner to de minute, as you do at a boardin'-house, when you are in

a hurry—only you must look out sharp after the dishes, or you won't get nothin'. Things vanish like wink. I recollect once when quails first came in that season; there was an old chap at Peep's boardin'-house, that used to take the whole dish of 'em, empty it on his plate, and gobble 'em up like a turkeycock,—no one else ever got none. We were all a good deal ryked at it, woin' that he didn't pay no more for his dinner than us, so I ricknamed him "Old Quail," and it cured him; he always left half arter that, for a scratch. No system is quite perfect, aquire; accidents will happen in the best regulated places, like that of Marm Sproul's and Old Quail's; but still there is nothin' arter all like a boardin'-house,—the only thing is, keep out of the wrong room.

CHAPTER XXI.

FINDING A MARK'S NEST.

HALIFAX, like London, has its tower also, but there is this remarkable difference between these two national structures, that the one is designed for the defenders of the country, and the other for its offenders; and that the former is as difficult to be broken into as the latter (notwithstanding all the ingenious devices of successive generations from the days of Julius Cæsar to the time of the schoolmaster) is to be broken out of. A critical eye might perhaps detect some other, though lesser, points of distinction. This *vis-à-vis* Atlantic martello-tower has a more aristocratic and exclusive air than its city brother, and its portals are open to none but those who are attired in the uniform of the guard, or that of the royal staff; while the other receives the lowest, and most depraved, and vulgar of mankind. It is true it has not the *fiore*, and other adventitious excursions of the older one; but the original and noble park in which it stands is plentifully stocked with *carriboos*, while the *harn-work* of the latter is at least equal to that of its ancient rival; and although it cannot exhibit a display of the *armour of the country*, its very existence there is conclusive evidence of the *amor patriæ*. It stands on an eminence that protects the harbour of Halifax,

and commands that of the North-West Arm, and is situated at the termination of a fashionable promenade, which is skirted on one side by a thick shrubbery, and on the other by the waters of the harbour; the former being the resort of those of both sexes who delight in the impervious shade of the spruce, and the latter of those who prefer swimming, and other aquatic exercises. With these attractions to the lovers of nature, and a pure air, it is thronged at all hours, but more especially at day-dawn, by the valitudinarian, the aged, and infirm, and at the witching hour of moonlight by those who are young enough to defy the dew and damp air of night.

To the latter class I have long since ceased to belong. Old, corpulent, and rheumatic, I am compelled to be careful of a body that is not worth the trouble that it gives me. I no longer indulge in the dreamy visions of the second nap, for, *non ampassio evam*. I rise early, and take my constitutional walk to the tower. I had not proceeded more than half-way this morning before I met the Clockmaker returning to town.

Mornin', squires, said he; I suppose you didn't hear the news, did you? the British packet's in. Which packet? said I; for there are two due, and great apprehensions are entertained that one of them is lost. More protection, then, said he, for them vessels that's left; it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Why? said I, Mr. Stick, how can you talk so unfeelingly of such an awful catastrophe? Only think of the misery entailed by such an event upon Falmouth, where most of the officers and crew have left families and distressed families. Poor creatures, what dreadful tidings await them! Well, well, said he, I didn't gist altogether mean to make a joke of it neither; but your folks know what they are about; them coffin ships ain't sent out for nothin'. Ten of them gun-brigs have been lost already; and, depend on it, the English have their reasons for it—there's no mistake about it; considerable 'cute chaps them, they can see as far into a millstone as them that picks the hole in it; if they throw a sprat it's to catch a mackerel, or my name is not Sam Stick. Remain, I replied,—what reason can there be for consigning so many gallant fellows to a violent death and a watery grave? What could justify such a—? I'll tell you, said the Clockmaker; it keeps the natives to home by frightenin' 'em out of their seven senses. Now, if they had a good set of liners, them blue-gown Tories and radicals would be for everlastingly

abotherin' of government with their requests and complaints. Hungry as hawks them fellows, they'd fairly eat the minister up without salt, they would. It compels 'em to stay at home, it does. Your folks deserve credit for that trick, for it answers the purpose real complete. Yes, you English are pretty considerable tarnation sharp. You warn't born yesterday, I tell you. You are always afindin' out some more'n rest or another. Didn't you send out water-casks and flurin'-stones last war to the fresh water lakes to Canada? Didn't you send out a frigate there ready built, in pieces ready numbered and marked, to put together, 'cause there's no timber in America, nor carpenters neither? Didn't you order the Yankee prisoners to be kept at the fortress of Louisbourg, which was so levelled to the ground fifty years before that folks can hardly tell where it stood? Hain't you squandered more money to Bermuda than would make a military road from Halifax to Quebec, make the Windsor railroad, and complete the great canal? Hain't you built a dockyard there that rots all the cordage and stores as fast as you send them out there? and hain't you to send these things every year to sell to Halifax, 'cause there ain't folks enough to Bermuda to make an auction? Dan't you send out a squadron every year of seventy-four, frigates, and sloops of war, and most work 'em to death, sendin' 'em to Bermuda to winter 'cause it's warm, and to Halifax to summer, 'cause it's cool; and to carry freights of doubloons and dollars from the West Indies to England, 'cause it pays well; while the fisheries, coastin' trade, and revenue are left to look out for themselves? Oh, if you don't beat all, it's a pity!

Now, what in nature is the use of them are great seventy-fours in peace time in that station? Half the sum of money one of them are everlastin' almighty monsters cost would equip a dozen spunkin' cutters, commanded by lieutenants in the navy, (and this I will say, though they be Britishers, a smarter set o' men than they be never kept in shoe-leather,) and they'd soon set those nations right in two weeks. Them twenty-fours put me in mind o' Black Hawk, the great Indian chief, that was to Washington lately; he had an alligator tattooed on the back part of one thigh, and a raccoon on t'other, touched off in the vergerines, and as natural as any thing you ever seed in your life; and well he know'd it too, for he was as proud of it as any thing. Well, the president, and a whole raft of

senators, and a considerable of an assortment of most beautiful ladies, went all over the capital with him, *showin'* him the great buildin's, and public halls, and curiosities, patents, presents, and what not; but Black Hawk, he took no notice of nothin' a'most till he came to the pictur's of our great naval and military heroes, and splendid national victories of our time and enlightened citizens, and *them* he *did* stare at; they posed him considerable—that's a fact.

Well, warrior, said the president, anythin' of his hands, and *warrior's*, what do you think of them? *Bolder*, said Black Hawk, them grand, them live, and breathe and speak—them great pictures I tell you, very great indeed, but I got better ones, said he, and he turned round, and stooped down, and drew up his mantle over his head. Look at that alligator, *bolder*, said he, and he struck it with his head till he made all ring again; and that racoon behind there; doesn't they splendid? Oh! if there wasn't a shoot, it's a pity! The men *bow-headed* right out like thunder, and the women run off, and screamed like mad. Did you wear! said they. How *awful*! ain't it shocking? and then they screamed out ag'in louder than afore. Oh dear! said they, if that nasty, horrid thing ain't in all the mirrors in the room! and they put their pretty little hands up to their dear little eyes, and *peered* right out into the *smoke*. The president he stamped, and bit his lip, and looked as mad as if he could have swallowed a wild cat alive. *Come him!* said he, I've half a mind to kick him into the Potomac, the savage brute! I shall never hear the last of this job. I fairly thought I should have split to see this confustrigation it put 'em all into. Now, that's gist the way with your seventy-four. When the *Blue-coat* grumble that we *Yankees* struggle like all vengeance, and have all the fisheries on the coast to ourselves, you send 'em out a great seventy-four with a painted stern for 'em to look at, and it is gist about as much use as the tattooed stern of Black Hawk. I hope I may be shot if it ain't. Well, then, gist see how you —

True, said I, glad to put a stop to the *recuperation* of our blunders, but government have added some new vessels to the *packet line* of a very superior description, and will withdraw the old ones as soon as possible. These changes are very expensive, and cannot be effected in a moment. Yes, said he, so I have heard tell; and I have heard, too, that the new ones won't lay to, and the old ones won't *stand*; grand

chance in a gale for a Soller that, ain't it? One tumbles over in the trough of the sea, and the other has such great solid bulwarks, if she ships a sea, she never gets rid of 'a but by goin' down. Oh, you British are up to every thing! it wouldn't be easy to put a wrinkle on your horns, I know. They will, at least, said I, with more pique than prudence, last as long as the colonies. It is admitted on all hands now, by Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, that the time is not far distant when the provinces will be old enough for independence, and strong enough to demand it. I am also happy to say that there is every disposition to yield to their wishes whenever a majority shall concur in applying for a separation. It is very questionable whether the expense of their protection is not greater than any advantage we derive from them.

That, said the Clockmaker, is what I call, now, good sound sense. I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows you participate in the enlightenment of the age. After all the expense you have been to in conquerin', clearin', settlin', fortifyin', governin', and protectin' these colonies, from the time they were little miserable spindlin' seedlin's up to now, when they have grow'd to be considerable stiff and strong, and of some use, to give 'em up, and encourage 'em to as for 'man-ription, is, I estimate, the part of wise men. You, I see you are wide awake. Let 'em go. They are no 'use to you. But, I say, again—and he tapped me on the shoulder, and winked,—let 'em look out the next mornin' arter they are free for a visit from us. If we don't put 'em thro' their facin's it's a pity. Tho' they are no good to you, they are worth a Jew's eye to us, and here 'em we will, by gum!

You put me in mind of a British Parliament-man that was travellin' in the States once. I seed him in a standstill on the Ohio, (a'most a grand river that, squire; if you were ~~go~~ out all the English rivers into one you couldn't make its ~~glia~~.) and we went the matter of seven hundred miles on it till it joined the Mississippi. As soon as we turned to go down that river he stood, and stared, and scratched his head, like bewildered. Says he, this is very strange—very strange to look, says he. What's strange? said I; but he went on with out hearin'. It's the gentlest curiosity, said he, I ever seed; natural phenomenon, one of the wonders of the world; as we jumped right up and down like a ravin' distracted fool where is it, said he. What the d—d has become of it? I

it's your wit, said I, you are stookin' for, it's gone a wood-gatherin' more nor half an hour ago. What on earth ails you, says I, to make you act as like Old Scratch that way? Do, for goodness sake, look here, Mr. Stick! said he. That immense river, the Ohio, that we have been a'lin' upon so many days, where is it? Where is it? said I. Why it's run into the Mississippi here to be sure; whence else should it be? or did you think it was like a snake that it curled its head under its own belly, and ran back again? But, said he, the Mississippi won't made one inch higher or one inch wider by it; it don't swell it one mile or more; it's marvellous, ain't it? Well, jist afore that, we had been talking about the colonies; so, says I, I can tell you a more marvellous thing than that by a long chalk.

There is Upper Canada, and Lower Canada, and New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland,—they all belong to the English. Well, said he, I know that as well as you do. Don't be so plaguy touchy! said I, but listen me out. They all belong to the English, and there's no two ways about it; it's the best part of America, too; better land and better climate than ours, and free from yaller fever, and ague, and nigger slaves, and hostile Indians, and Lynchers, and a lig'nters, and such like varmint, and all the trade and commerce of these colonies, and the supply of 'inched goods belong to the English too, and yet I do's any liver' soul to say he can see that it needs their trade to be one inch wider, or one inch higher; it's jist a drop in the bucket. Well, that is strange, said he; but it only shows the magnitude of British commerce. You, says I, it does; it shows another thing too. What's that, said he. Why, says I, that their commerce is a plaguy sight deeper than the shaller-pated noodles that it belongs to. Do you, said I, jist take the lead-line, and sound the river jist below where the Ohio comes into it, and you will find that, though it taste broader or higher, it's an overtaun' sight deeper than it is above the join place. It can't be otherwise in natur'.

Now, turn the Ohio, and let it run down to Baltimore, and you'd find the Mississippi, meanmuth as it is, a different green river from what you now see it. It wouldn't overrin' its banks no more, nor break the dykes at New Orleans, nor leave the great Cypress swamps under water any longer. It

would look pretty streaked in dry weather, I know. Glad so with the colony trade; though you can't see it in the rooms of English trade, yet it is there. Cut it off, and see the raft of ships you'd have to spare, and the thousands of seamen you'd have to emigrate to us! and see how white about the gills Glasgow, and Greenock, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Birmingham, would look. Cuttin' off the colonies is like cuttin' off the roots of a tree; it's an even chance if it don't blow right slap over the very first stress of wind that comes; and if it don't, the leaves curl up, turn yellow, and fall off afore their time. Well, the next spring fillosin' there is about six feet of the top dead, and the tips of the branches withered, and the leaves only half size; and the year after, unless it sends out new roots, it's a good leafless trunk, a sight to behold; and, if it is strong enough to push out new roots, it may revive, but it never looks like itself again. The *lucrum* is gone, and gone for ever.

You get chaps in your parliament that never seed a colony, and yet get up and talk about 'em by the hour, and look as wise about 'em as the monkey that had seen the world.

In America all our farms a'most have what we call the rough pasture—that is, a great rough field of a hundred ~~acres~~ or so, near the woods, where we turn in our young cattle, and breedin' mares, and colts, and dry cows, and what not, where they take care of themselves, and the young stock grow up, and the old stock grow fat. It's a grand outlet that to the farm, that would be overstocked without it. We could not do without it now. Now, your colonies are the great field for a redundant population, a grand outlet. Ask the Egyptians what feed their flocks? Losin' the overland-trade to India. Ask the folks to Cadix what put them up a tree? Losin' the trade to South America. If that's too far off, ask the people of Bristol and Chester what sewed them up? and they will tell you, while they was asleep, Liverpool ran off with their trade. And if you hasn't time to go there, ask the first coachman you get alongside of, what he thinks of the railroads? and just listen to the funeral hymn he'll sing over the turnpikes. When I was to England last, I always did that when I was in a hurry, and it put coaches into such a passion, he'd turn to and lick his horses out o' spite into a full gallop. D—n 'em, he'd say, them that auctioned them railroads, to ruin the 'pikes, (get along, you lazy willains, Char-

lay, and he'd lay it into the wheeler,) they ought to be hanged, sir, (that's the stoker, and he'd whop the leader,)—you, sir, to be hanged, for what is to become of them as lent their money on the pikes? (who—let, crack, crack goes the whip)—hanged and quartered they ought to be. These men ought to be remunerated as well as the slave-holders; I wonder, sir, what we shall all come to yet? Come to, says I; why, to be a stoker to be sure; that's what all you coachmen will end in at last, as sure as you are born. A stoker, sir, said he, (lookin' as bothered as if it wor a French farrier that word,) what the d—l is that? Why, a stoker, says I, is a critter that draws, and stirs, and pokes the fire of a steam-engine. I'd sooner die first, sir, said he; I would, d—n me, if I wouldn't! Only think of a man of my age and size bein' a stoker, sir; I wouldn't be in the fellow's skin that would propose it to me, for the best shilling as ever came out o' the mine. Take that, and that, and that, he'd say, to the off forward horse, (slayin' it into him like mad,) and do your own work, you dishonest rascal. It is far above you may depend.

No, sir, lose your colonies, and you'd have Eye-talian cities without their climate, Eye-talian luxuries without their light hearts to sing over their poverty, (for the English can't sing a bit better nor bull frogs,) and worse than Eye-talian eruptions and volcanoes in politics, without the grandeur and sublimity of those in nature. Deceive not yourselves; if you lop off the branches, the tree perishes, for the leaves elaborate the sap that circulates, nourishes, and supports the trunk. There's no two ways about it, squire: "*them who say colonies are no good, are either fools or knaves; if they be fools they ain't worth answerin', and if they are knaves, send them to the treadmill, till they learn to speak the truth.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

KEEPING UP THE STREAM.

It is painful to think of the blunders that have been committed from time to time in the management of our colonies, and of the gross ignorance, or other disregard of their interests, that has been displayed in the treaties with foreign powers. Fortunately for the mother country the colonists are warmly attached to her and her institutions, and deplore a separation too much to agitate questions, however important, that may have a tendency to weaken their affections by arousing their passions. The time, however, has now arrived when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children. Other and newer, and, for the time, more important interests, have occupied her attention, and diverted her thoughts from those distant portions of the empire. Much, therefore, that has been done may be attributed to want of accurate information, while it is to be feared much else has arisen from not duly appreciating their importance. The government of the provinces has been but too often intrusted to persons who have been selected, not so much from their peculiar fitness for the situation, as with reference to their interests, or their claims for reward for past services in other departments. From persons thus chosen, no very accurate or useful information can be expected. This is the more to be regretted as the resolutions of the dominant party, either in the House of Assembly or Council, are not always to be received as conclusive evidence of public opinion. They are sometimes produced by accidental causes, often by temporary excitement, and frequently by the intrigue or talents of one man. In the colonies, the legislature is more often in advance of public opinion, than coerced by it, and the pressure from without is sometimes caused by the excitement previously existing within, while in many cases the people do not participate in the views of their representatives. Hence the resolutions of one day are sometimes rescinded the next, and a subsequent session, or a new house, is found to hold opinions opposed to those of its predecessor. To these difficulties

in obtaining accurate information, may be added the uncertain character of that arising from private sources. Individuals having access to the Colonial Office, are not always the best qualified for consultation, and interest or prejudice is but too often found to operate immensely even upon those whose sincerity and integrity are undoubted. As a remedy for these evils it has been proposed to give the colonies a representation in parliament, but the measure is attended with so many objections, and such inherent difficulties, that it may be considered almost impracticable. The only satisfactory and efficient prescription that political quackery has hitherto suggested, appears to be that of a Colonial Council-board, composed principally, if not wholly, of persons from the respective provinces; who, while the minister changes with the cabinet of the day, shall remain as permanent members, to inform, advise, and assist his successor. None but natives can fully understand the peculiar feelings of the colonists. The advantages to be derived from such a board, are too obvious to be enlarged upon, and will readily occur to any one at all conversant with these subjects; for it is a matter of notoriety, that a correspondence may be commenced by one minister, continued by a second, and terminated by a third, so rapid have sometimes been the changes in this department. It is not my business, however, to suggest, (and I heartily rejoice that it is not, for I am no projector,) but simply to record the sayings and doings of that eccentric personage, Mr. Samuel Black, to whom it is now high time to return.

You object, said L, to the present line of government packets running between Falmouth and Halifax (and I must say, not without reason:) pray, what do you propose to substitute in their places. Well, I don't know, said he, as I get altogether ought to blurt out all I think about it. Our folks mightn't be over half pleased with me for the hint, for our New York liners have the whole run of the passengers now, and jingy proud our folks be of it, too, I tell you. Why, if it was to leak out it was me that put you up to it, I should have to gallop through the country when I returned home, as Head did—you know Head the author, don't you? There are several gentlemen of that name, I replied, who have distinguished themselves as authors; pray, which do you mean? Well, I don't know, said he, as I can get altogether indicate the identical man I mean, but I calculate it's him that galloped the wild horses in the Pompey a hundred miles a day

hand runnin', day in and day out, on hoof tea, made of hang beef and cold water;—it's the gallepin' one I mean; he is Governor to Canada now, I believe. You know in that ere book he wrote on gallepin' he says, "the greatest luxury in all natur' is to ride without trousers on a horse without archedie,"—what we call bare-breeched and bare-backed. (Oh! I wonder he didn't die a-hurin', I do, I vow. Them great chistles that he says grow in the Purpus as high as a bu-man's head, must have tickled a man a'most to death that rode that way.) Well, now, if I was to tell you how to work it I should have to ride armed as he was in his travels, with two pair of detonatin' pistols and a double-barrelled gun, and when I seed a guacho of a New Yorker a-comin', clap the reins in my mouth, set off at full gallop, and pint a pistol at him with cash hand; or else I'd have to lasso him,—that's certain,—for they'd make travellin' in that state too hot for me to wose together I know. I'd have to off with them bull chinks, and go it bare-backed,—that's as clear as mud. I believe Sir Francis Head is no great favourite, I replied, with your countrymen, but he is very popular with the colonists, and very deservedly so. He is an able and efficient governor, and possesses the entire confidence of the provinces. He is placed in a very difficult situation, and appears to display great tact and great talent. Well, well, said he, let that pass; I won't say he don't, though I wish he wouldn't talk so much ag'in us as he does, anyhow; but will you promise you won't let on it was me now if I tell you? Certainly, said I, your name shall be concealed. Well, then, I'll tell you, said he; turn your attention to steam navigation to Halifax. Steam will half run England, yet, if they don't mind. It will drain it of its money, drain it of its population, and—what's more than all—what it can spare least of all, and what it will feel more nor all, its artisans, its skilful workmen, and its honest, intelligent, and respectable middle classes. It will leave you nothin' in time but your aristocracy and your poor. A trip to America is goin' to be nothin' more than a trip to France, and folks will go where land is cheap and labour high. It will build the new world up, but it will drain the old one out in a way no one thinks on. Turn this tide of emigration to your own provinces, or, as sure as eggs is eggs, we will get it all. You han't no notion what steam is destined to do for America. It will make it look as bright as a powder bottom you, I know.

The distance, as I make it, from Bristol to New York Light

house, is 3037 miles; from Bristol to Halifax Light-house is 2479; from Halifax Light to New York Light is 522 miles,—in all, 3041 miles; 546 miles shorter than New York line; and even going to New York, 36 miles shorter to stop at Halifax than to go to New York direct. I fix on Bristol 'cause it's a better port for the purpose than Liverpool, and the new rail-road will be jist the dandy for you. But them great, fat, porter-drinkin' critters of Bristol have been a-sleepin' fast asleep for half a century, and only jist got one eye open now. I'm most a-sard they will turn over, and take the second nap, and if they do they are done for—that's a fact. Now you take the chart, and work it yourself, aquire, for I'm no great hand at navigation. I've been a whaling voyage, and a few other sea trips, and I know a little about it, but not much, and yet, if I ain't pretty considerable near the mark, I'll give them leave to guess that knows better—that's all. Get your legis-latur' to persuade government to contract with the Great Western folks to carry the mail, and drop it in their way to New York; for you get as much and as good coal in Nova Scotia as England has, and the steam-boats would have to carry a supply for 500 miles less, and could take in a stock at Halifax for the return voyage to Europe. If ministers won't do that, get 'em to send steam packets of their own, and you wouldn't be no longer an everlastin' outlandish country no more as you be now. And, more nor that, you wouldn't lose all the best emigrants and all their capital, who now go to the States 'cause the voyage is safer, and remain there 'cause they are tired of travellin', and can't get down here without risk of their precious necks and ugly bags.

But John Bull is like all other sponable folks; he thinks 'cause he is rich he is wise too, and knows every thing, when in fact he knows plaguy little outside of his own location. Like all other committed folks, too, he don't allow nobody else to know nothin' neither but himself. The Eptalins is too lazy, the French too smirky, the Spaniards too banditti, the Dutch too smoky, the German too dreamy, the Scotch too itchy, the Irish too popey, and the Yankees too tricky; all low, all ignorant, all poor. He thinks the noblest work of God an Englishman. He is an considerable good terms with himself, too, is John Bull, when he has his go-to-meet-in' clothes on, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his purse buttoned up tight in his precious pocket. He wears his hat a little a one side, rakish-like, whaps his cane down ag'in

the pavement hard, as if he intended to keep things in their place, swaggers a few, as if he thought he had a right to look big, and starts at you full and hard in the face, with a know-in' oos of his head, as much as to say, "That's me, d—n you!" and who you be I don't know, and what's more I can't want to know; so clear the road double quick, will you? Yes, take John at his own valuation, and I guess you'd get a considerable hard bargain of him, for he is old, thick in the wind, tender in the foot, weak in the knees, too craned fat to teazel, and plaguy cross-grained and ill-tempered. If you go for to raise your voice to him, or even so much as lay the weight of your finger on him, his Ebenezer is up in a twink. I don't like him one bit, and I don't know who the plaguee does; but that's neither here nor there.

Do you get your legislature to interfere in this matter; for steam navigation will be the makin' of you if you work it right. It is easy, I replied, to suggest, but not quite so easy, Mr. Stick, as you suppose, to have these projects carried into execution. Government may not be willing to permit the mail to be carried by contract. Permit it! said he with animation; to be sure it will permit it. Don't they grant every thing you ask? don't they concede one thing after another to you to keep you quiet, till they han't got much left to concede? It puts me in mind of a missionary I once seed down to Bows and Arrows (Bayou Ayres). He went out to convert the people from bein' Roman Catholics, and to persuade the Spaniards to pray in English instead of Latin, and to get dipt know by him, and he carried away there like a house a fire, till the sharks one day made a tremendous dash among his converts that was a wakin' out in the water, and gait walked off with three on 'em by the legs, scamm'in' and yelpin' like mad. After that he took to a pond outside the town, and one day as he was awalkin' out with his hands behind him, ameditatin' on that see profane trick the sharks played him, and what a slippery world this was, and what not, who should he meet but a party of them Clauchos, that galloped up to him as quick as work, and made him prisoner. Well, they gait fell to, and not only robbed him of all he had, but stripped him of all his clothes but his breeches, and then they left him for decency sake to get back to town in. Poor critter! he felt streaked enough, I do assure you; he was near about frightened out of his seven senses; he didn't know

whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, and was s'nan a'most sure they were agoin' to murder him. So, said he, my beloved friends, mild he, I beseech you, is there any thing more you want of me? Do we want any thing more of you? says they: why, you han't got nothin' left but your breeches, you nasty, dirty, blackguard heretic you, and do you want to part with them too? and they gist fell to and welked him all the way into the town with the tip end of their lances, larkin', and hoopin', and bollerin' at the joke like so many ravin' distracted devils.

Well, now, your government is near about as well off as the missionary was; they've granted every thing they had a'most, till they han't got much more than the breeches left,—the mere sovereignty, and that's all. No, no; gist you ax for steam-packets, and you'll get 'em—that's a fact. Oh, squire, if John Bull only knew the valy of these colonies, he would be a great man, I tell you; but he don't. You can't make an account M' 'em in dollars and cents, the cost on one side, and the profit on t'other, and strike the balance of the "*saddle of the hell*," as that are critter Hume calls it. You can't put into figur's a nursery for seamen; a resource for timber if the Baltic is shot ag'in you, or a population of brave and loyal people, a growing and sure market, an outlet for emigration, the first fishery in the world, their political and relative importance, the power they would give a rival, converting a friend into a foe, or a customer into a rival, or a shop full of goods, and no sale for 'em—Figures are the *representatives of numbers, and not things*. Moleworth may talk, and Hume may cypher, till one on 'em is as hoarse as a crow, and t'other as blind as a bat, and they won't make that table out, I know.

That's all very true, I said, but you forget that the latter gentleman says that America is now a better customer than when she was a colony, and maintains her own government at her own expense, and therefore he infers that the remaining dependencies are useless incumbrances. And he forgets too, he replied, that he made his fortin' himself in a colony, and therefore it don't become him to say so, and that America is *havin'* to sell as well as to buy, and to *manufacture* as well as to import, and to hate as much, and a little gain more, than she loved, and that you are weaker by all her strength. He forgets, too, that them that separate from a government,

or woods from a church, always hate those they leave much worse than those who are born in different states or different sects. It's a fact, I assure you, those critters that deserted our church to Hicksville in temper that sure about the choice of an elder, were the only ones that hated, and reviled, and persecuted us in all Connecticut, for we were on friendly or neutral terms with all the rest. Keep a sharp look-out always for deserters, for when they join the enemy they fight like the devil. No one kinder like him that *has* once been a friend. He forgets that a —— but it's no use makin'; you might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone as talk to a goose that says fifteen millions of intruders are as good as fifteen millions of friends, unless indeed it is with nations as with individuals, that it is better to have some folks ag'in you than for you, for I vow there are claps in your parliament that ain't no credit to no party.

But this folly of John Bull ain't the worst of it, squire; it's considerable more silly; he invites the colonists to fight his own troops, and then pays all the expense of the entertainment. If that don't heat cock-fightin', it's a pity: it fairly bangs the bush, that. If there's a rebellion to Canada, squire, (and there will be as sure as there are snakes in Vargary,) it will be planned, advised, and set on foot in London, you may depend, for them simple critters the French would never think of it, if they were not put up to it. Them that advise Papineau rebel, and set his folks to murder Englishmen, and promise to back them in England, are for everlastingly makin' of economy, and yet instigate them parley vouts to put the nation to more expense than they and their party ever saved by all their larking in their life, or ever could, if they were to live as long as Methuselah. If them poor Frenchmen rebel, giat pardon them right off the reel without sayin' a word, for they don't know nothin', but rig up a gallop in London as high as a church steeple, and I'll give you the names of a few villains there, the cause of all the truckery, and arson, and robberies, and plunders, and sufferin's that 'll follow. Giat take 'em and string 'em up like Canada dogs. A critter that throws a firebrand among combustibles, must answer for the fire; and when he throws it into his neighbour's house, and not his own, he is both a coward and a villain. Ouse 'em! hangin' is too good for 'em, I say; don't you, squire?

This was the last conversation I had with the Clockmaker on politics. I have endeavored to give his remarks in his own language, and as nearly verbatim as I could; but they were so desultory and discursive, that they rather resembled thinking aloud than a connected conversation, and his illustrations often led him into such long episodes, that he sometimes wandered into new topics before he had closed his remarks upon the subject he was discussing on. It is, I believe, not an uncommon mode with Americans, when they talk, to amuse rather than convince. Although there is evidently some exaggeration, there is also a great deal of truth in his observations. They are the result of long experience, and a thorough and intimate knowledge of the provinces, and I confess I think they are entitled to great weight.

The tone of the colonies, as of England, it appears to me, is ultra opinions. The *cis-Atlantic* ultra story is a nondescript animal, as well as the ultra radical. Neither have the same objects or the same principles with those in the mother country, whose names they assume. It is difficult to say which does most injury. The violence of the radical defends his own views; the violence of his opponent defends those of the government, while both incite each other to greater extremes. It is not easy to define the principles of either of these ultra political parties in the colonies. An unnatural, and, it would appear, a poisoned, and therefore a contemptible jealousy, influences the one, and a ridiculous assumption the other, the smallest possible amount of salary being held as sufficient for a public officer by the former, and the greater part of the revenues inadequate for the purpose by the latter, while patriotism and loyalty are secretly claimed as the exclusive attributes of each. As usual, extremes meet; the same captiousness distinguishes both, the same loud professions, the same violent invectives, and the same selfishness. They are egotistical animals, having a strong appetite to decour their enemies, and occasionally showing no repugnance to sacrifice a friend. Amidst the clamours of these noisy disputants, the voice of the thinking and moderate portion of the community is drowned, and government but too often seems to forget the existence of this more numerous, more respectable, and more valuable class. He who adopts extreme radical doctrines in order to carry numbers by flattery their prejudices, or he who assumes the tone of the ultra story of England, because he

imagines it to be that of the aristocracy of that country, and more current among those of the little colonial courts, betrays at once a want of sense and a want of integrity, and should be treated accordingly by those who are sent to administer the government. There is as little safety in the councils of those who, seeing no defect in the institutions of their country, or desiring no change beyond an extension of patronage and salary, stigmatize all who differ from them as discontented and disloyal, as there is in a party that call for organic changes in the constitution, for the mere purpose of supplementing their rivals, by opening new sources of preferment for themselves. Instead of committing himself into the hands of either of these factions, as is often the case, and thereby at once inviting and defying the opposition of the other, a governor should be instructed to avoid them both, and to assemble around him for council those only who partake not of the selfishness of the one or the violence of the other, but who, uniting firmness with moderation, are not afraid to redress a grievance because it involves a change, or to uphold the established institutions of the country because it exposes them to the charge of corrupt motives. Such men exist in every colony; and though a governor may not find them the most prominent, he will at least find them the surest and wisest guides in the end. Such a course of policy will soften the asperities of party, by stripping it of success, will rally round the local governments men of property, integrity, and talent; and inspire by its impartiality, moderation, and consistency, a feeling of satisfaction and confidence through the whole population.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARTING ADVICE.

HAVING now fulfilled his engagement with me, Mr. Slick informed me that business required his presence at the river Philip, and, that as he could delay his departure no longer, he had called for the purpose of taking leave. I am playey loath to part with you, said he, you may depend; it makes me feel quite lonesome like: but I ain't quite certified we shan't have a tawny in Europe yet afore we've done. You have a pair of pistols, squire,—as near a little pair of sentinels as I ain't a'most ever seed, and— They are yours, I said; I am glad you like them, and I assure you you could not gratify me more than by doing me the honour to accept them. That's just what I was a'grin' to say, said he, and I brought my rifle here to ax you to exchange for 'em; it will some-times put you in mind of Sam Slick the Clockmaker, and there are little pistols are such grand pocket companions, there won't be a day a'most I won't think of the squire. He then examined the lock of the rifle, turned it over, and looked at the stock, and bringing it to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, as if in the act of discharging it. True as a hair, squire, there can't be no better; and there's the mould for the balls that jist fit her; you may depend on her to a certainty; she'll never deceive you; there's no mistake in a rael right down genuine good Keweenaw, I tell you; but ax you ain't much used to 'em, always bring her slowly up to the line of sight, and then let go as soon as you have the range. If you bring her down to the sight instead of up, she'll be apt to settle a little below it in your hands, and carry low. That wrinkle is worth husin', I tell you; that's a fact. Take time, elevate her slowly, so as to catch the range to a hair, and you'll hit a dollar at seventy yards hand running. I can take the eye of a squirrel out with her as easy as kiss my hand. A silver change is no robbery any here, and I shall set great store by them two pistols, you may depend.

Having finished this new little trade, squire, there is another small matter I want to talk over with you afore I quit, if

perhaps it would be as well you and I understood each other upon. What is that? said I. Why, the last time, squire, said he, I travelled with you, you published our tower in a book, and there were some notions in it gave me a plaguy sight of offence; that's a fact. Some things you coloured so, I didn't know 'em when I seed 'em ag'in; some things you left out holes holes, and there were some small matters I never heerd tell of afore all I seed them wick down; you must have made them out of whole cloth. When I went home to see about the stock I had in the Slickville bank, folks scolded a good deal about it. They said it wasn't the part of a good citizen for to go to publish any thing to lessen our great nation in the eyes of foreigners, or to lower the exalted station we had among the nations of the airth. They said the dignity of the American people was at stake, and they were determined some o' these days to go to war with the English if they didn't give up some o' their writers to be punished by our laws; and that if any of our citizens was accessory to such practices, and they catched him, they'd give him an American jacket, that is, a warp of tar, and a nap wove of feathers. I don't feel, therefore, altogether easy 'bout your new book; I should like to see it afore we part, to soften down things a little, and to have matters set to rights, afore the slung-whangers get hold of it.

I think, too, between you and me, you had ought to let me go shorns in the speck, for I have suffered considerable by it. The clock trade is done now in this province; there's an end to that; you've put a toggle into that chain; you couldn't give 'em away now a'most. Our folks are not over and above well pleased with me, I do assure you; and the blue-noses say I have dealt considerable hard with them. They are plaguy rybed, you may depend, and the English have come in for their share of the carryin' too. I han't much many friends by it, I know; and if there is any thing to be made out of the concern, I think it no more than fair I should have my share of it. One thing, however, I hope you will promise me, and that is to show me the manuscript afore you let it go out of your hands. Certainly, said I, Mr. Stick, I shall have great pleasure in reading it over to you before it goes to the press; and if there is any thing in it that will compromise you with your countrymen, or injure your feelings, I will strike out the objectionable passage, or soften it down to meet your wishes.

Well, said he, that's pretty; now I like that; and if you take a fancy to travel in the States, or to take a tour in Europe, I'm your man. Send me a line to Stickville, and I'll join you where you like and when you like. I shall be in Halifax in a month from the present time, and will call and see you; p'raps you will have the book ready then;—and presenting me with his rifle, and putting the pistols in his pocket, he took leave of me, and drove into the country.

Fortunately, when he arrived I had the manuscript completed; and when I had finished reading it to him, he deliberately lit his cigar, and folding his arms, and throwing himself back in his chair, which he balanced on two legs, he said, I presume I may ask what is your object in writing that book? You don't like republics, that's certain, for you have coloured matters so it's easy to see which way the cat jumps. Do you mean to write a satire on our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens?—because if you do, gist rub my name out of it, if you please. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I won't have nothing to do with it on no account. It's a dirty bird that feels its own nest. I'm not agin' for to wake up a swarm o' hornets about my ears, I tell you; I know a trick worth two o' that, I reckon. Is it to serve a particular purpose, or is it a mere tradin' speak?

I will tell you candidly, sir, what my object is, I replied. In the Canada there is a party advocating republican institutions, and hostility to every thing British. In doing so, they exaggerate all the advantages of such a form of government, and depreciate the blessings of a limited monarchy. In England this party unfortunately finds too many supporters, either from a misapprehension of the true state of the case, or from a participation in their unreasonable views. The sketches contained in the present and preceding series of the Clockmaker, it is hoped, will throw some light on the topics of the day, as connected with the designs of the anti-English party. The object is purely patriotic. I beg of you to be assured that I have no intention whatever to ridicule your institutions or your countrymen; nothing can be further from my thoughts; and it would give me great pain if I could suppose for a moment that any person could put such an interpretation upon my conduct. I like your country, and am proud to number many citizens of the United States among those whom I honour and love. It is consistent with our own, and not dispraise

ment of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen. Right, said he; I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all—that's a fact. There's more fiction in this than in t'other one, and there are many things in it that I don't know exactly what to say to. I guess you had better add the words to the title-page, "a work of fiction," and that will clear me, or you must put your name to it. You needn't be ashamed of it, I tell you. It's a better book than t'other one; it ain't put altogether so loose, and it goes a little grain deeper into things. If you work it right, you will make your fortune out of it; it will make a man of you, you may depend. How so! said I; for the last volume, all the remuneration I had was the satisfaction of finding it had done some good among those for whose benefit it was designed, and I have no other expectation from this work. Here told you, then, said he; but I'll tell you how to work it. Do you get a copy of it done off on most beautiful paper, with a most no' elegant bindin', all covered over the back with gildin', (I'll gild it for you myself complete, and charge you nothin' but the price of the gold leaf, and that's a mere trifle; it only costs the matter of two shillings and sixpence a paper, or thereabouts,) and send it to the head minister of the Colonies, with a letter. Says you, minister, says you, here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You han't heard so much trash, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankons a considerable of a backlin', and that ought to please you; it sharpens the English, and that ought to please the Yankees; and it does make a proper fool of blue-nose, and that ought to please you both, because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work. Now, says you, minister, it's not altogether considered a very profitable trade to work for nothin' and find thread. An author can't live upon nothin' but air, like a camelion, though he change colour as often as that little critter' does. This work has done a good deal of good. It has made more people hear of Nova Scotia than ever heard tell of it afore by a long stalk; it has given it a character in the world it never had before, and raised the value of real property there considerable; it has shown the world that all the blue-noses there ain't fools, at any rate; and,

though I say it that shouldn't say it, that there is one gentleman there that shall be noneless—that's cut his eye-teeth, any-how. The natives are considerable proud of him; and if you want to make an impartial deal, to tie the Nova Scotians to you for ever, to make your own name descend to posterity with honour, and to prevent the inhabitants from ever thinkin' of Yankee connexion (mind that hist, say a good deal about that; for it's a tender point that, upoin' of our union, and fear is plaguy sight stronger than love any time.) You'll gist serve him as you served Earl Mulgrave (though his writin's aint to be compared to the Clockmaker, no more than shaft is to cheese;) you gave him the governorship of Jamaica, and afterwards of Ireland. John Russell's writin's got him the birth of the leader of the House of Commons. Well, Francis Head, for his writin's you made him Governor of Canada, and Walter Scott you made a baronet of, and Bulwer you did for too, and a great many others you have got the other side of the water you served the same way. Now, minister, fair play is a jewel, says you; if you can reward your writers to have with governorships and baronies, and all sorts o' snug things, let's have a taste o' the good things this side o' the water too. You needn't be afraid o' bein' too often troubled that way by authors from this country. (It will make him laff that, and there's many a true word said in joke;) but we've got a sweet tooth here as well as you have. Poor pickin's in this country; and colonists are as hungry as hawks.

The Yankee made Washington Irving a minister pleepo', to honour him; and Blackwood, last November, in his magazine, says that our Yankee's books aint fit to be named in the same day with the Clockmakers—that they're nothin' but lemons. Now, though Blackwood deserves to be well kicked for his politicks, (mind and say that, for he shames the ministry sky-high that fellow—) wouldn't take that critter's word, if I was there, for nothin' a'most—he really does live them up in great style,) he ain't a bad judge of books,—at least 'k don't become me to say so; and if he don't know much about 'em I do; I won't turn my back on any one in that line. So, minister, says you, gist tip a slave to the Governor of Nova Scotia, order him to inquire out the author, and to tell that man, that distinguished man, that her Majesty delights to reward merit and honour talent, and that if he will

come home, she'll make a man of him for ever, for the sake of her royal father, who lived so long among the blue-bones, who can't forget him very soon. Don't threaten him; for I've often observed, if you go far to threaten John Bull, he just squares off to fight without sayin' of a word; but give him a hint. Says you, I had a peacock, and a dromedary pretty bird he was, and a'most a beautiful splendid long tail he had too; well, whenever I took the pan o' cranks out into the poultry-yard to feed the fowls, the nasty stingy cister never would let any of 'em have a crank till he served himself and his sweetheart first. Our old bluey-drake, he didn't think this a fair deal at all, and he used to go walkin' round and round the pen over so often, alongin' to get a dip into it; but peacock he always flew at him and drove him off. Well, what does drake do, (for he thought he wouldn't threaten him, for fear o' gettin' a thrashin',) but he goes round and seizes him by the tail, and pulls him head over heels, and drags him all over the yard, till he pulls every one of his great, long, beautiful feathers out, and made a most proper lookin' fool of him—that's a fact. It made peacock as civil as you please for ever after. Now, says you, Mr. Stick and I talk of goin' to England next year, and writin' a book about the British; if I ain't allowed to get at the pan o' cranks, along with some o' them big birds with the long tails, and get my share o' 'em, some folks had better look out for squalls: if Clockmaker gets hold o' 'em by the tail, if he don't make the feathers fly, it's a pity. A joke is a joke, but I guess they'll find that no joke. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; so come down hardsum', minister, or look to your tails, I tell you, for there's a keel-haulin' in store for some of you that shall be namelose, as sure as you are born.

Now, squire, do that, and see if they don't send you out governor of some colony or other; and if they do, just make me your deputy secretary,—that's a good man,—and we'll write books till we write ourselves up to the very tip-top of the ladder—we will, indeed! Ah, my friend, said I, writing a book is no great civility in England as it is in America, I assure you; and colonies would soon be wanting, if every author were to be made a governor. It's a rarity in the colonies, though, said he; and I should like to know how many governors there have been who could write the two Clockmakers. Why, they never had one that could do it to

save his soul alive. Come, come, Mr. Slick, said I, no self murder, if you please, to me. I have no objection to record your jokes upon others, but I do not desire to be made the subject of one myself. I am not quite such a simpleton as not to know that a man may write a book, and yet not be fit for a governor. Some books, said he, such as I could name; but this I will say, and maintain to my diein' day, that a man that knows all that's set down in the *Clockmakers* (and it ain't probable he emptied the whole bag out—there must be considerable stuff's left in it yet) is fit for governor of any place in the universal world. I doubt if even Mr. Van Buren himself (the prettiest peerman atween the poles) could do it. Let 'em jist take you up by the heels and dance you, and see if *no* much more don't come out.

If you really are in earnest, I said, all I can say is, that you very much over-ate it. You think favourably of the work, because you are kind enough to think favourably of the author. All this is very well as a joke; but I assure you they would not even condescend to answer such a communication at the Colonial Office; they would set such a letter down as the ravings of insanity—as one of the innumerable instances that are constantly occurring of the vanity and folly of authors. Don't you believe it, and be; and if you don't send it, I hope I may be shot if I don't. I'll send it through our minister at the Court of St. James's. He'll do it with pleasure; he'll feel proud of it as an *American* production—as a rival to *Pickwick Papers*, as the *American Don*; he will, I vow. That's jist exactly what you are fit for—I've got it—I've got it now: you shall be ambassador to our court to Washington. The knowledge I have given you of America, American politics, American character, and American doings, has jist fited you for it. It's a grand thing that, and private secretary will suit me to a touch. I can do your writing, and plenty of time to spare to speculate in cotton, niggers, and tobacco too. That's it—that's the dandy! And he jumped up, snapped his fingers, and skipped about the floor in a most extraordinary manner. Now, waiter, d—n your eyes! (for I must learn to swear—the English all swear like troopers; the French call *ten Moustache* — *d—n*—) Now, waiter, tell his Excellency the British minister to the court of the American people, (that's you, again, said he, and he made a scrape of his leg,) that Mr. Secretary Slick is waitin'. Come, hear a

head, rub you, and stir your stumps, and mind the tife, do you hear,—Mr. Secretary Slick? I have the honour to wish your Excellency, said he, with the only bow I ever saw him perpetrate, and a very hearty shake of the hands—I have the honour to wish your Excellency good night and good bye.

THE END.

By the virtue of FAUSTO,* and valour of THOR;
 By the twelve giant-sisters, the rulers of war;
 By the unnumber'd accents, in secret expos'd,
 Of old by VALRAYNOR to BALDOR address'd;
 By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share;
 By HELL's dominions of pain and despair;
 By SEAR's wide regions of death-speeding fire;
 Hence, children of evil! STORM, retire!—
 The STORM with yells made the cavern resound,
 As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the ground;
 And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
 While thus the magician concluded the spell:
 —“ Fair maid, whom the tomb's dreary confines surround,
 Whom the dark, iron chamber of anguish has bound,
 Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
 Arise, star of beauty! NITOURA, arise!”—
 The vapour-dance died in a bright-beaming flash;
 The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash;
 All wonder, NITOURA arose in her chariot,
 She knew her FROTHA, she flew to his arms,
 And he found ev'ry shadow of sorrow depart,
 As he clasp'd the dear maiden again to his heart.

HENRIETTE.

[Published in 1806.]

L OUD and long the church-bells ringing
 Spread their signals on the air;
 THOU'N his FAITH lightly springing,
 Faithless EDWARD hastens there.
 Can he dare to wed another?
 Can he all his vows forget?
 Can he truth and conscience another,
 And desert his HUSBANDSSE?
 Pale remove my steps attending,
 Whither can I hope to fly?
 When shall all my woes have ending?
 Never, never, till I die!

* The son of Njord.

Can the youth who once ador'd me,
Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restor'd me,
He has stol'n from HESPERUS!

Brightly smiles the summer morning
On my Elysium's nuptial day;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing!
Ere the evening sun shall set,
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
Death shall comfort HESPERUS.

Cruel youth, farewell for ever!
False as thou hast been to me,
Ne'er till Fate my throat shall sever,
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
Thou may'st weep and trouble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
O'er the grave of HESPERUS!

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

[Published in 1806.]

ON HESPERUS's wastes I stand,
And look back on the paths I have trod:
I pant for the summoning hand,
That shall call me away to my God!

My temples are sprinkled with snow;
The mists of existence decline;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
The dwelling that soon must be mine.

No longer beside me are formed
The forms that of old were so dear;
No longer the voices resound,
That once were so sweet to mine ear.